士 郎 正 宗

BLACK MAGIC™

SHIROW MASAMUNE

DARK HORSE MANGA

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GRAPHIC NOVEL / MANGA / SCIENCE FICTION

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Today, the planet Venus is a literal hell of furnace-like temperatures and dense, poisonous atmosphere. But millions of years in its past, Venus teems with life and with a civilization far advanced to our own. The Nemesis supercomputer controls government functions, with bioroid "executors" created to carry out the system's utopian edicts. But trouble brews even in paradise, as different executors vie for control of Nemesis, forcing the governing system to secretly create Duna Typhon, a super-bioroid "sleeper," raised among the human populace, ready to use her awesome powers should Nemesis be co-opted to turn paradise into paradise lost.

From the imagination of *Ghost in the Shell* creator Shirow Masamune comes his first published series, *Black Magic*, a sweeping science-fiction epic that introduces many of the themes and ideas that influence all of Shirow's work. *Black Magic* is now presented for the first time in America in right-to-left reading format, as originally published in Japan.

$14.95 | darkhorse.com

ISBN 978-1-59307-696-2
51495>
9 781593 076962

DARK HORSE MANGA

BLACK ⛤ MAGIC™

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designer **TINA ALESSI**

art director **LIA RIBACCHI**

BLACK MAGIC™

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Dark Horse Manga | A division of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. | 10956 SE Main Street | Milwaukie, OR 97222
darkhorse.com | To find a comics shop in your area, call the Comic Shop Locator Service toll-free at 1-888-266-4226

Second edition: April 2008
ISBN: 978-1-59307-696-2

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Printed in the United States of America

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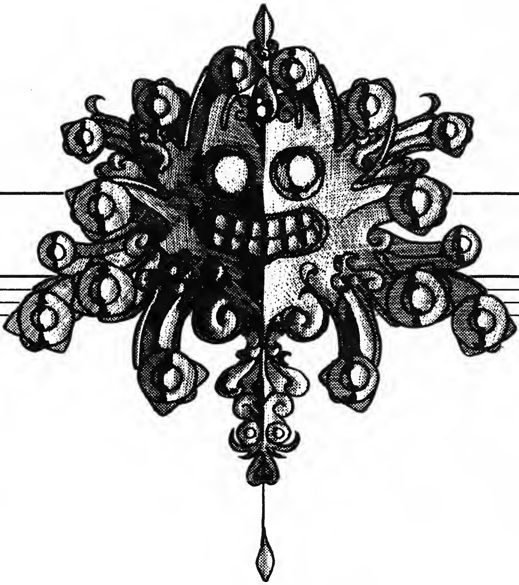
DARK HORSE MANGA



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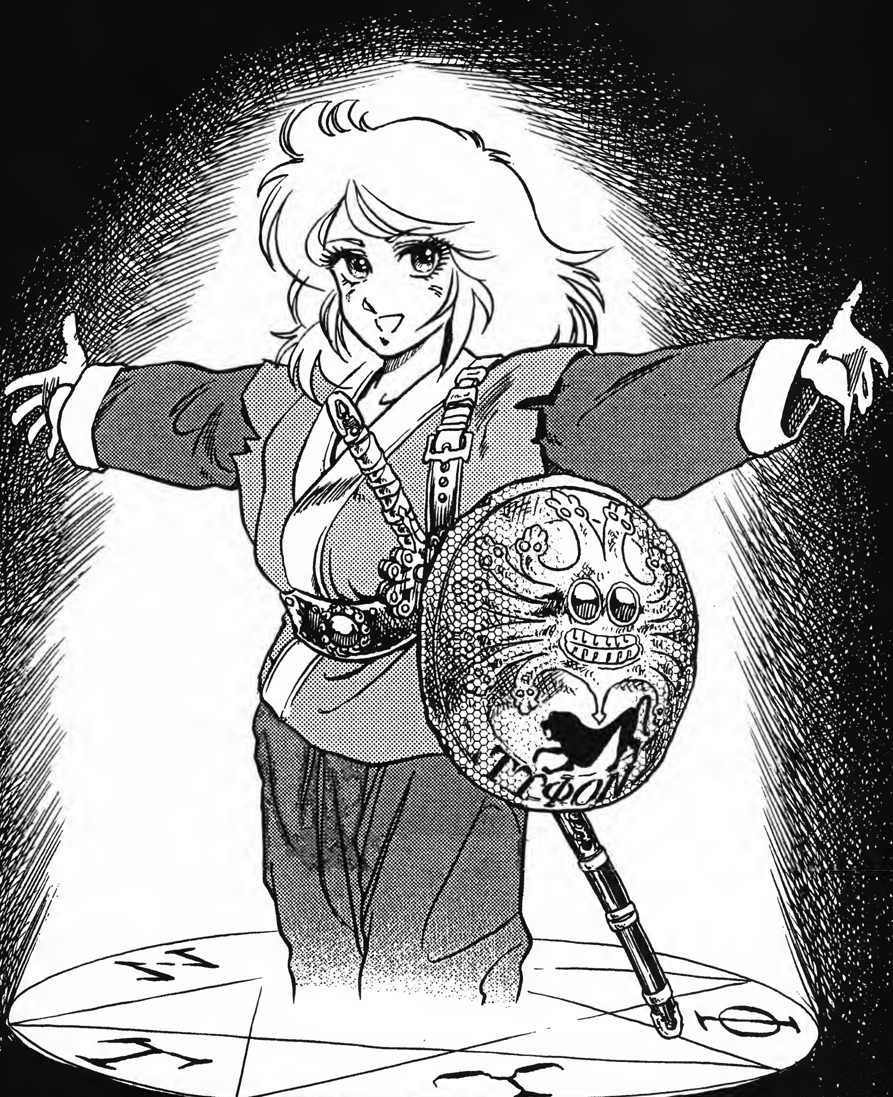
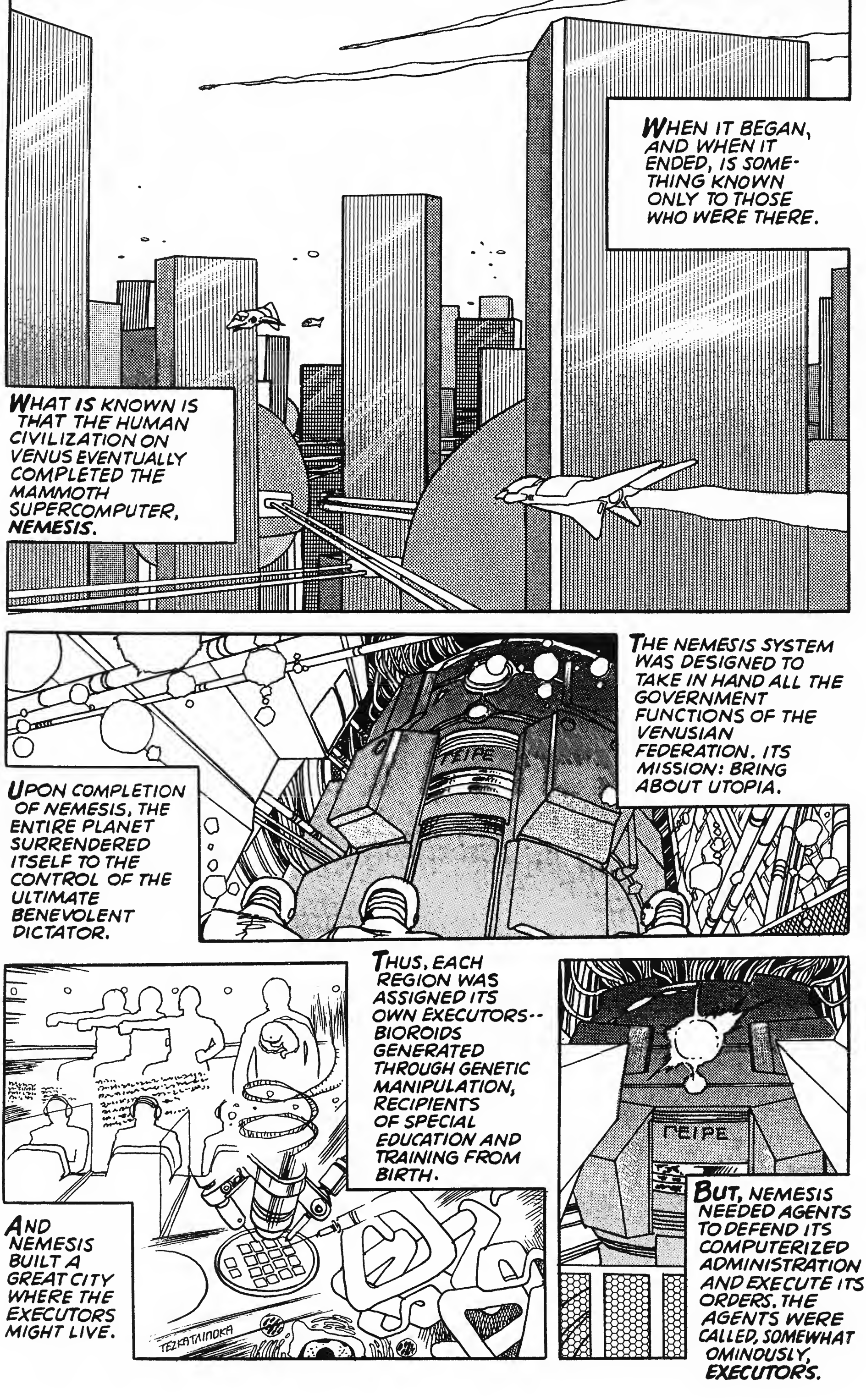
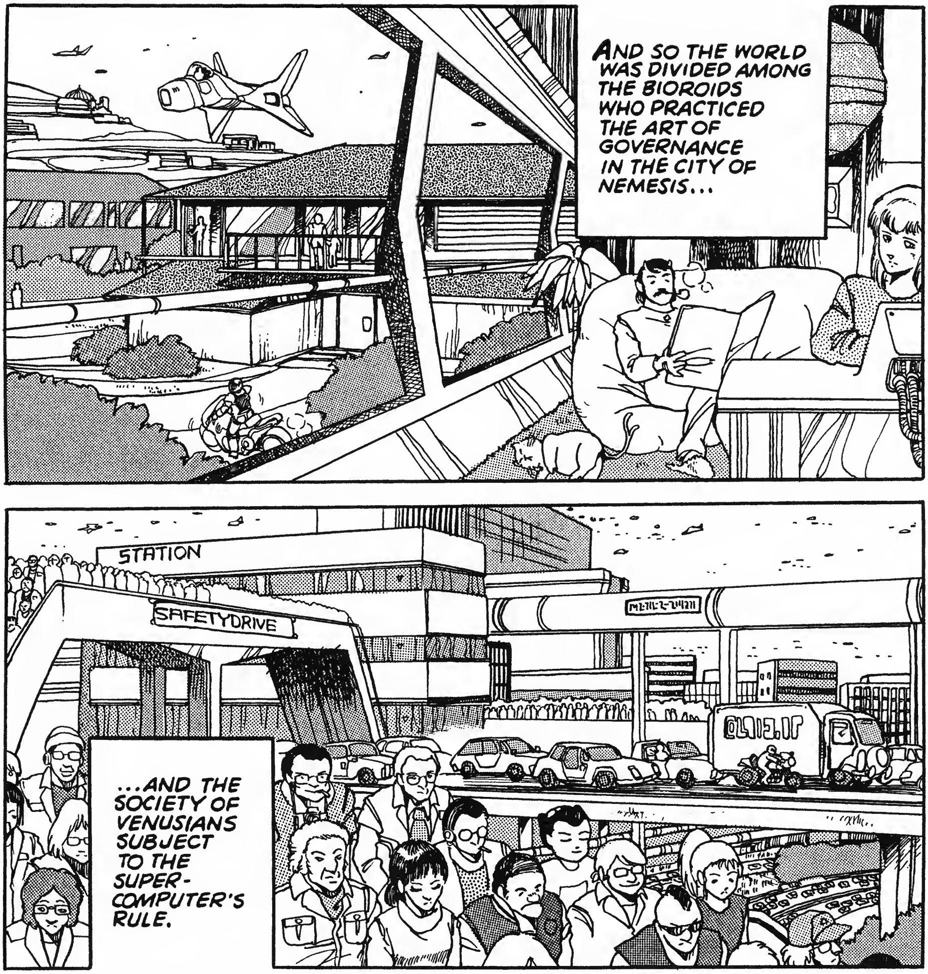
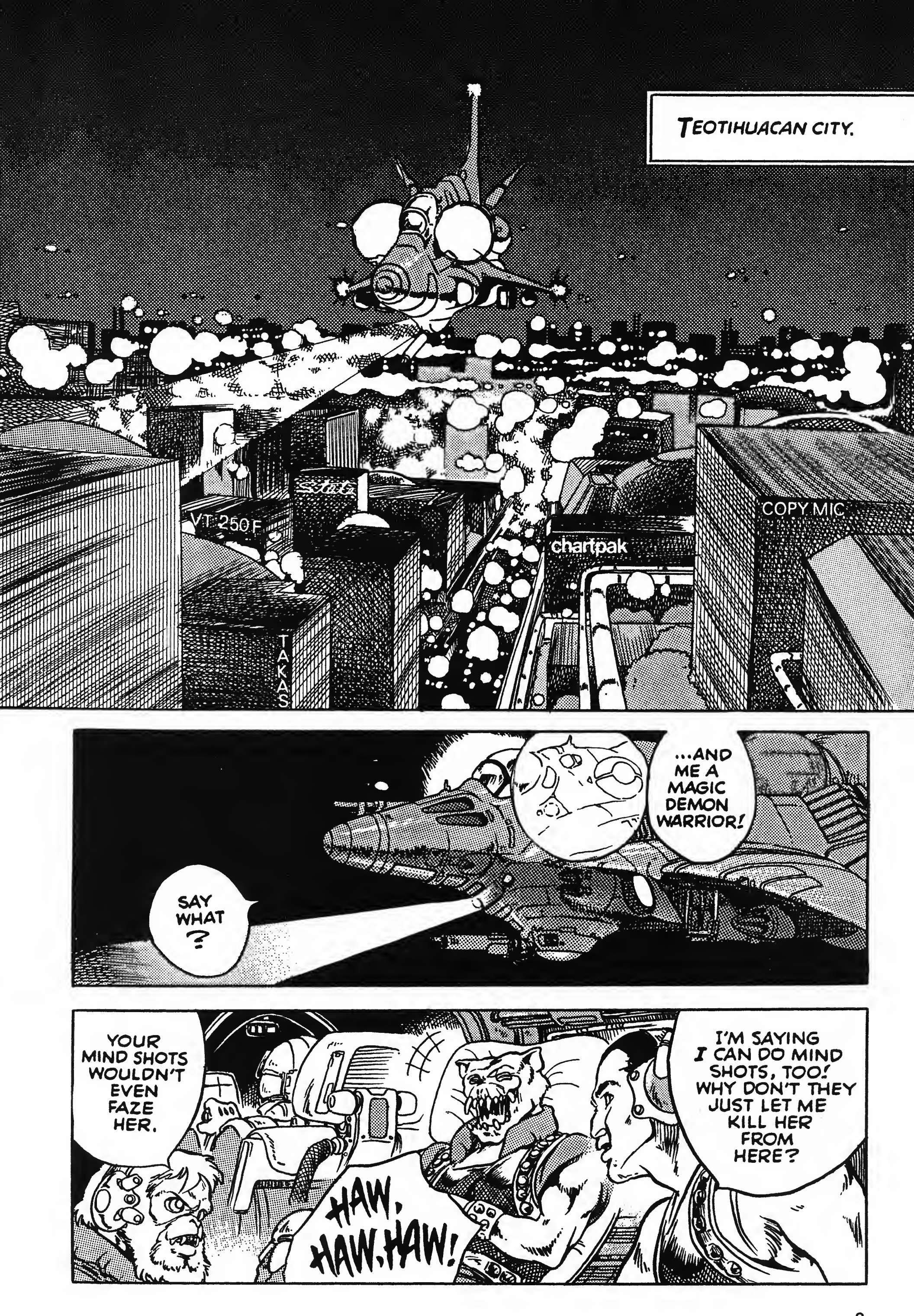
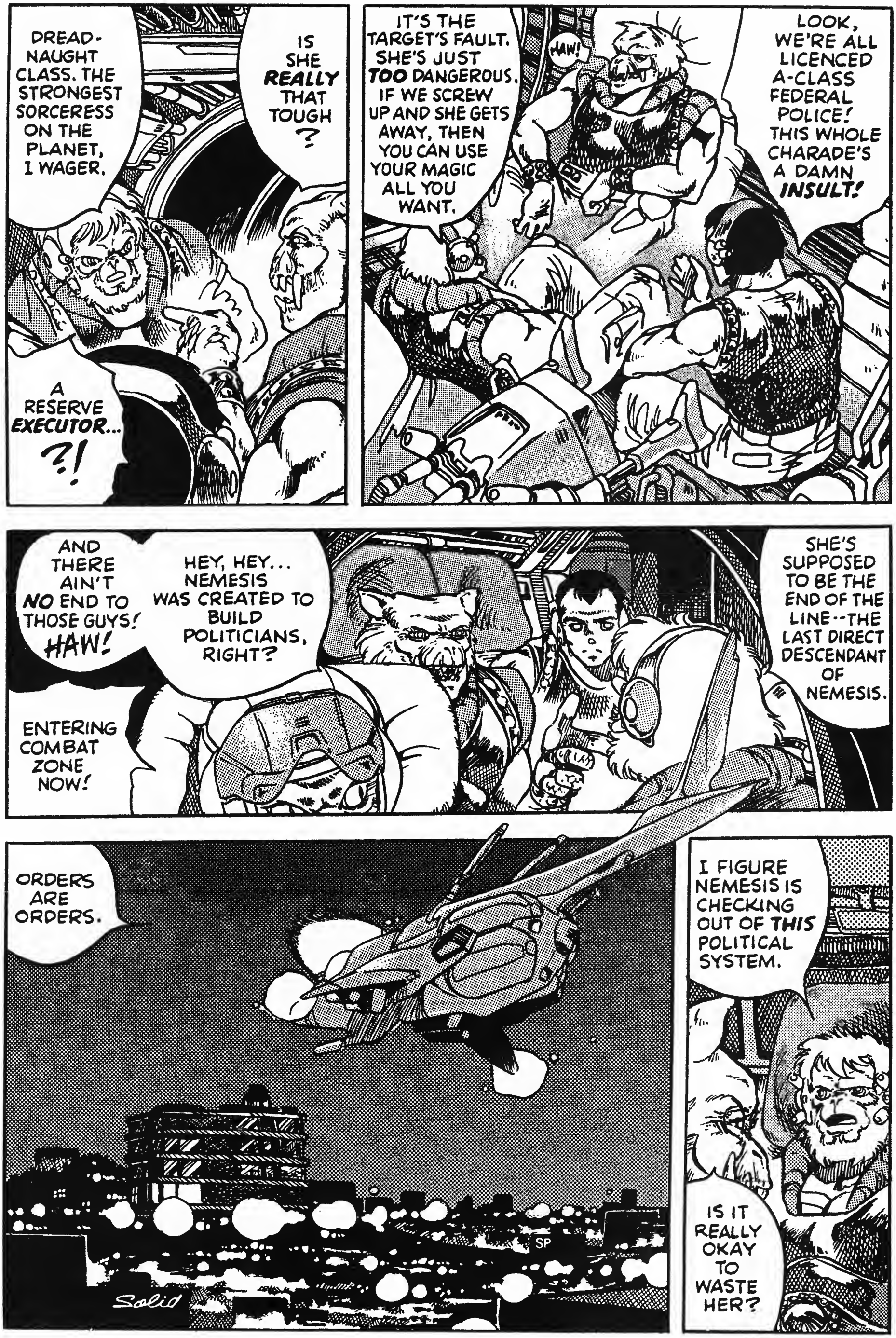


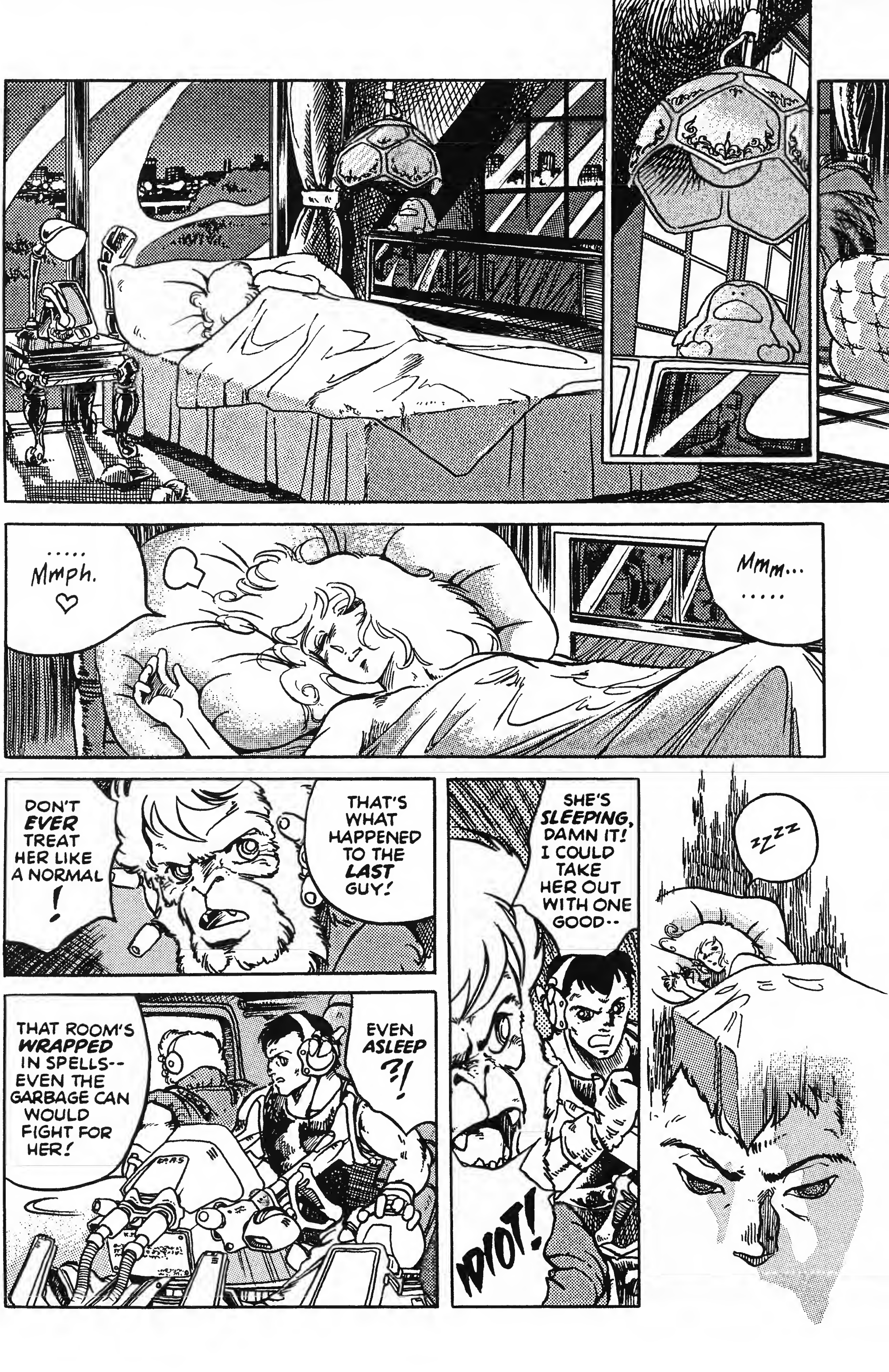

WHEN IT BEGAN, AND WHEN IT ENDED, IS SOMETHING KNOWN ONLY TO THOSE WHO WERE THERE.
WHAT IS KNOWN IS THAT THE HUMAN CIVILIZATION ON VENUS EVENTUALLY COMPLETED THE MAMMOTH SUPERCOMPUTER, NEMESIS.
THE NEMESIS SYSTEM WAS DESIGNED TO TAKE IN HAND ALL THE GOVERNMENT FUNCTIONS OF THE VENUSIAN FEDERATION. ITS MISSION: BRING ABOUT UTOPIA.
ΓEIPE
UPON COMPLETION OF NEMESIS, THE ENTIRE PLANET SURRENDERED ITSELF TO THE CONTROL OF THE ULTIMATE BENEVOLENT DICTATOR.
THUS, EACH REGION WAS ASSIGNED ITS OWN EXECUTORS-- BIOROIDS GENERATED THROUGH GENETIC MANIPULATION, RECIPIENTS OF SPECIAL EDUCATION AND TRAINING FROM BIRTH.
AND NEMESIS BUILT A GREAT CITY WHERE THE EXECUTORS MIGHT LIVE.
TEZKATΛIΠOKA
ΓEIPE
BUT, NEMESIS NEEDED AGENTS TO DEFEND ITS COMPUTERIZED ADMINISTRATION AND EXECUTE ITS ORDERS. THE AGENTS WERE CALLED, SOMEWHAT OMINOUSLY, EXECUTORS.

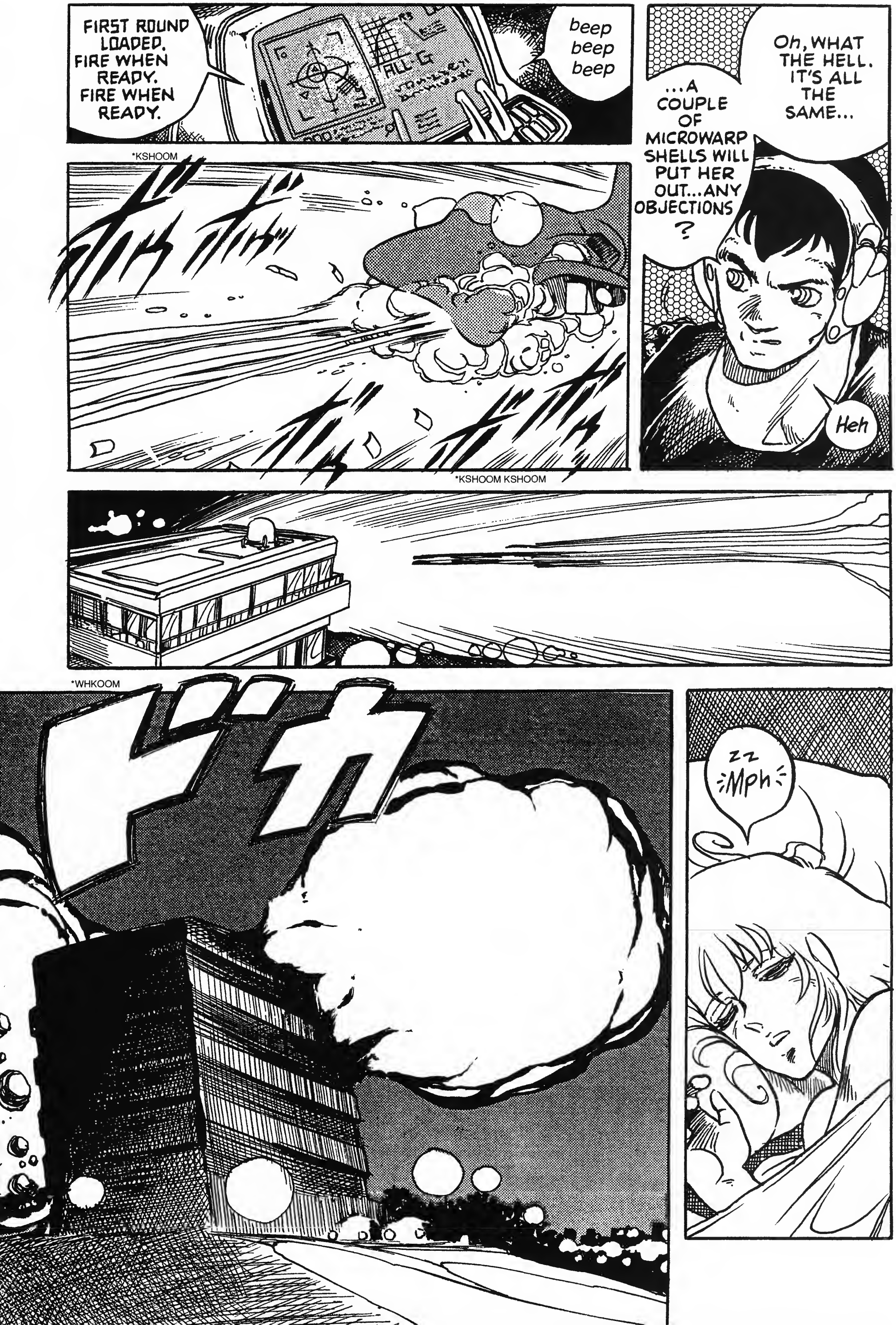

AND SO THE WORLD WAS DIVIDED AMONG THE BIOROIDS WHO PRACTICED THE ART OF GOVERNANCE IN THE CITY OF NEMESIS...
STATION
SAFETYDRIVE
...AND THE SOCIETY OF VENUSIANS SUBJECT TO THE SUPER-COMPUTER'S RULE.

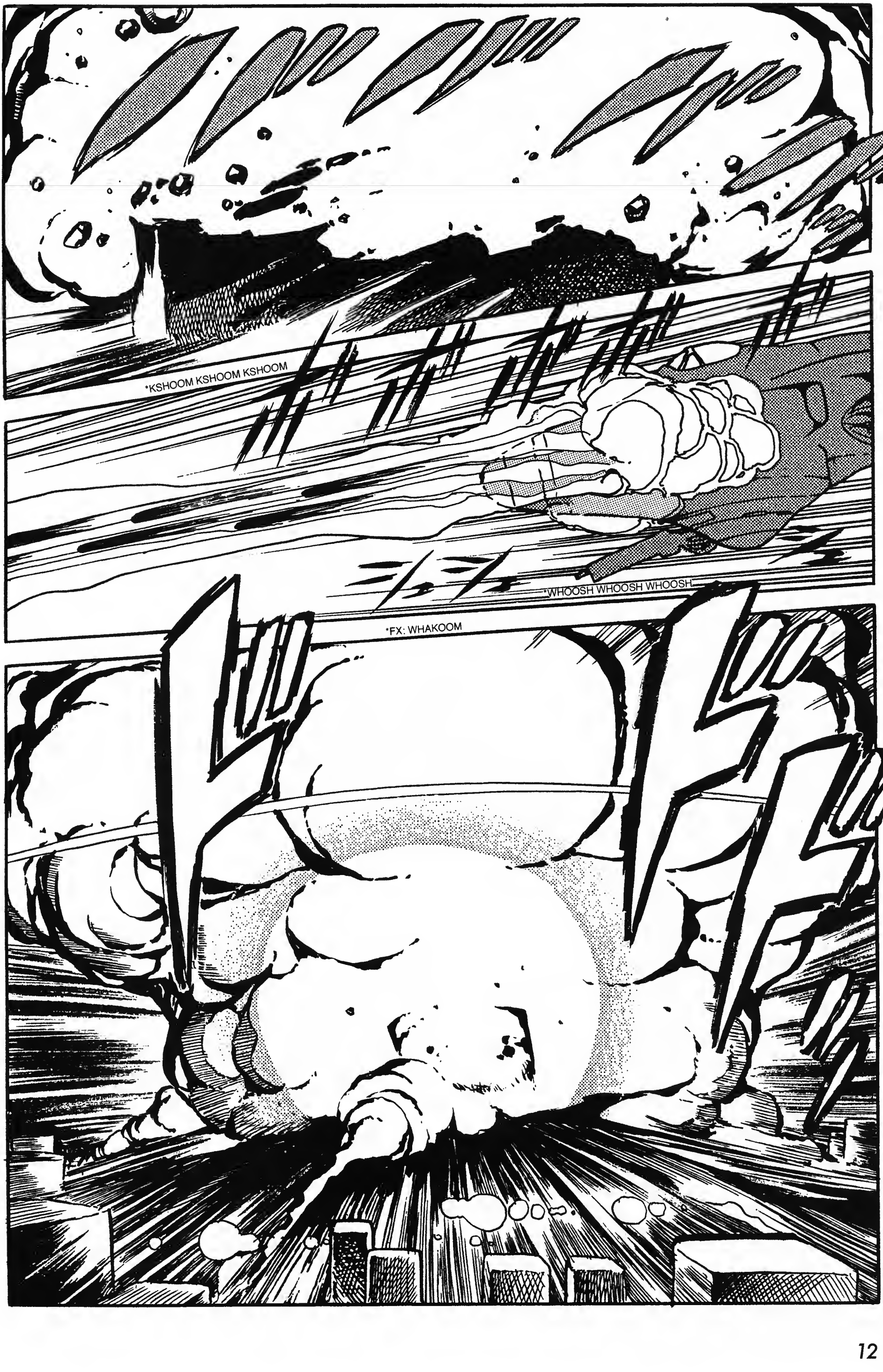
NEMESIS CREATED ANOTHER SELF-AWARE COMPUTER, **TANTALOS**, ENTRUSTING IT WITH THE TRAINING OF THE BIOROIDS, AND IT CONSTRUCTED ITS OWN MOBILE ROBOT TERMINAL, **URANUS**. IN TIME, CHRONOS--THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF THE BIOROIDS BUILT BY THE PERFECTIONIST URANUS--TOOK OVER THE REINS OF POWER FROM NEMESIS, AND TRUE GOVERNMENT BEGAN. ABOUT THE TIME LEGAL RESTRICTIONS WERE TIGHTENED ON THE SIZE OF THE BIOROID POPULATION, **ZEUS** WAS CREATED AND DEFEATED CHRONOS IN A FIERCELY CONTESTED ELECTION. EVENTUALLY, THE GENERATION OF NEW BIOROIDS WAS PROHIBITED, BUT NEMESIS REMAINED WARY LEST THE GOVERNMENT BECOME TOO STRONG. IN GREATEST SECRECY, IT WORKED WITH TANTALOS TO CREATE **TYPHON**. ZEUS LEARNED OF TYPHON JUST AFTER HER BIRTH AND DESTROYED HER IN A SAVAGE BATTLE IN THE ETONA MOUNTAINS. BUT NEMESIS ONCE AGAIN GENERATED THE TYPHON PROGRAM AND, CONCEALING HER FROM THE EYES OF ZEUS, RAISED HER IN THE WORLD OF MAN.

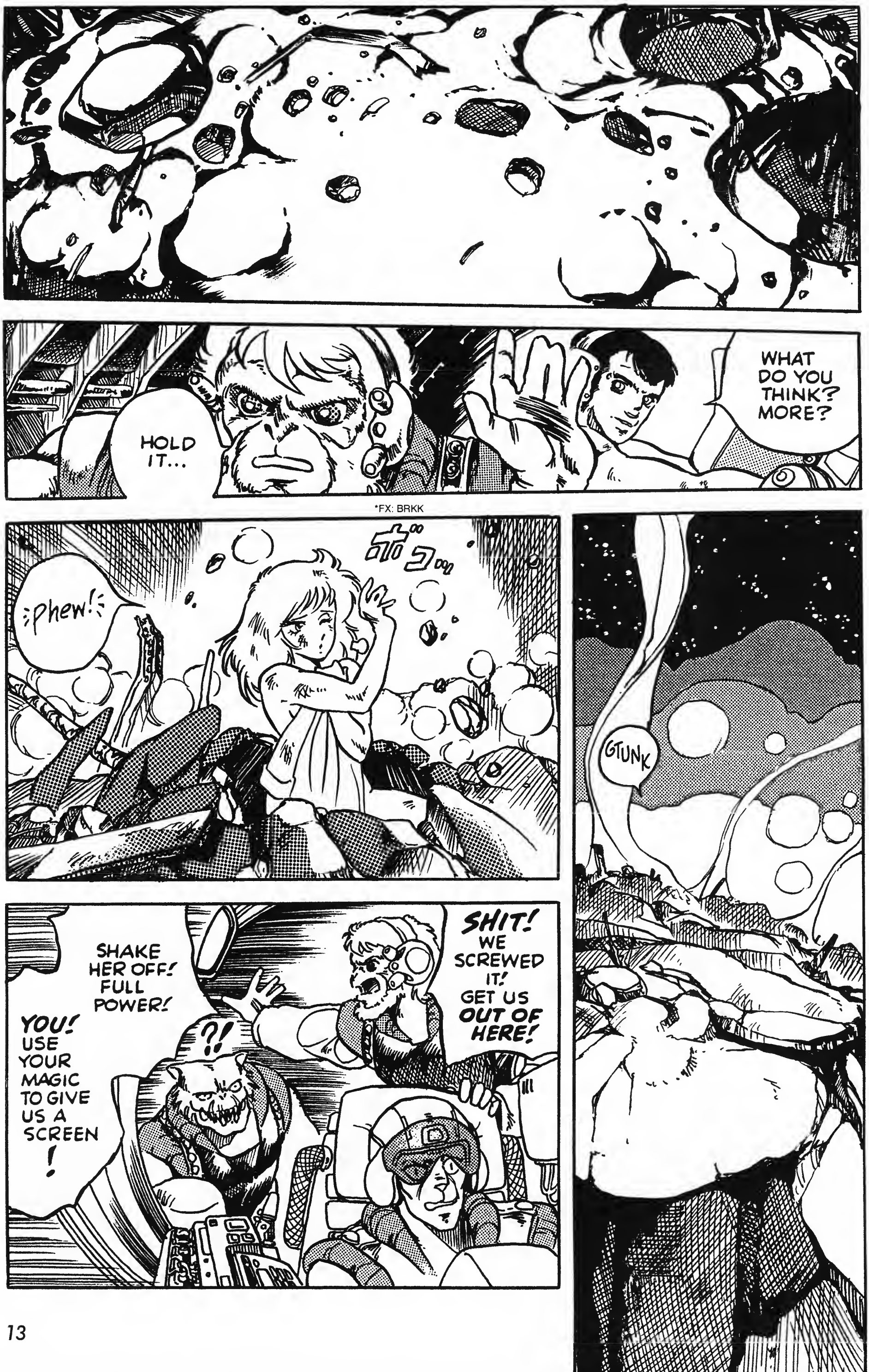

TEOTIHUACAN CITY.
VT 250F
Stat
chartpak
COPY MIC
TAKAS
...AND ME A MAGIC DEMON WARRIOR!
SAY WHAT?
I'M SAYING I CAN DO MIND SHOTS, TOO! WHY DON'T THEY JUST LET ME KILL HER FROM HERE?
HAW, HAW, HAW!
YOUR MIND SHOTS WOULDN'T EVEN FAZE HER.


DREADNAUGHT CLASS. THE STRONGEST SORCERESS ON THE PLANET, I WAGER.
IS SHE *REALLY* THAT TOUGH?
A RESERVE *EXECUTOR*...?!
IT'S THE TARGET'S FAULT. SHE'S JUST *TOO* DANGEROUS. IF WE SCREW UP AND SHE GETS AWAY, THEN YOU CAN USE YOUR MAGIC ALL YOU WANT.
HAW!
LOOK, WE'RE ALL LICENCED A-CLASS FEDERAL POLICE! THIS WHOLE CHARADE'S A DAMN *INSULT!*
AND THERE AIN'T *NO* END TO THOSE GUYS! *HAW!*
HEY, HEY... NEMESIS WAS CREATED TO BUILD POLITICIANS, RIGHT?
SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE END OF THE LINE--THE LAST DIRECT DESCENDANT OF NEMESIS.
ENTERING COMBAT ZONE NOW!
ORDERS ARE ORDERS.
I FIGURE NEMESIS IS CHECKING OUT OF *THIS* POLITICAL SYSTEM.
IS IT REALLY OKAY TO WASTE HER?

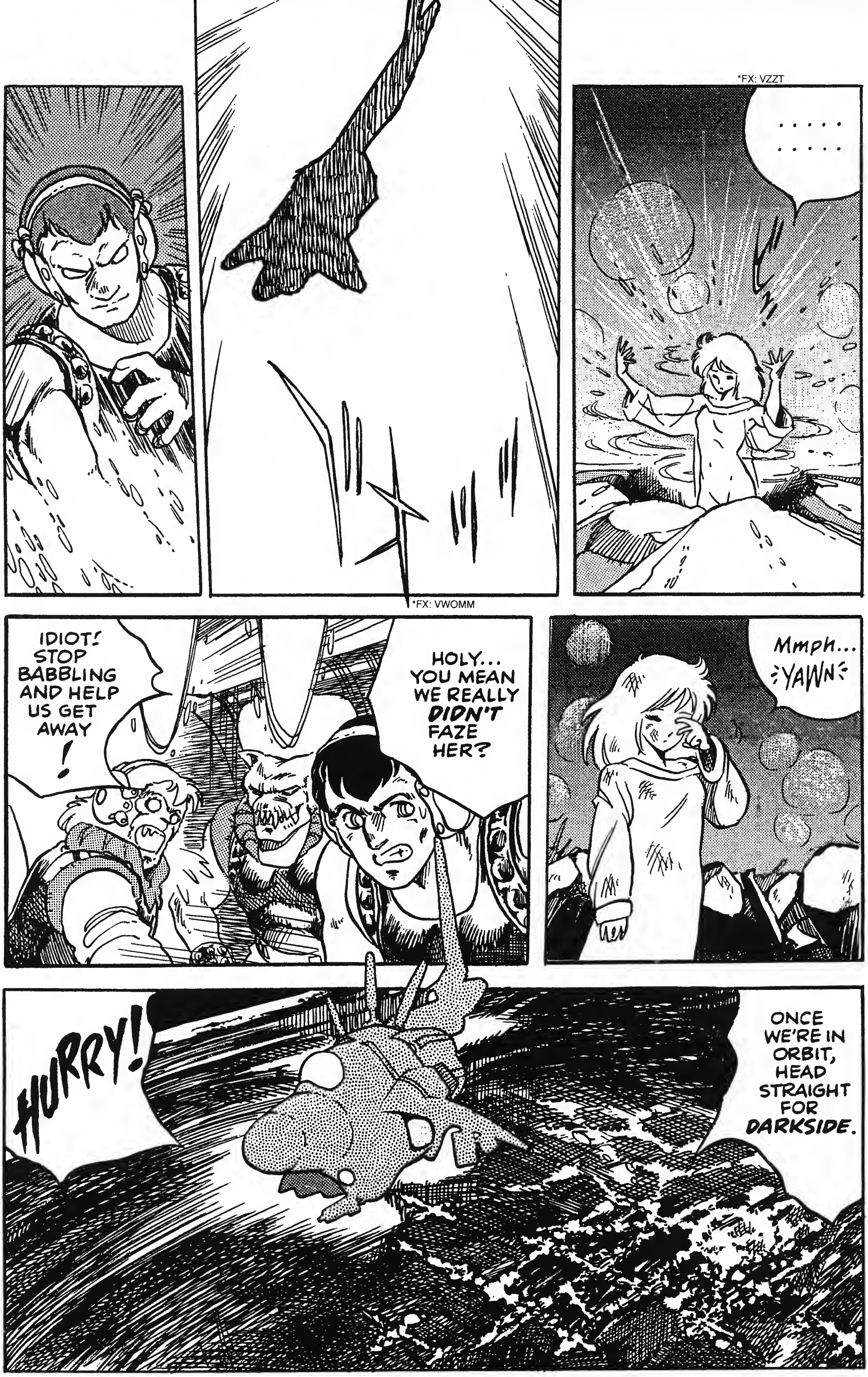

.....
Mmph.
♡
Mmm...
.....
DON'T *EVER* TREAT HER LIKE A NORMAL!
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO THE *LAST* GUY!
SHE'S *SLEEPING*, DAMN IT! I COULD TAKE HER OUT WITH ONE GOOD--
zzz
THAT ROOM'S *WRAPPED* IN SPELLS-- EVEN THE GARBAGE CAN WOULD FIGHT FOR HER!
EVEN *ASLEEP* ?!
IDIOT!


Oh, WHAT THE HELL. IT'S ALL THE SAME...
...A COUPLE OF MICROWARP SHELLS WILL PUT HER OUT...ANY OBJECTIONS?
Heh
beep beep beep
FIRST ROUND LOADED. FIRE WHEN READY. FIRE WHEN READY.
ALL-G
*KSHOOM
*KSHOOM KSHOOM
zz Mph
*WHKOOM


*FX: WHMP WHMP WHMP WHMP
*KSHOOM KSHOOM KSHOOM
*WHOOSH WHOOSH WHOOSH
*FX: WHAKOOM

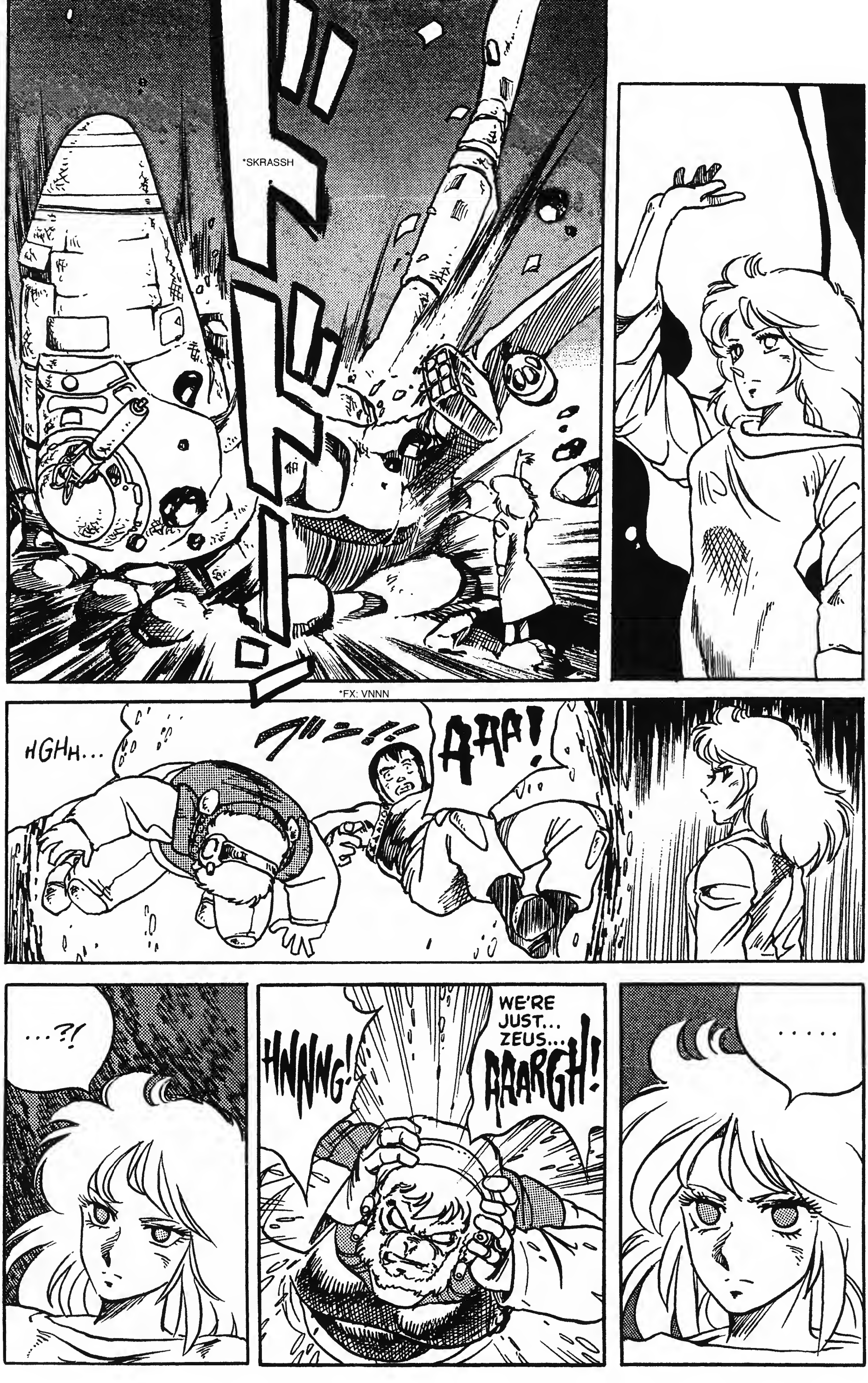

WHAT DO YOU THINK? MORE?
HOLD IT...
GTUNK
ボコッ
phew!
SHIT! WE SCREWED IT! GET US OUT OF HERE!
SHAKE HER OFF! FULL POWER!
?!
YOU! USE YOUR MAGIC TO GIVE US A SCREEN!

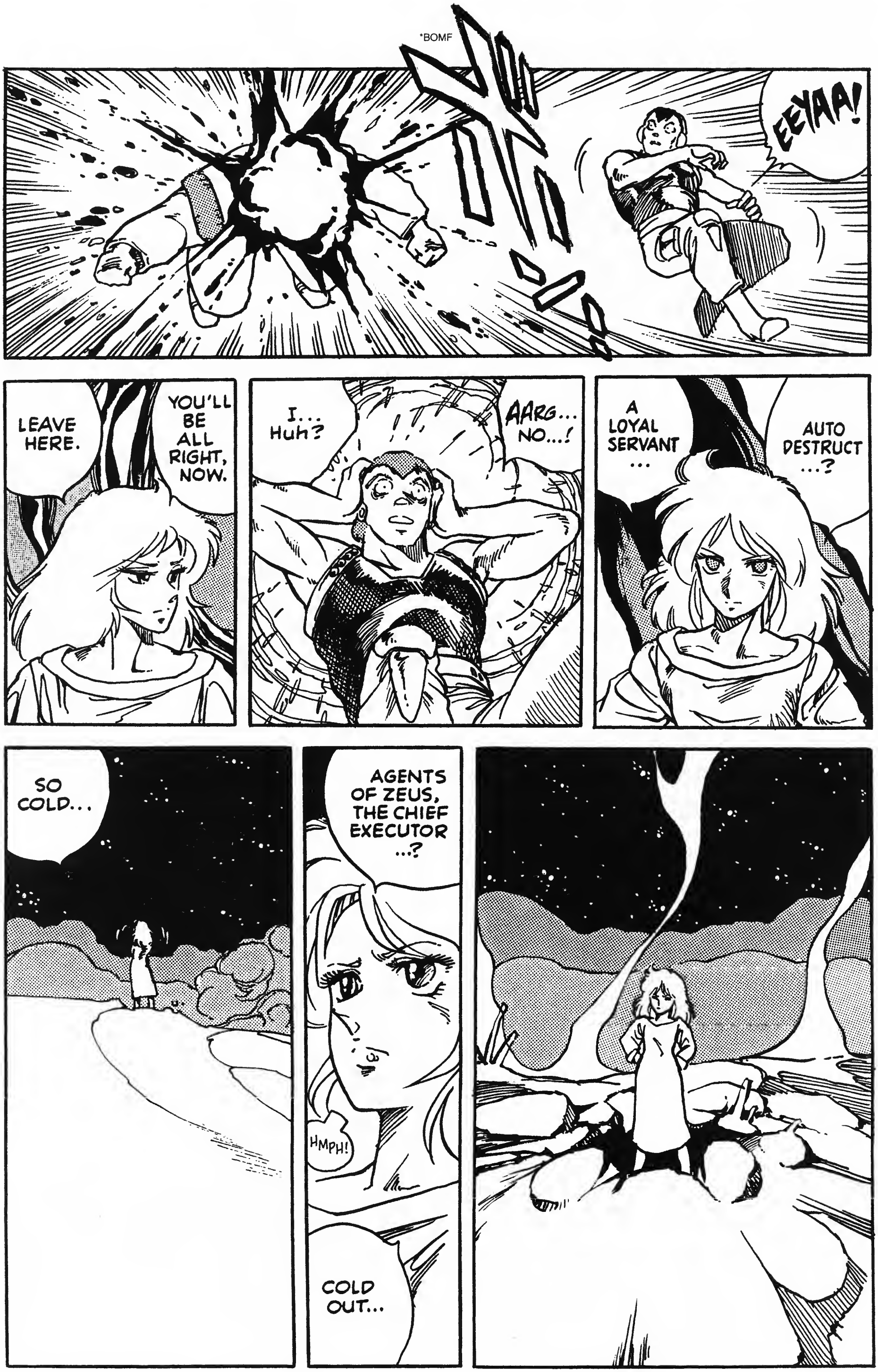
*FX: BRKK

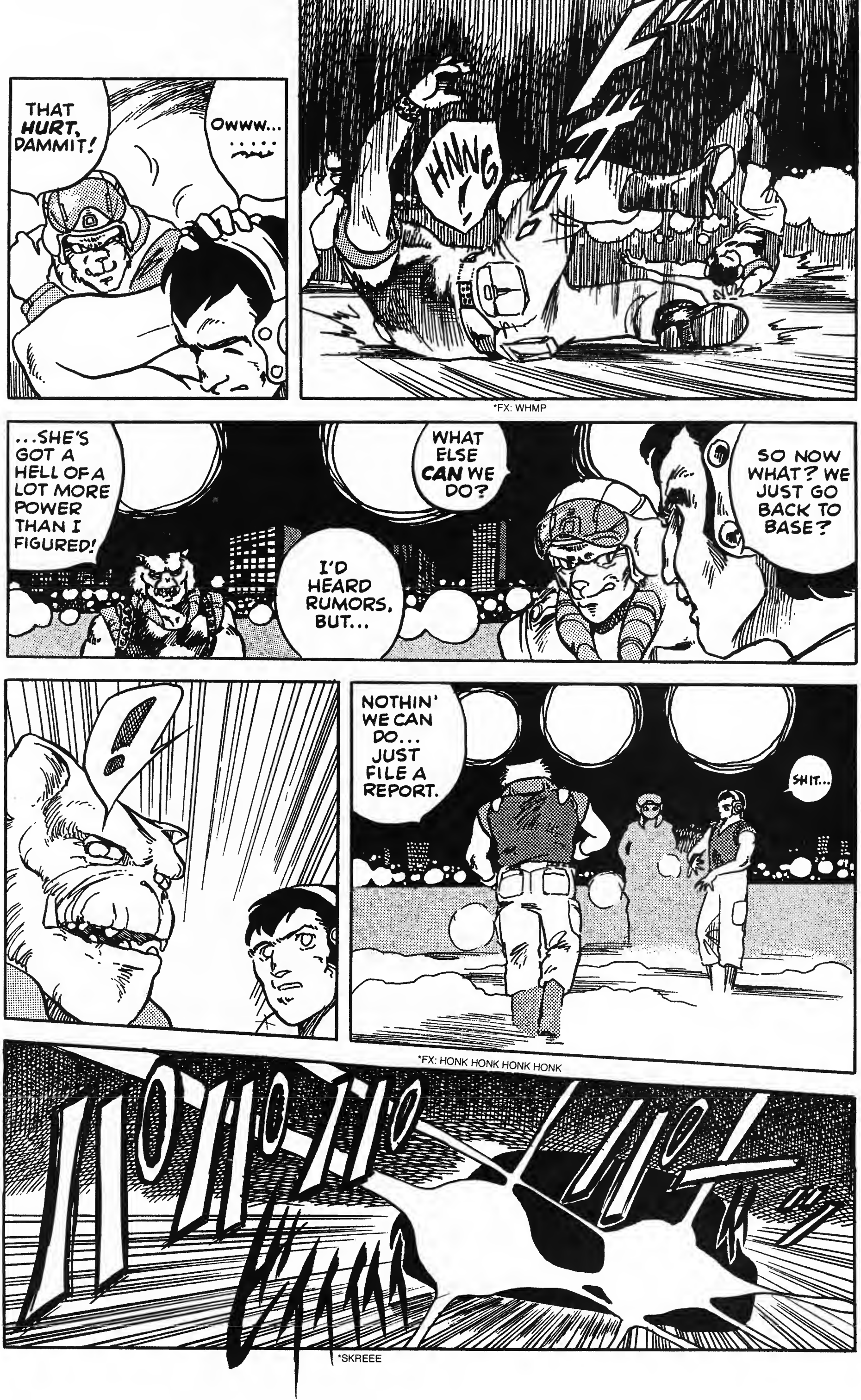

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Mmph...
YAWN
HOLY... YOU MEAN WE REALLY *DIDN'T* FAZE HER?
IDIOT! STOP BABBLING AND HELP US GET AWAY!
HURRY!
ONCE WE'RE IN ORBIT, HEAD STRAIGHT FOR *DARKSIDE*.

*FX: VZZT

*FX: VWOMM


*SKRASSH
*FX: VNNN
AAA!
HGHH...
......
WE'RE JUST... ZEUS...
AAARGH!
HNNNG!
...?!

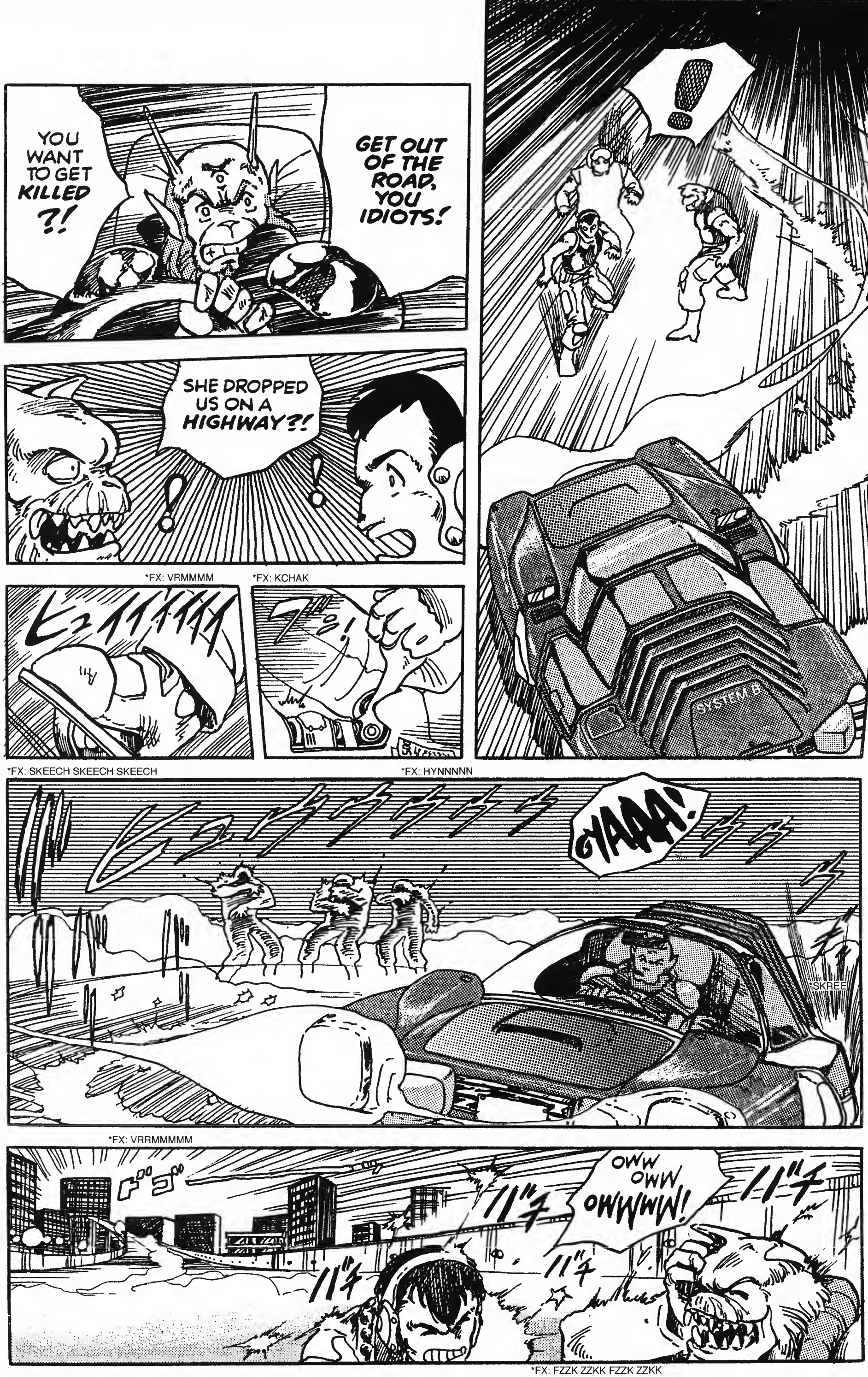

*BOMF
EEYAA!
AUTO DESTRUCT …?
A LOYAL SERVANT …
AARG… NO…!
I… Huh?
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, NOW.
LEAVE HERE.
AGENTS OF ZEUS, THE CHIEF EXECUTOR …?
HMPH!
COLD OUT…
SO COLD…


THAT HURT, DAMMIT!
Owww... ......
HNNG!
...SHE'S GOT A HELL OF A LOT MORE POWER THAN I FIGURED!
I'D HEARD RUMORS, BUT...
WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO?
SO NOW WHAT? WE JUST GO BACK TO BASE?
!
NOTHIN' WE CAN DO... JUST FILE A REPORT.
SHIT...

*FX: WHMP

*FX: HONK HONK HONK HONK

*SKREEE


YOU WANT TO GET KILLED ?!
GET OUT OF THE ROAD, YOU IDIOTS!
SHE DROPPED US ON A HIGHWAY?!
!
!
!
SYSTEM B
GYAAA!
*SKREE
OWW OWW OWWWW!

*FX: VRMMMM

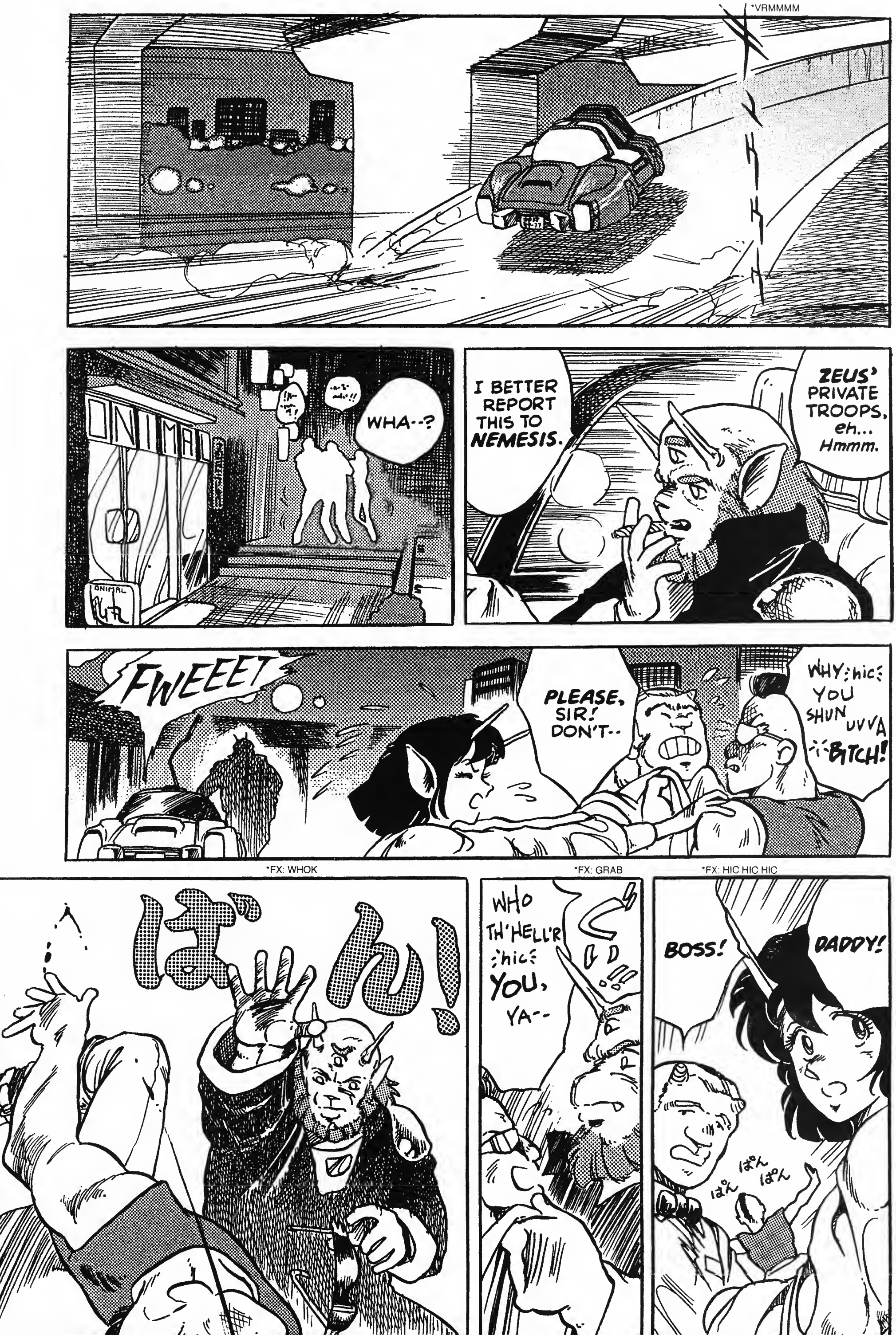
*FX: KCHAK

*FX: SKEECH SKEECH SKEECH

*FX: HYNNNNN

*FX: VRRMMMMM

*FX: FZZK ZZKK FZZK ZZKK


ZEUS' PRIVATE TROOPS, eh... Hmmm.
I BETTER REPORT THIS TO NEMESIS.
WHA--?
ONIMAL
ANIMAL
WHY hic YOU SHUN UVVA BITCH!
PLEASE, SIR! DON'T--
FWEEEET
BOSS!
DADDY!
ぱん ぱん ぱん
WHO TH'HELL'R hic YOU, YA--
ばん!

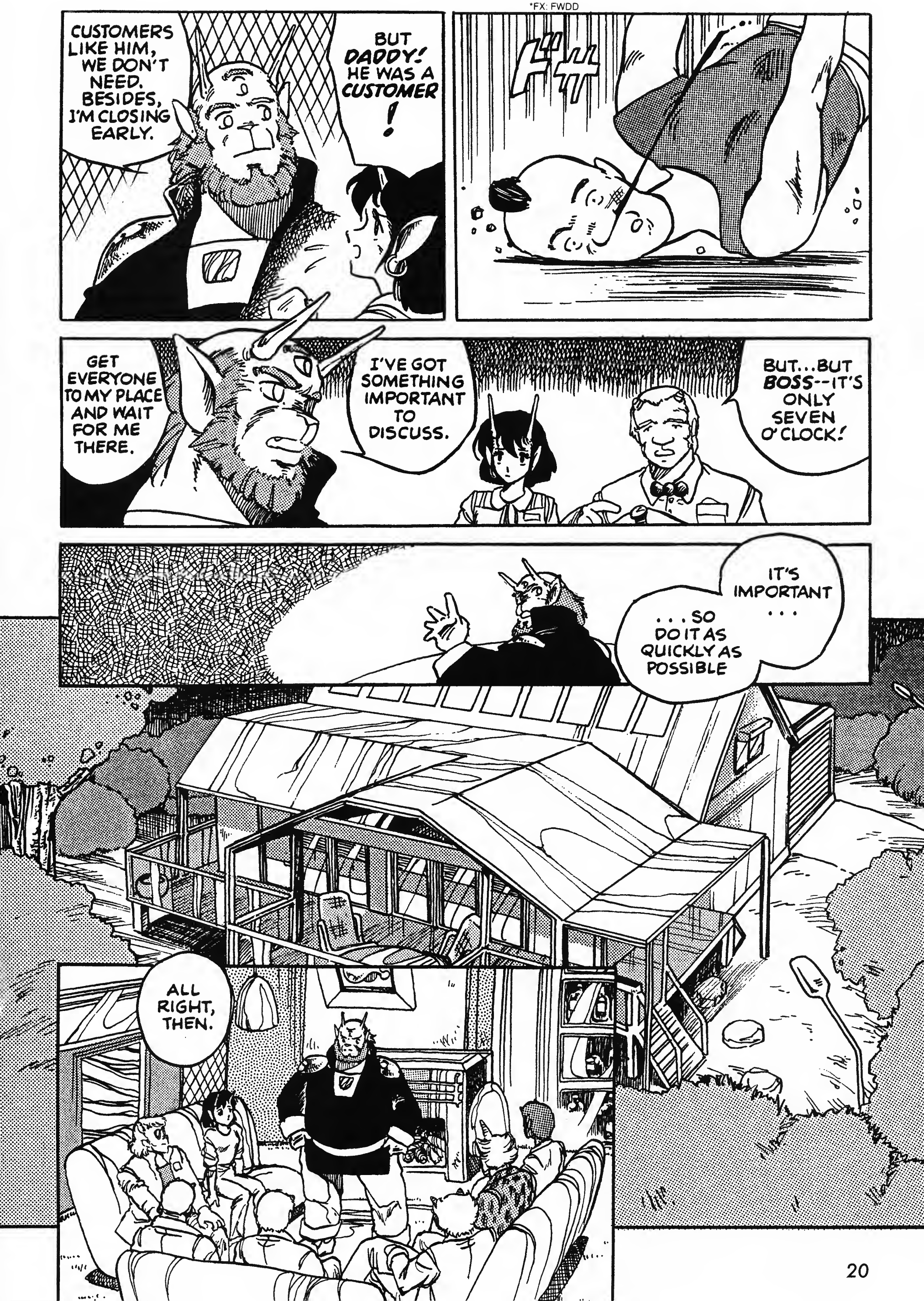
*VRMMMM

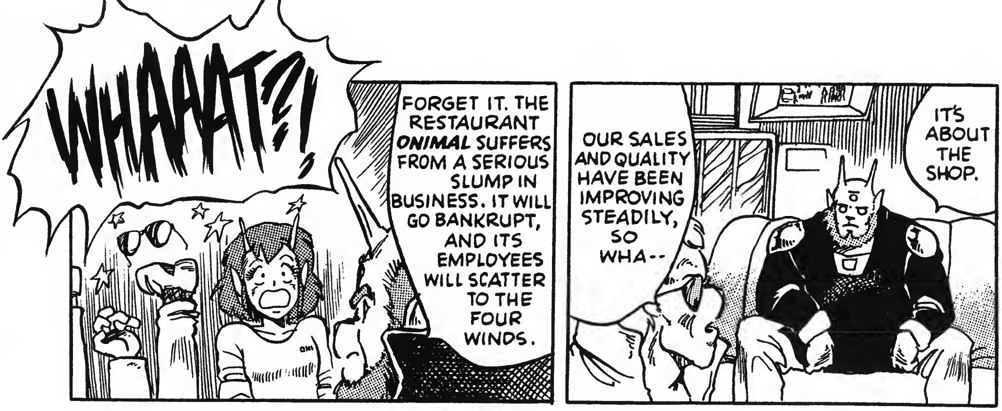
*FX: WHOK

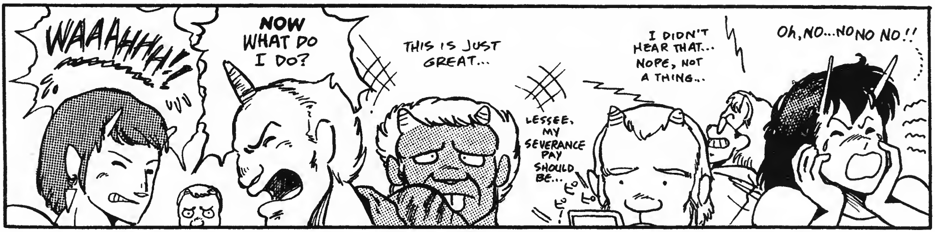
*FX: GRAB

*FX: HIC HIC HIC

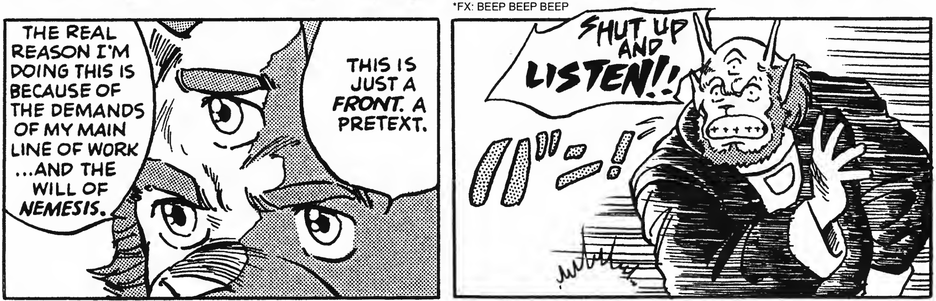
*FX: FWDD


CUSTOMERS LIKE HIM, WE DON'T NEED. BESIDES, I'M CLOSING EARLY.
BUT *DADDY!* HE WAS A *CUSTOMER*!
ドサ
GET EVERYONE TO MY PLACE AND WAIT FOR ME THERE.
I'VE GOT SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO DISCUSS.
BUT...BUT *BOSS*--IT'S ONLY SEVEN O'CLOCK!
IT'S IMPORTANT . . .
. . . SO DO IT AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE
ALL RIGHT, THEN.

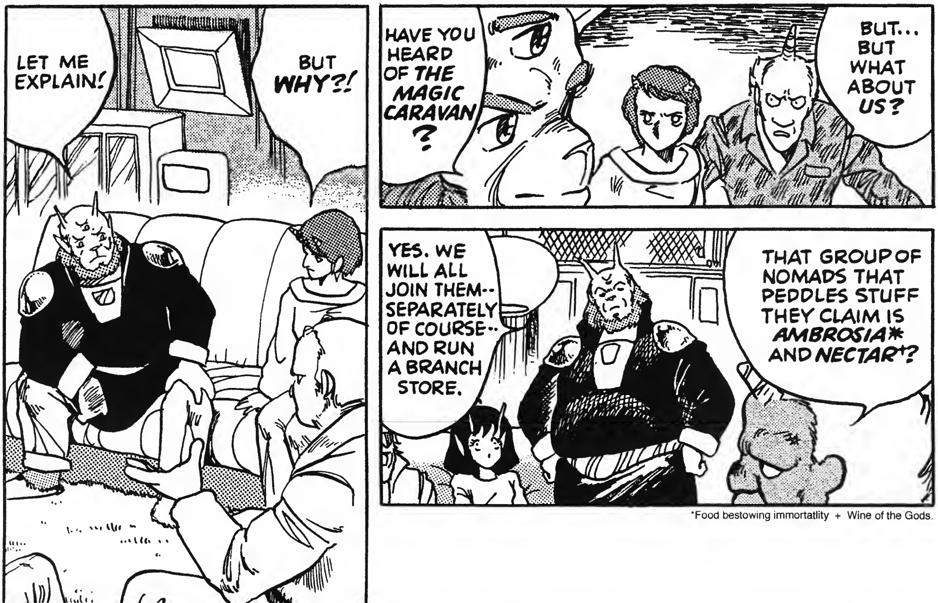

IT'S ABOUT THE SHOP.
OUR SALES AND QUALITY HAVE BEEN IMPROVING STEADILY, SO WHA--
FORGET IT. THE RESTAURANT ONIMAL SUFFERS FROM A SERIOUS SLUMP IN BUSINESS. IT WILL GO BANKRUPT, AND ITS EMPLOYEES WILL SCATTER TO THE FOUR WINDS.
WHAAAT?!


Oh, NO...NO NO NO!!
I DIDN'T HEAR THAT... NOPE, NOT A THING...
LESSEE, MY SEVERANCE PAY SHOULD BE...
ピ ピ ピ
THIS IS JUST GREAT...
NOW WHAT DO I DO?
WAAAHHH!!

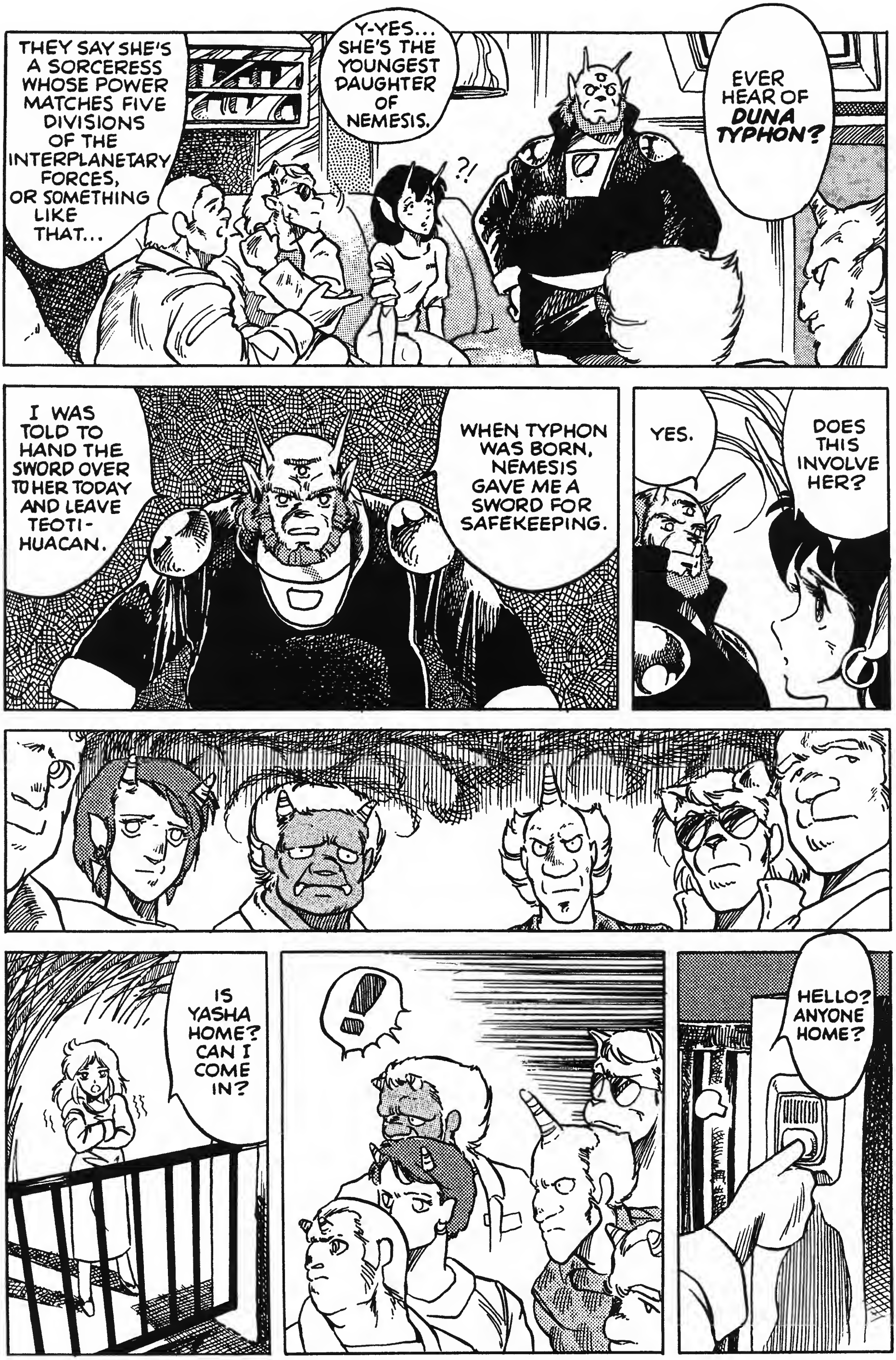
*FX: BEEP BEEP BEEP


SHUT UP AND LISTEN!!
バーン!
THIS IS JUST A FRONT. A PRETEXT.
THE REAL REASON I'M DOING THIS IS BECAUSE OF THE DEMANDS OF MY MAIN LINE OF WORK ...AND THE WILL OF NEMESIS.

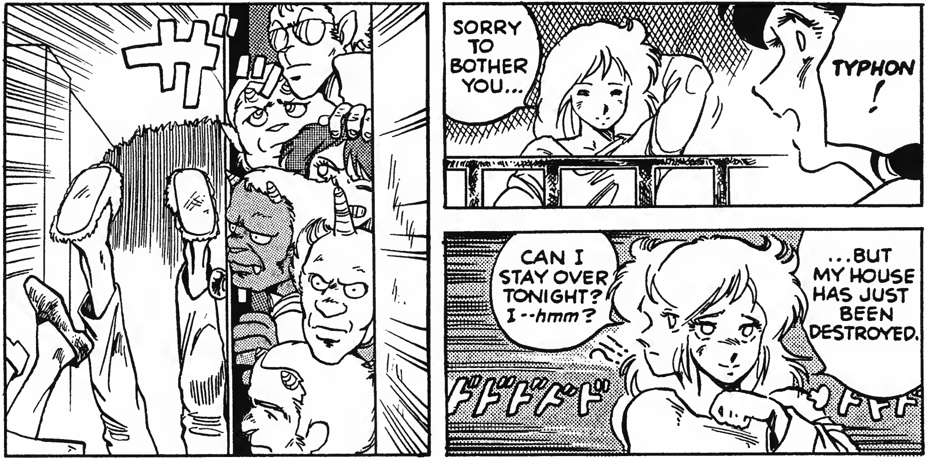
*FX: BAM


BUT... BUT WHAT ABOUT US?
HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE MAGIC CARAVAN?
THAT GROUP OF NOMADS THAT PEDDLES STUFF THEY CLAIM IS AMBROSIA* AND NECTAR†?
YES. WE WILL ALL JOIN THEM-- SEPARATELY OF COURSE-- AND RUN A BRANCH STORE.
BUT WHY?!
LET ME EXPLAIN!

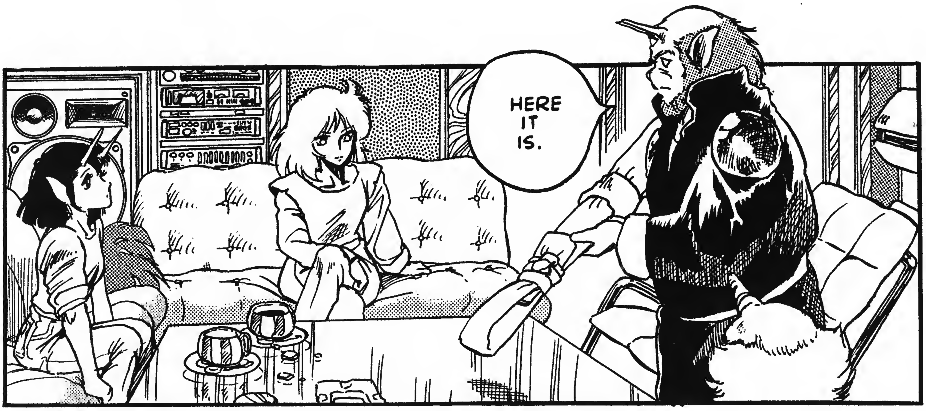
*Food bestowing immortatlity + Wine of the Gods.


EVER HEAR OF **DUNA TYPHON?**
Y-YES... SHE'S THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF NEMESIS.
?!
THEY SAY SHE'S A SORCERESS WHOSE POWER MATCHES FIVE DIVISIONS OF THE INTERPLANETARY FORCES, OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT...
DOES THIS INVOLVE HER?
YES.
WHEN TYPHON WAS BORN, NEMESIS GAVE ME A SWORD FOR SAFEKEEPING.
I WAS TOLD TO HAND THE SWORD OVER TO HER TODAY AND LEAVE TEOTI-HUACAN.
HELLO? ANYONE HOME?
!
IS YASHA HOME? CAN I COME IN?

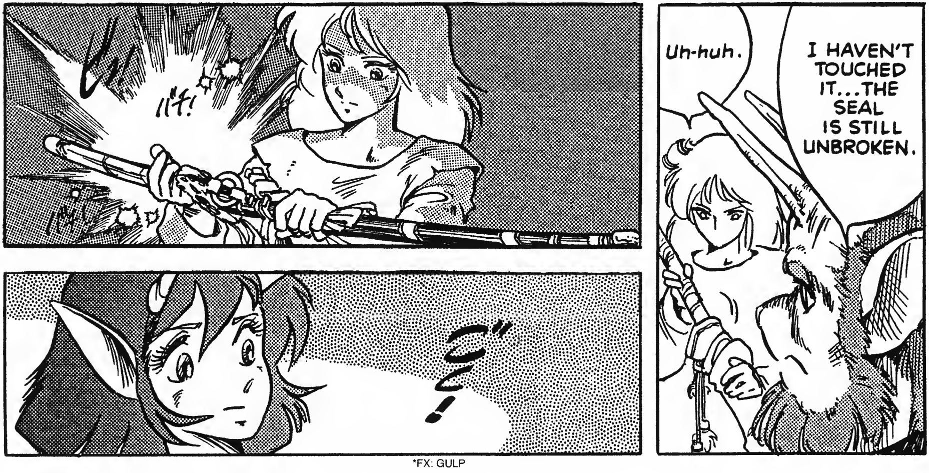
FX: SHUMP


ザ
SORRY TO BOTHER YOU...
TYPHON!
CAN I STAY OVER TONIGHT? I--*hmm?*
...BUT MY HOUSE HAS JUST BEEN DESTROYED.
ドドドドド

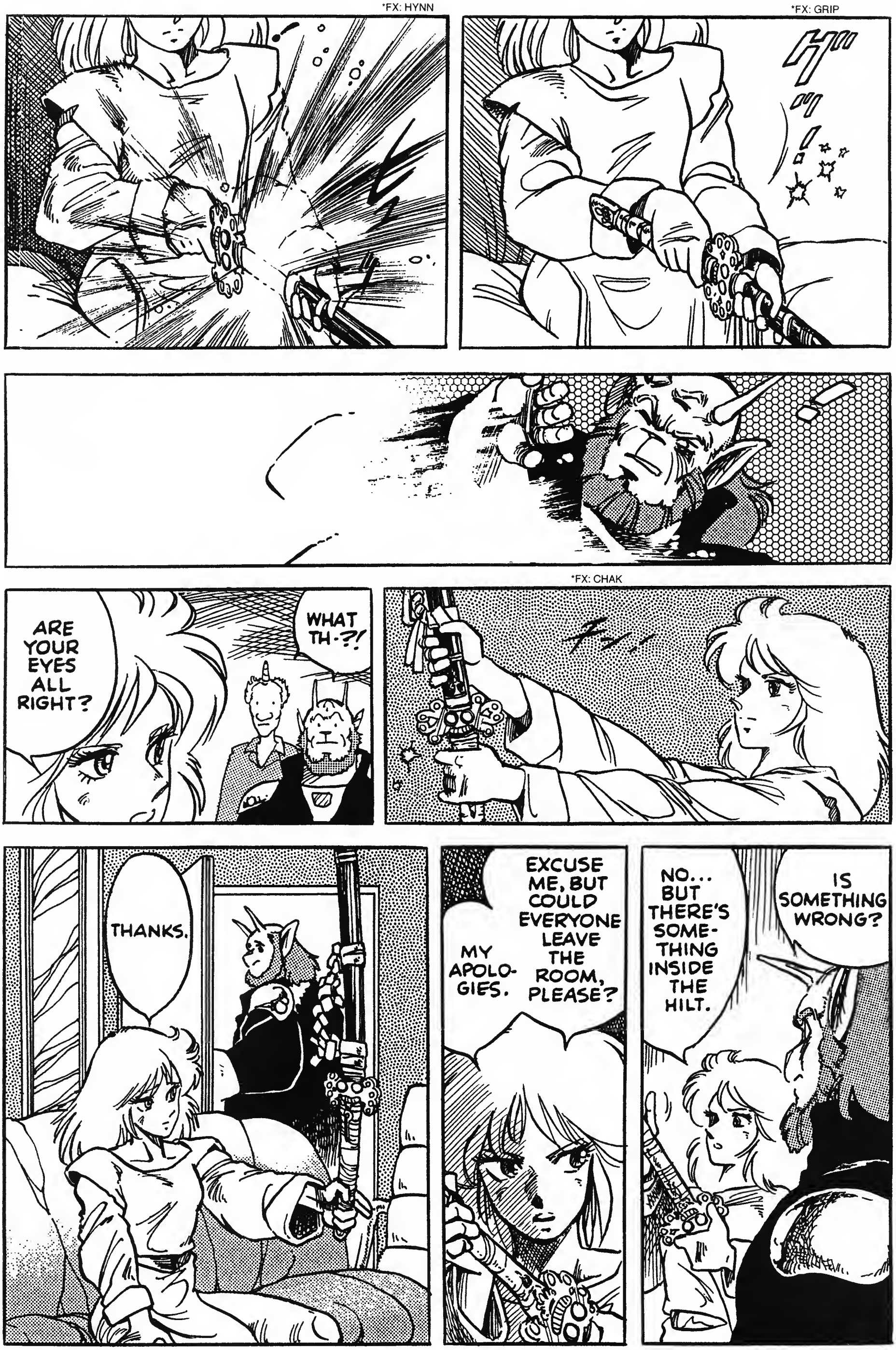
*FX: TRMP TRMP TRMP TRMP



*FX: ZZKK SPZKK FZZK


バチ!
Uh-huh.
I HAVEN'T TOUCHED IT...THE SEAL IS STILL UNBROKEN.
ゴ!

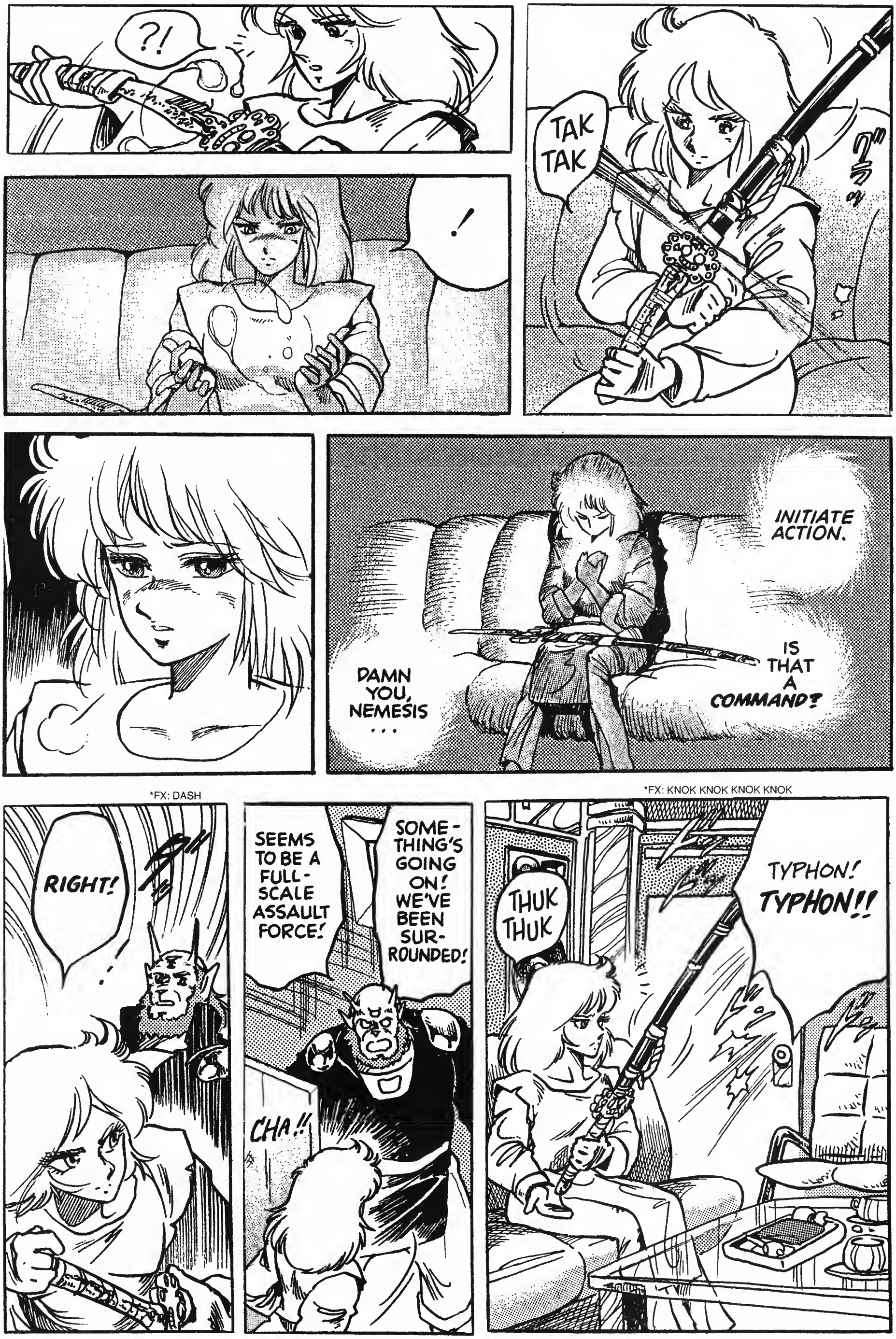
*FX: GULP


*FX: GRIP

*FX: HYNN

*FX: CHAK

WHAT TH-?!
ARE YOUR EYES ALL RIGHT?
IS SOMETHING WRONG?
NO... BUT THERE'S SOMETHING INSIDE THE HILT.
EXCUSE ME, BUT COULD EVERYONE LEAVE THE ROOM, PLEASE?
MY APOLOGIES.
THANKS.


?!
TAK TAK
!
INITIATE ACTION.
IS THAT A COMMAND?
DAMN YOU, NEMESIS . . .
RIGHT!
SEEMS TO BE A FULL-SCALE ASSAULT FORCE!
SOME-THING'S GOING ON! WE'VE BEEN SUR-ROUNDED!
CHA!!
THUK THUK
TYPHON! TYPHON!!

*FX: SWAY

*FX: DASH

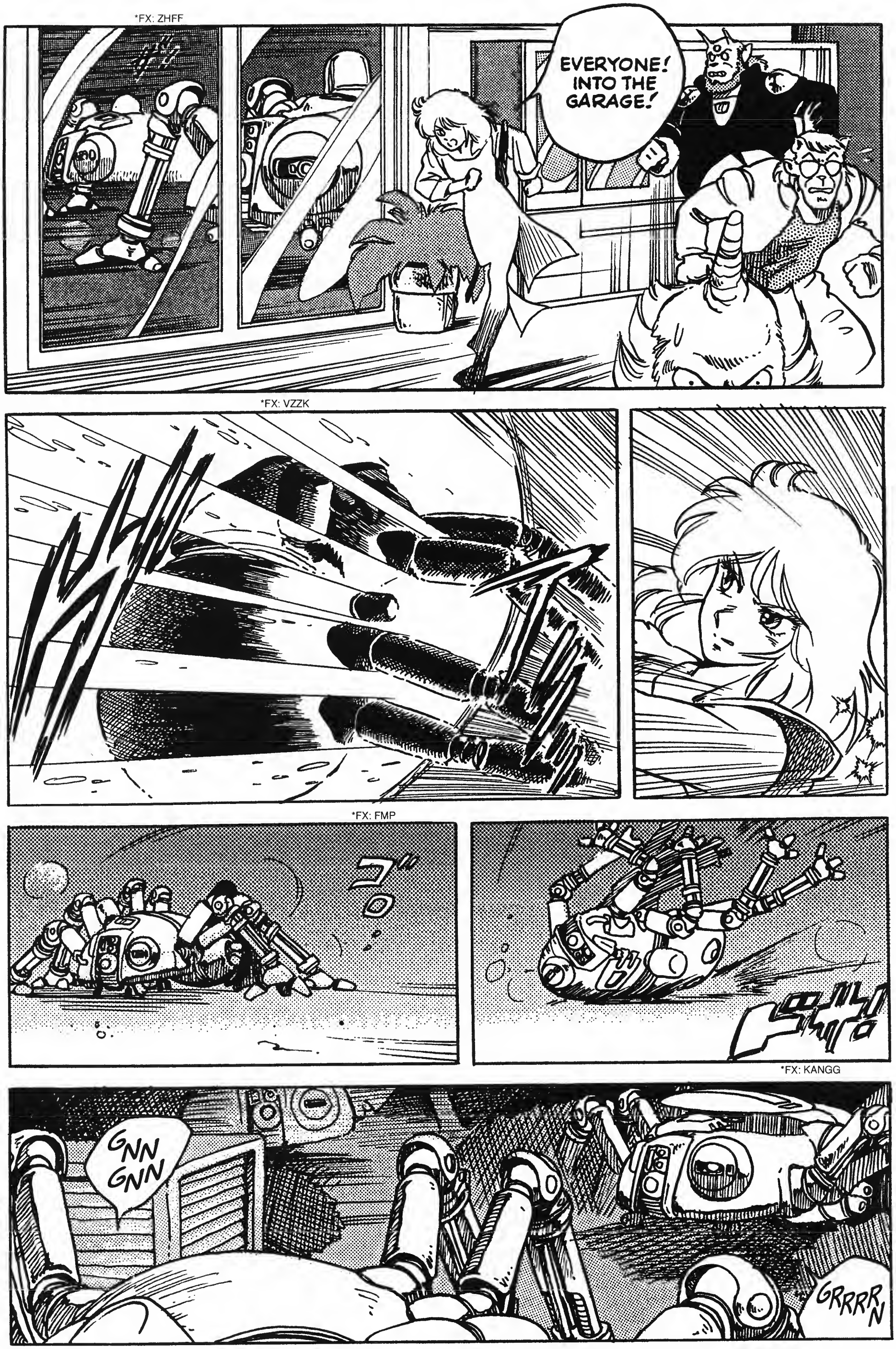
*FX: KNOK KNOK KNOK KNOK

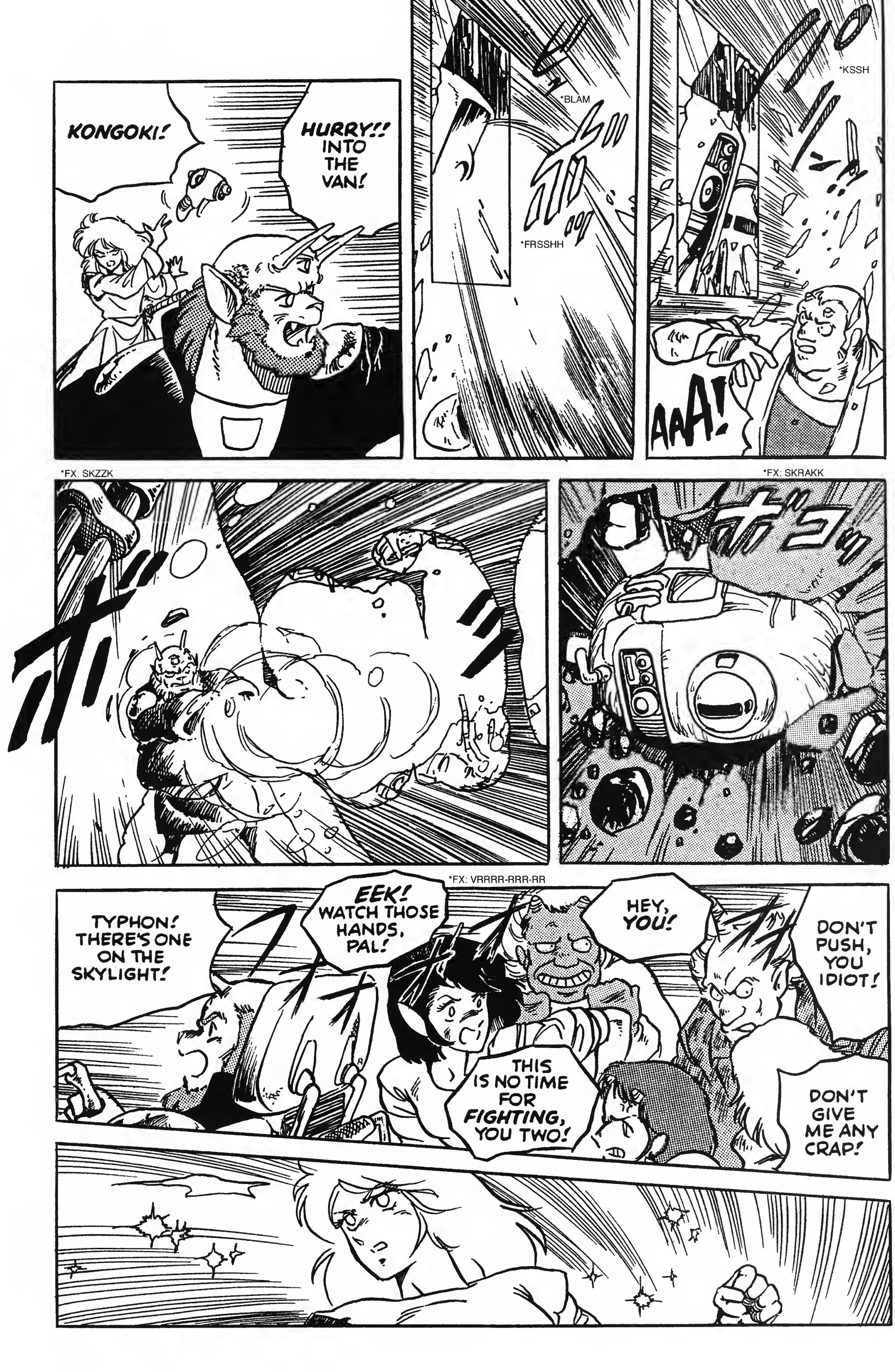
*FX: ZHFF

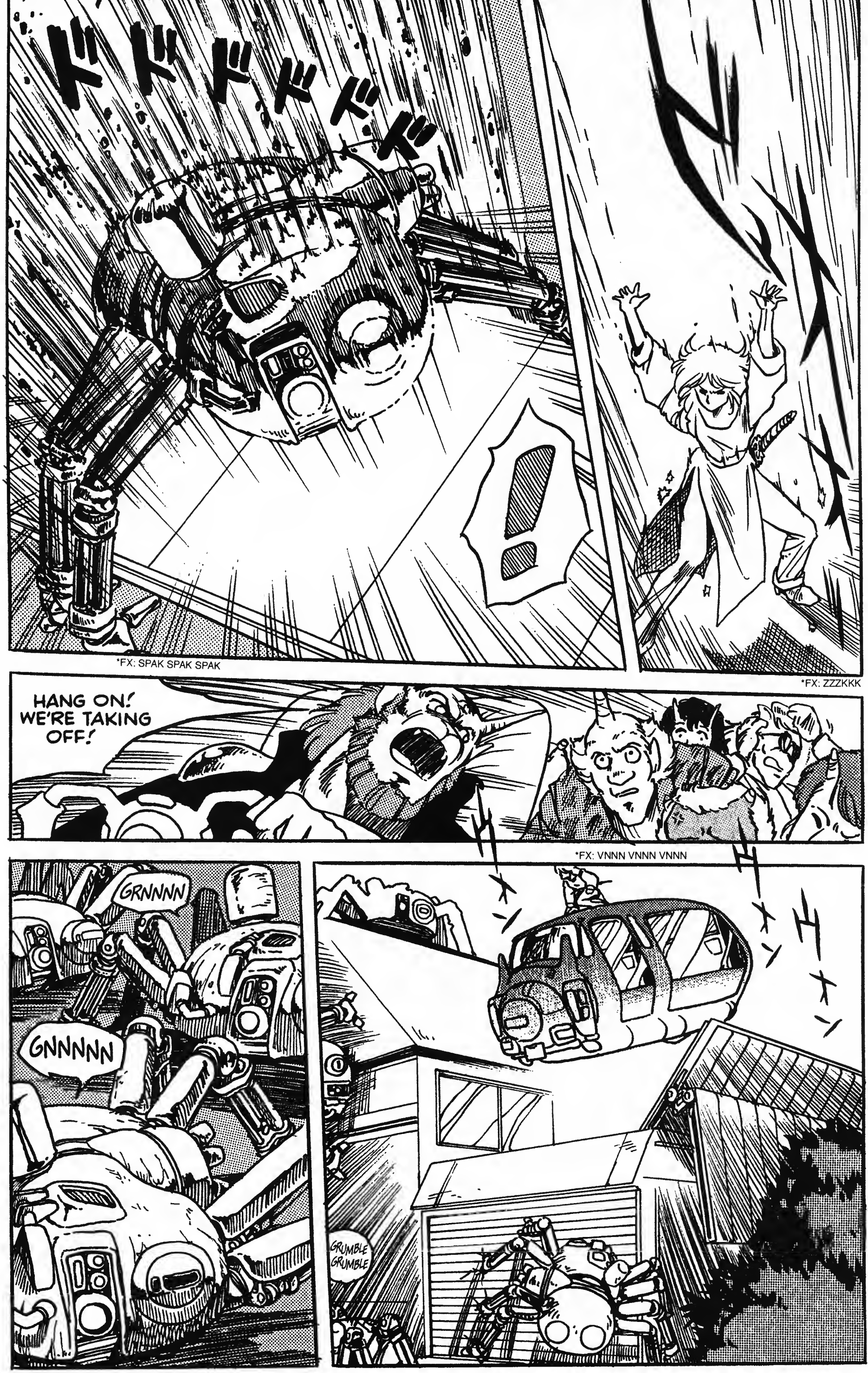
*FX: VZZK

*FX: FMP

*FX: KANGG


EVERYONE! INTO THE GARAGE!
GNN GNN
GRRRRN


KONGOKI!
HURRY!! INTO THE VAN!
*BLAM
*FRSSHH
*KSSH
AAA!
*FX: SKZZK
*FX: SKRAKK
*FX: VRRRR-RRR-RR
TYPHON! THERE'S ONE ON THE SKYLIGHT!
EEK! WATCH THOSE HANDS, PAL!
HEY, YOU!
DON'T PUSH, YOU IDIOT!
THIS IS NO TIME FOR FIGHTING, YOU TWO!
DON'T GIVE ME ANY CRAP!

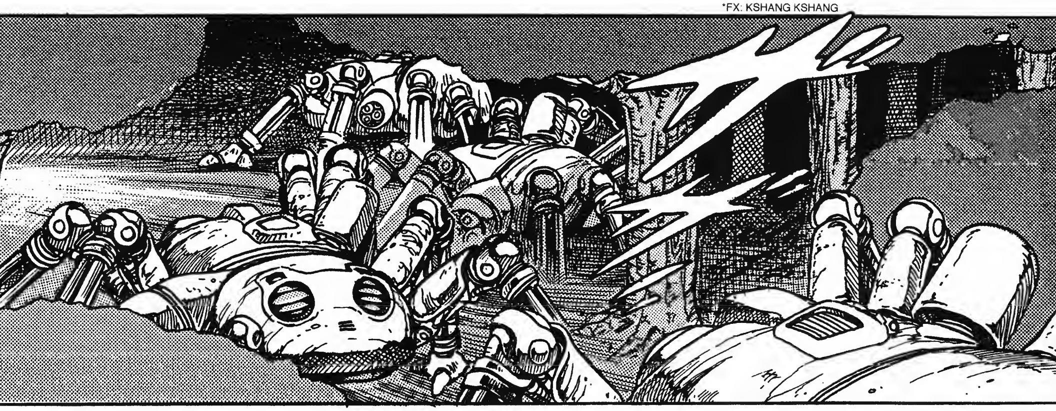

ドドドドドドド
!
HANG ON! WE'RE TAKING OFF!
ヒュン
ヒュン
ヒュン
GRUMBLE GRUMBLE
GRNNNN
GNNNNN

*FX: SPAK SPAK SPAK

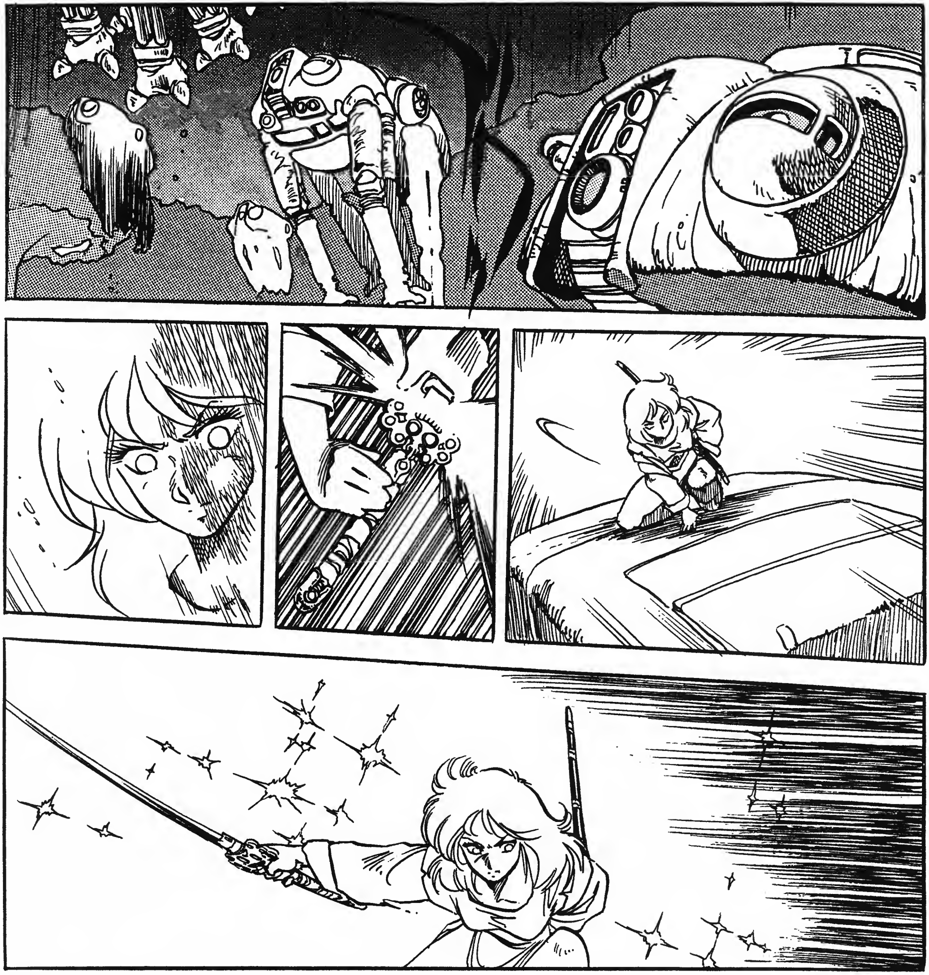
*FX: ZZZKKK

*FX: VNNN VNNN VNNN

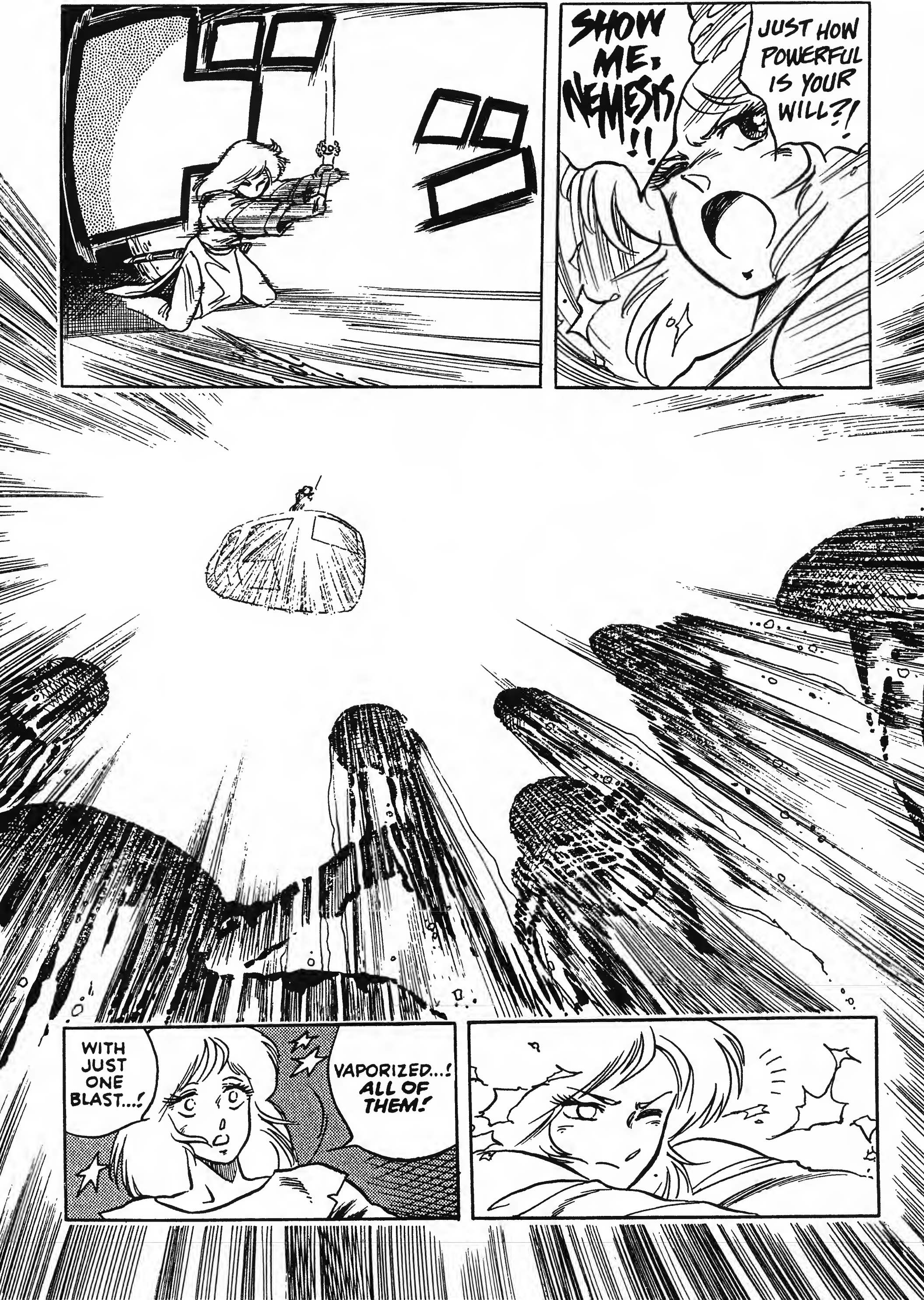
*FX: KSHANG KSHANG

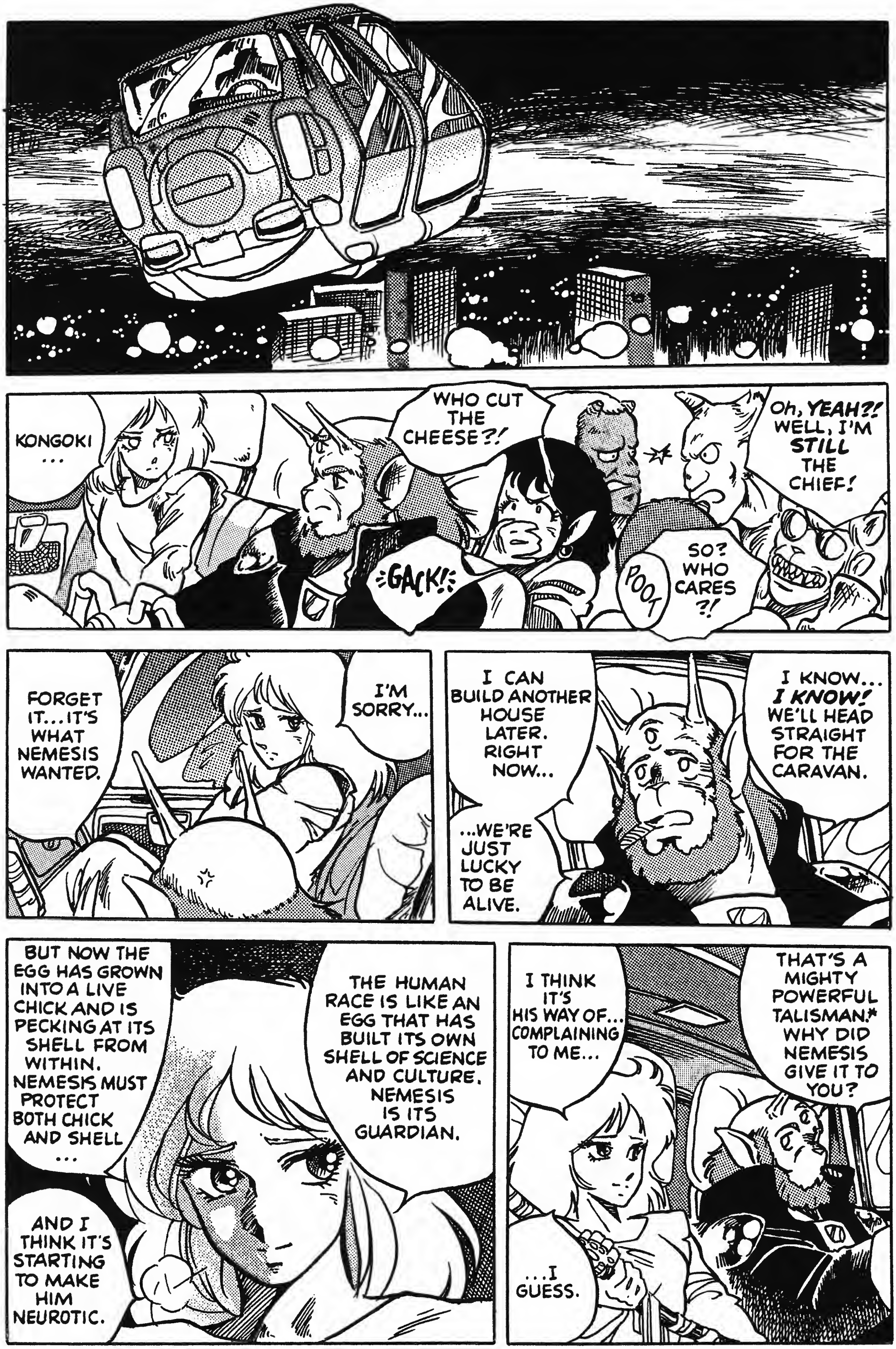


*FX: VNNN



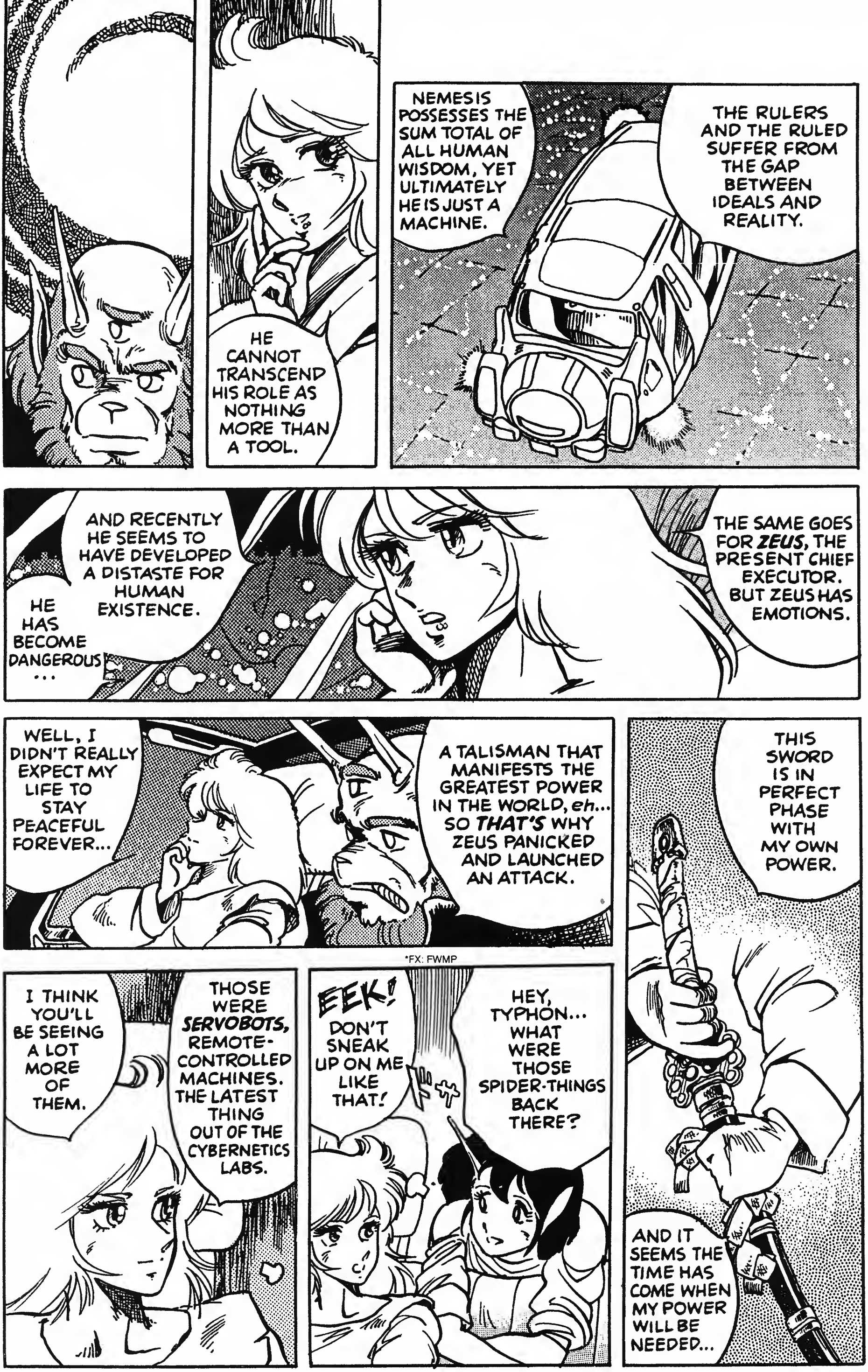
*FX: WHOOM


SHOW ME, NEMESIS!!
JUST HOW POWERFUL IS YOUR WILL?!
WITH JUST ONE BLAST...!
VAPORIZED...! ALL OF THEM!

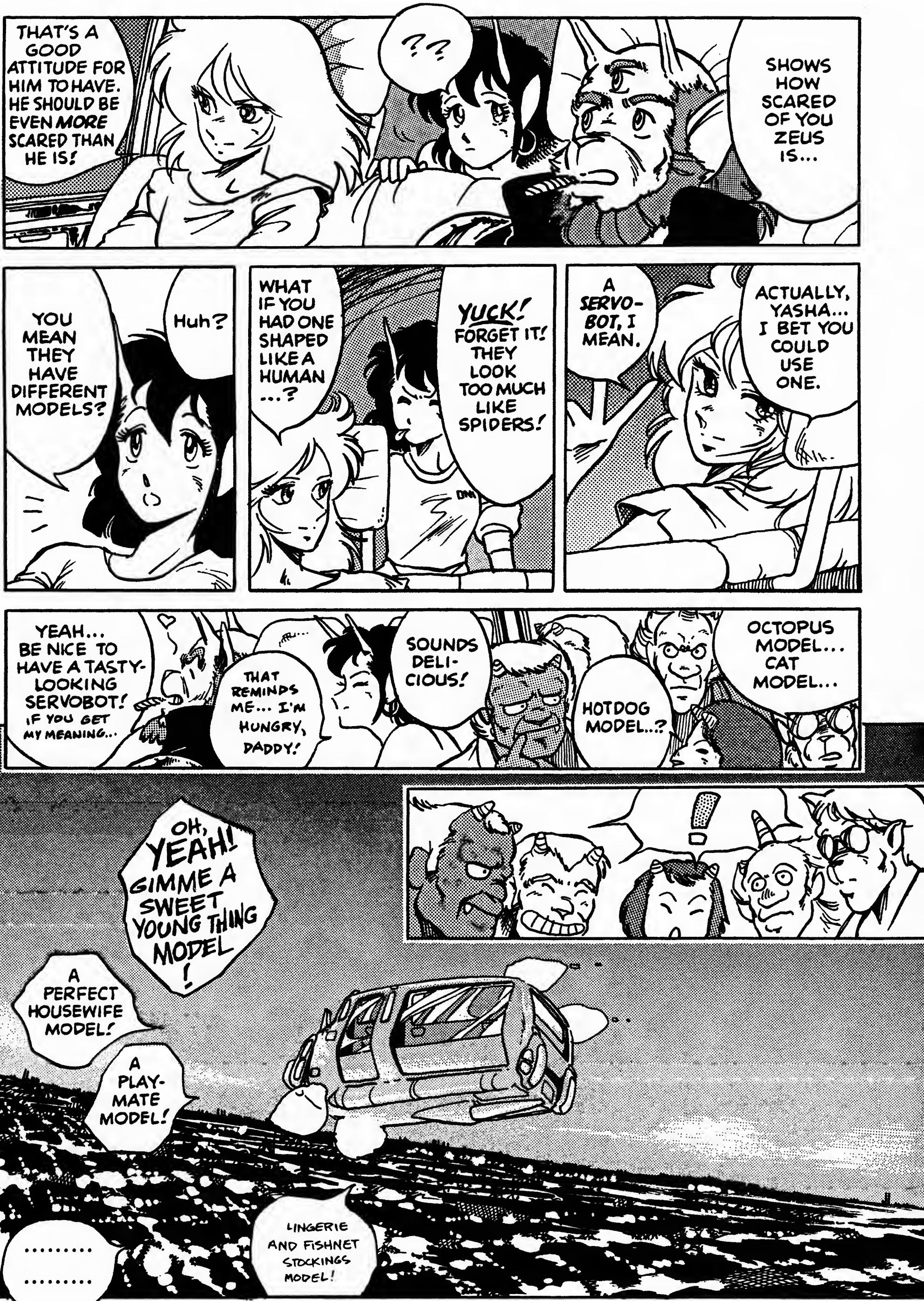

KONGOKI ...
WHO CUT THE CHEESE?!
GACK!
POOT
Oh, YEAH?! WELL, I'M STILL THE CHIEF!
SO? WHO CARES ?!
FORGET IT...IT'S WHAT NEMESIS WANTED.
I'M SORRY...
I CAN BUILD ANOTHER HOUSE LATER. RIGHT NOW...
...WE'RE JUST LUCKY TO BE ALIVE.
I KNOW... I KNOW! WE'LL HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE CARAVAN.
THE HUMAN RACE IS LIKE AN EGG THAT HAS BUILT ITS OWN SHELL OF SCIENCE AND CULTURE. NEMESIS IS ITS GUARDIAN.
BUT NOW THE EGG HAS GROWN INTO A LIVE CHICK AND IS PECKING AT ITS SHELL FROM WITHIN. NEMESIS MUST PROTECT BOTH CHICK AND SHELL ...
AND I THINK IT'S STARTING TO MAKE HIM NEUROTIC.
THAT'S A MIGHTY POWERFUL TALISMAN.* WHY DID NEMESIS GIVE IT TO YOU?
I THINK IT'S HIS WAY OF... COMPLAINING TO ME...
...I GUESS.

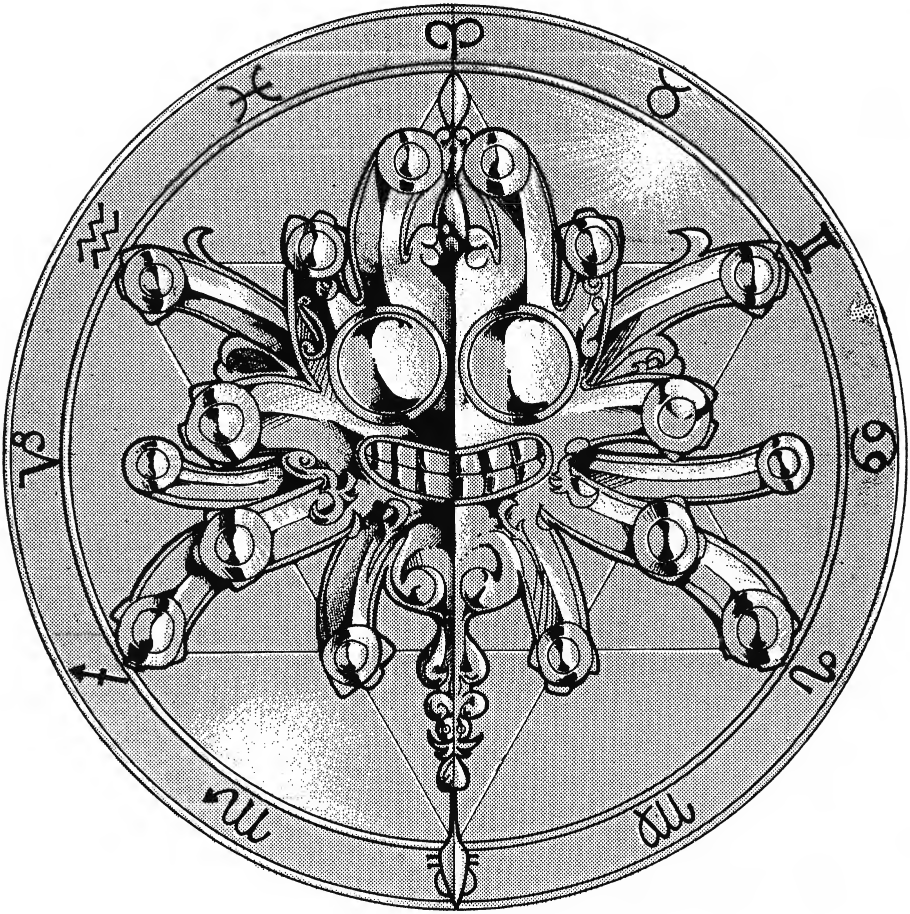
---

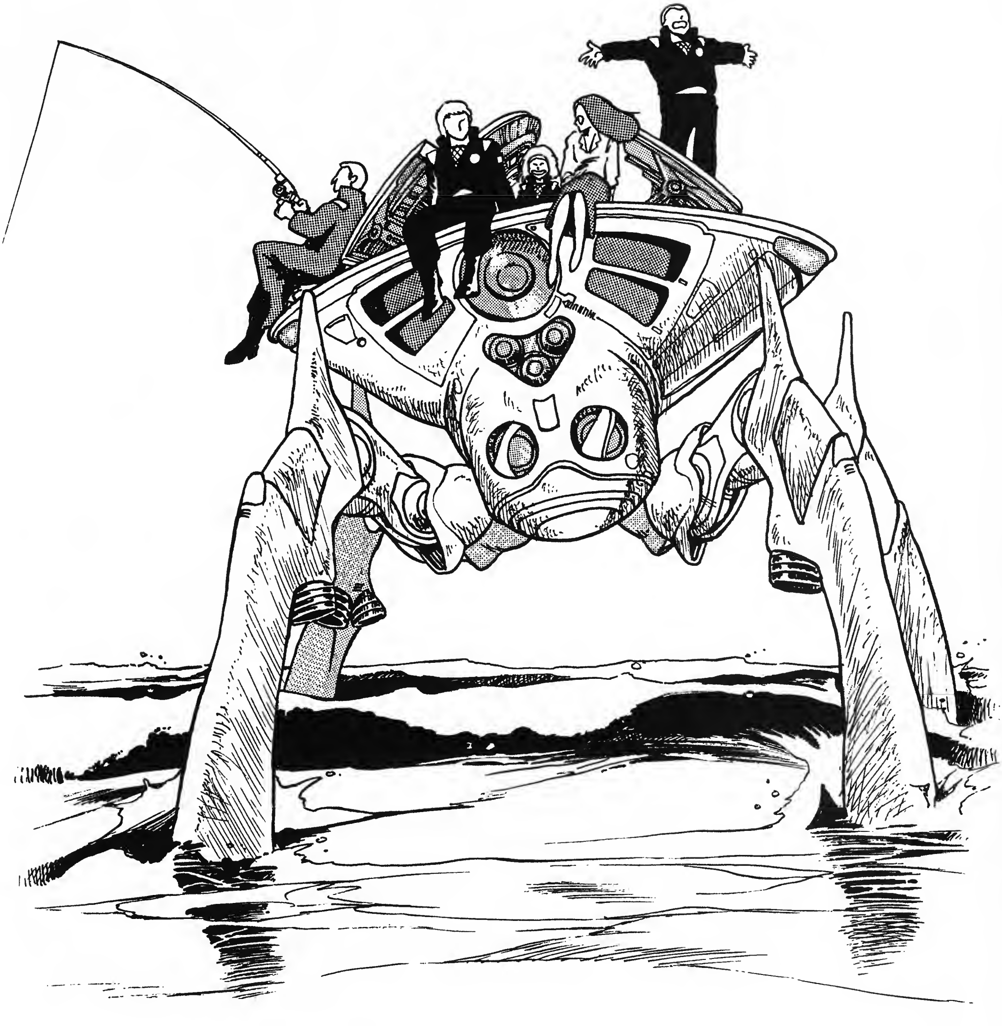
*An object invested with great power, which it will vent only for a specific purpose. Without a talisman, a sorcerer can draw only upon his personal power.

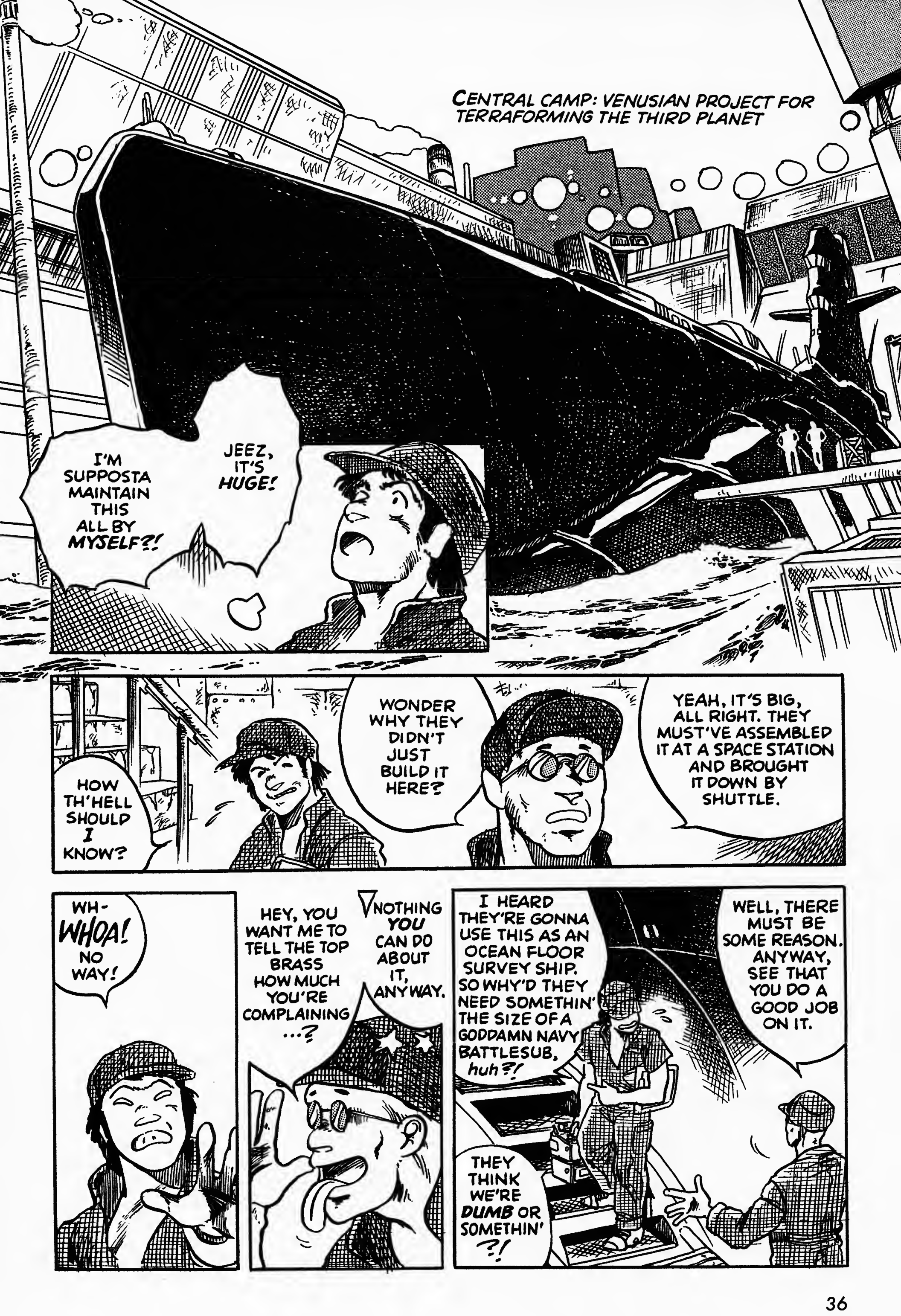

NEMESIS POSSESSES THE SUM TOTAL OF ALL HUMAN WISDOM, YET ULTIMATELY HE IS JUST A MACHINE.
HE CANNOT TRANSCEND HIS ROLE AS NOTHING MORE THAN A TOOL.
THE RULERS AND THE RULED SUFFER FROM THE GAP BETWEEN IDEALS AND REALITY.
THE SAME GOES FOR ZEUS, THE PRESENT CHIEF EXECUTOR. BUT ZEUS HAS EMOTIONS.
AND RECENTLY HE SEEMS TO HAVE DEVELOPED A DISTASTE FOR HUMAN EXISTENCE.
HE HAS BECOME DANGEROUS...
WELL, I DIDN'T REALLY EXPECT MY LIFE TO STAY PEACEFUL FOREVER...
A TALISMAN THAT MANIFESTS THE GREATEST POWER IN THE WORLD, eh... SO THAT'S WHY ZEUS PANICKED AND LAUNCHED AN ATTACK.
THIS SWORD IS IN PERFECT PHASE WITH MY OWN POWER.
AND IT SEEMS THE TIME HAS COME WHEN MY POWER WILL BE NEEDED...
HEY, TYPHON... WHAT WERE THOSE SPIDER-THINGS BACK THERE?
EEK! DON'T SNEAK UP ON ME LIKE THAT!
THOSE WERE SERVOBOTS, REMOTE-CONTROLLED MACHINES. THE LATEST THING OUT OF THE CYBERNETICS LABS.
I THINK YOU'LL BE SEEING A LOT MORE OF THEM.

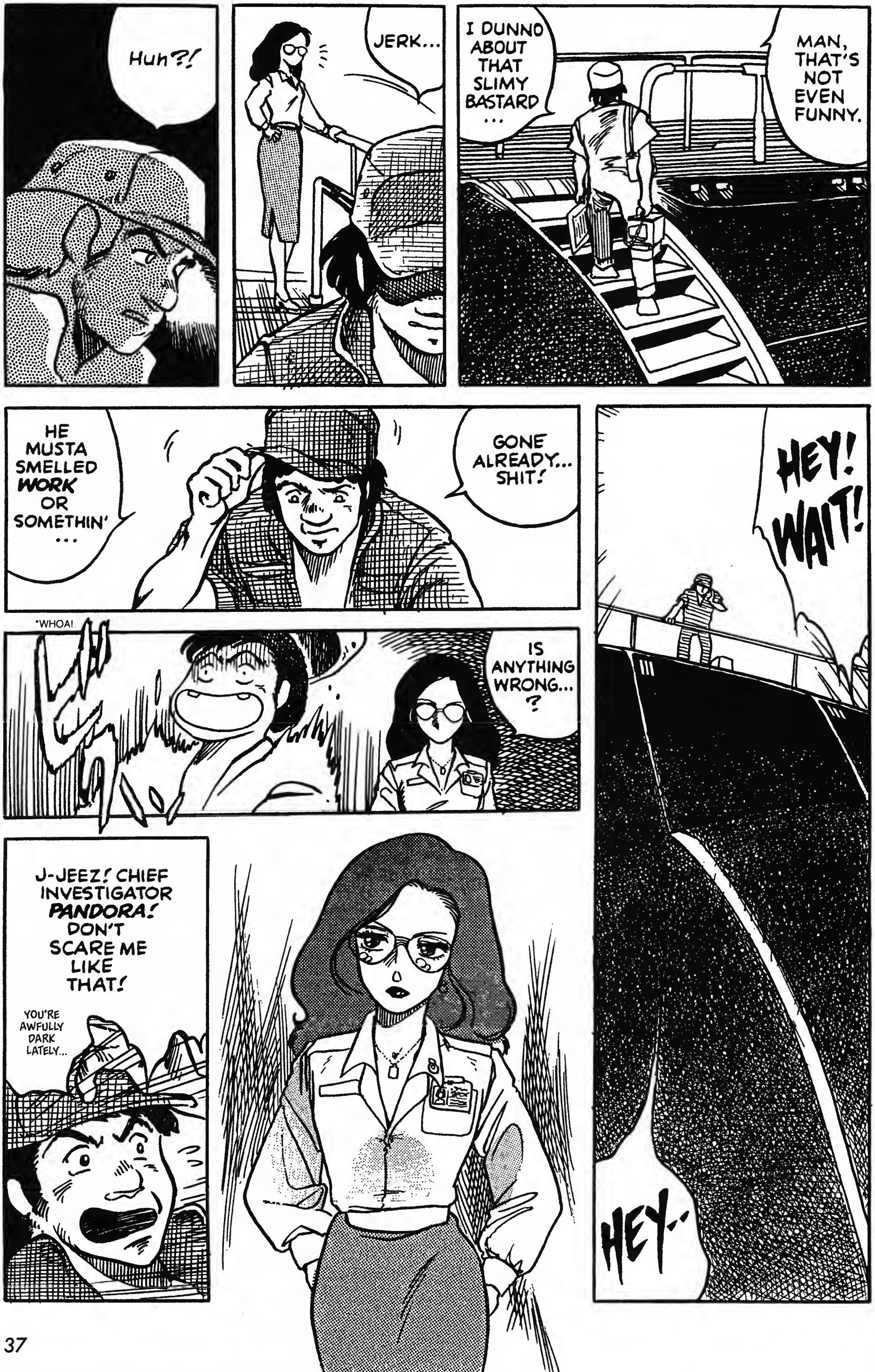
*FX: FWMP


SHOWS HOW SCARED OF YOU ZEUS IS...
??
THAT'S A GOOD ATTITUDE FOR HIM TO HAVE. HE SHOULD BE EVEN *MORE* SCARED THAN HE IS!
ACTUALLY, YASHA... I BET YOU COULD USE ONE.
A *SERVO-BOT*, I MEAN.
YUCK! FORGET IT! THEY LOOK TOO MUCH LIKE SPIDERS!
WHAT IF YOU HAD ONE SHAPED LIKE A HUMAN ...?
Huh?
YOU MEAN THEY HAVE DIFFERENT MODELS?
OCTOPUS MODEL... CAT MODEL...
HOTDOG MODEL...?
SOUNDS DELI-CIOUS!
THAT REMINDS ME... I'M HUNGRY, DADDY!
YEAH... BE NICE TO HAVE A TASTY-LOOKING SERVOBOT! IF YOU GET MY MEANING...
!
OH, YEAH! GIMME A SWEET YOUNG THING MODEL!
A PERFECT HOUSEWIFE MODEL!
A PLAY-MATE MODEL!
LINGERIE AND FISHNET STOCKINGS MODEL!
....
....

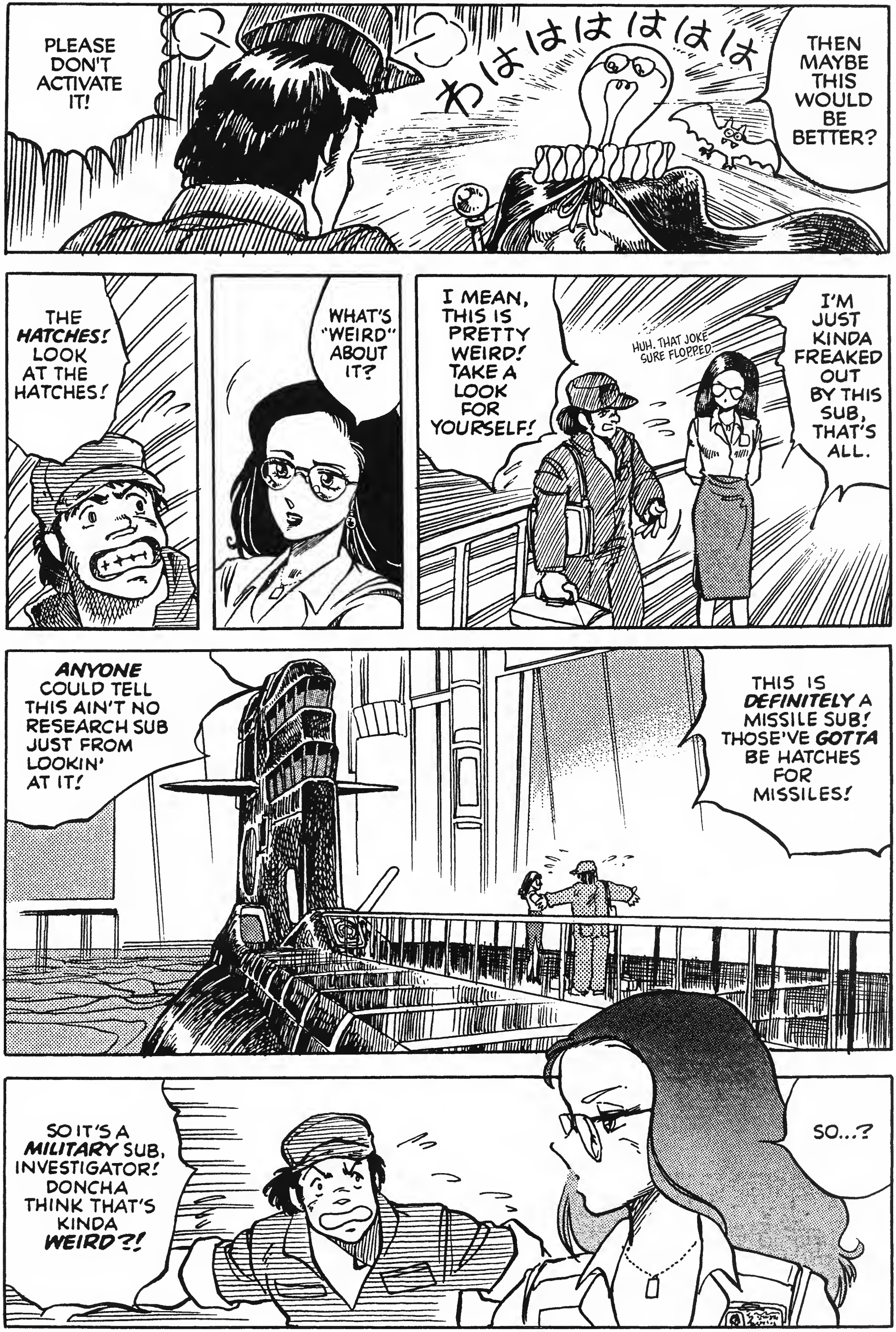


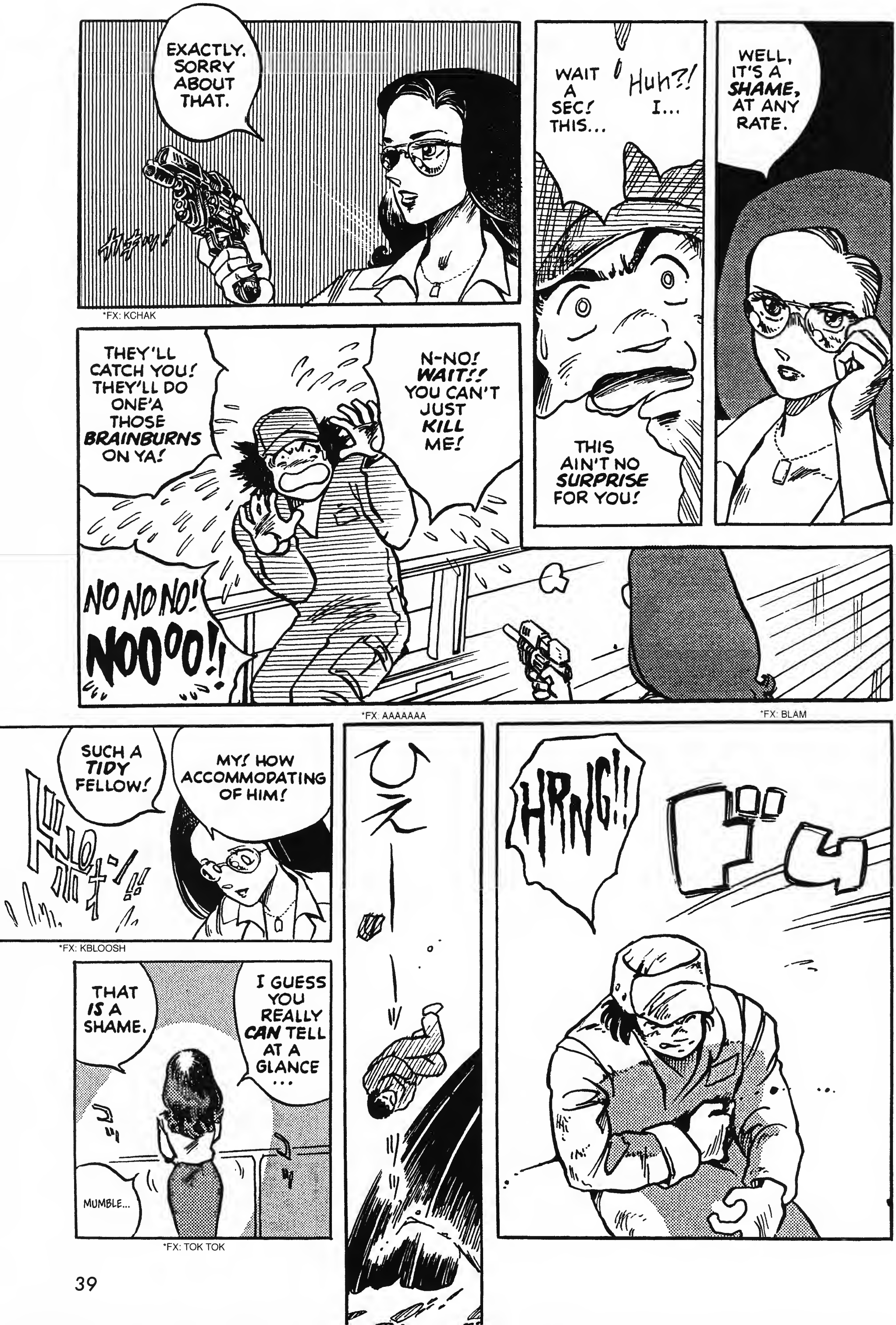



CENTRAL CAMP: VENUSIAN PROJECT FOR TERRAFORMING THE THIRD PLANET
JEEZ, IT'S *HUGE!*
I'M SUPPOSTA MAINTAIN THIS ALL BY *MYSELF?!*
HOW TH'HELL SHOULD *I* KNOW?
WONDER WHY THEY DIDN'T JUST BUILD IT HERE?
YEAH, IT'S BIG, ALL RIGHT. THEY MUST'VE ASSEMBLED IT AT A SPACE STATION AND BROUGHT IT DOWN BY SHUTTLE.
WH- *WHOA!* NO WAY!
HEY, YOU WANT ME TO TELL THE TOP BRASS HOW MUCH YOU'RE COMPLAINING ...?
NOTHING *YOU* CAN DO ABOUT IT, ANYWAY.
I HEARD THEY'RE GONNA USE THIS AS AN OCEAN FLOOR SURVEY SHIP. SO WHY'D THEY NEED SOMETHIN' THE SIZE OF A GODDAMN NAVY BATTLESUB, *huh?!*
THEY THINK WE'RE *DUMB* OR SOMETHIN' ?!
WELL, THERE MUST BE SOME REASON. ANYWAY, SEE THAT YOU DO A GOOD JOB ON IT.


MAN, THAT'S NOT EVEN FUNNY.
I DUNNO ABOUT THAT SLIMY BASTARD...
JERK...
Huh?!
HEY! WAIT!
GONE ALREADY... SHIT!
HE MUSTA SMELLED **WORK** OR SOMETHIN'...
HEY..
IS ANYTHING WRONG...?
*WHOA!
J-JEEZ! CHIEF INVESTIGATOR **PANDORA!** DON'T SCARE ME LIKE THAT!
YOU'RE AWFULLY DARK LATELY...

*FX: WA HA HA HA HA HA HA


わはははははは
THEN MAYBE THIS WOULD BE BETTER?
PLEASE DON'T ACTIVATE IT!
I'M JUST KINDA FREAKED OUT BY THIS SUB, THAT'S ALL.
HUH. THAT JOKE SURE FLOPPED.
I MEAN, THIS IS PRETTY WEIRD! TAKE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF!
WHAT'S "WEIRD" ABOUT IT?
THE *HATCHES!* LOOK AT THE HATCHES!
THIS IS *DEFINITELY* A MISSILE SUB! THOSE'VE *GOTTA* BE HATCHES FOR MISSILES!
ANYONE COULD TELL THIS AIN'T NO RESEARCH SUB JUST FROM LOOKIN' AT IT!
SO...?
SO IT'S A *MILITARY* SUB, INVESTIGATOR! DONCHA THINK THAT'S KINDA *WEIRD*?!


EXACTLY. SORRY ABOUT THAT.
WAIT A SEC! THIS...
Huh?! I...
THIS AIN'T NO *SURPRISE* FOR YOU!
WELL, IT'S A *SHAME,* AT ANY RATE.
THEY'LL CATCH YOU! THEY'LL DO ONE'A THOSE *BRAINBURNS* ON YA!
N-NO! *WAIT!!* YOU CAN'T JUST *KILL* ME!
NO NO NO! NOOOO!!
SUCH A *TIDY* FELLOW!
MY! HOW ACCOMMODATING OF HIM!
HRNG!!
THAT *IS* A SHAME.
I GUESS YOU REALLY *CAN* TELL AT A GLANCE...
MUMBLE...

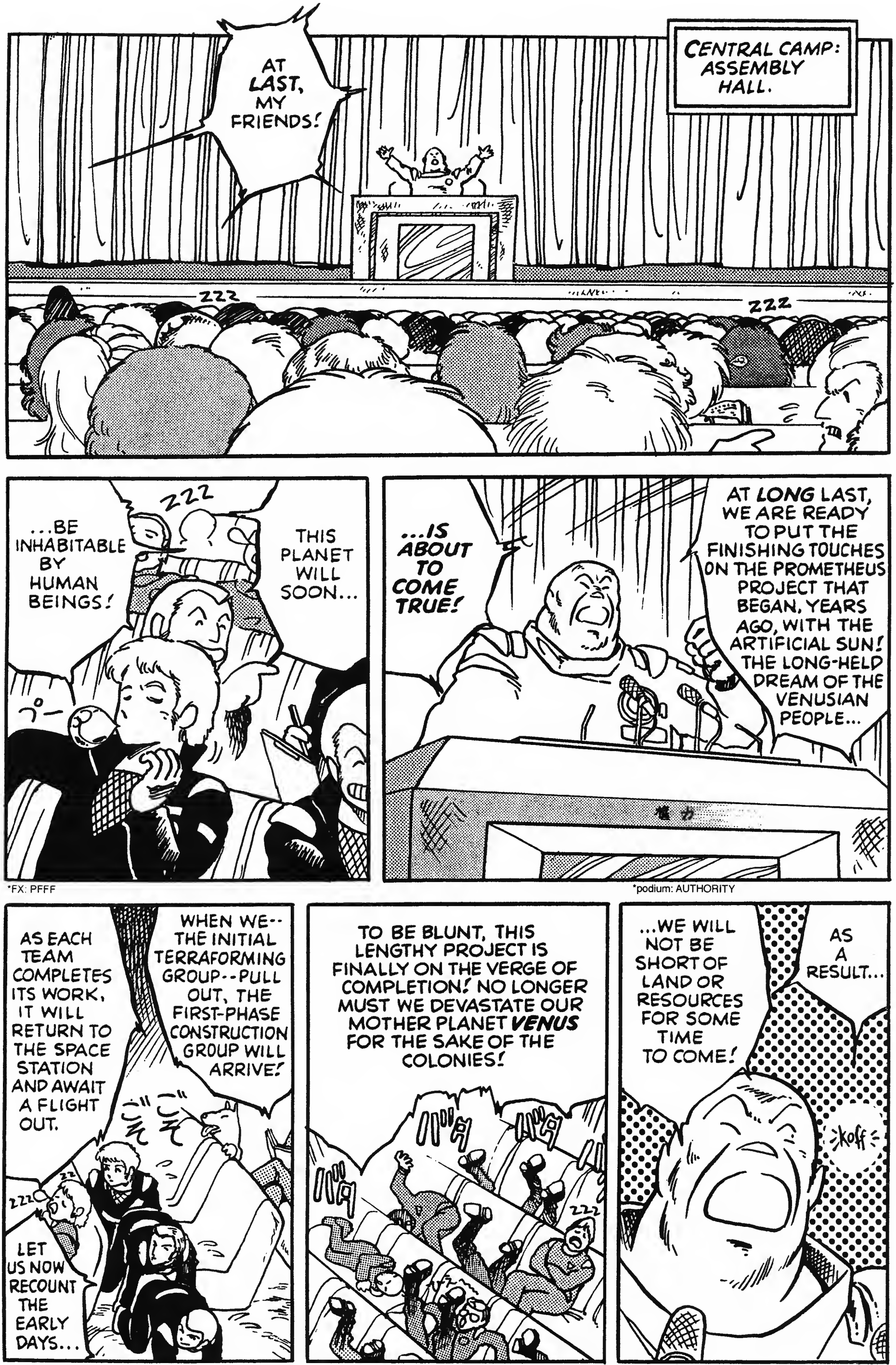
*FX: KCHAK

*FX: AAAAAAA

*FX: BLAM

*FX: KBLOOSH

*FX: TOK TOK

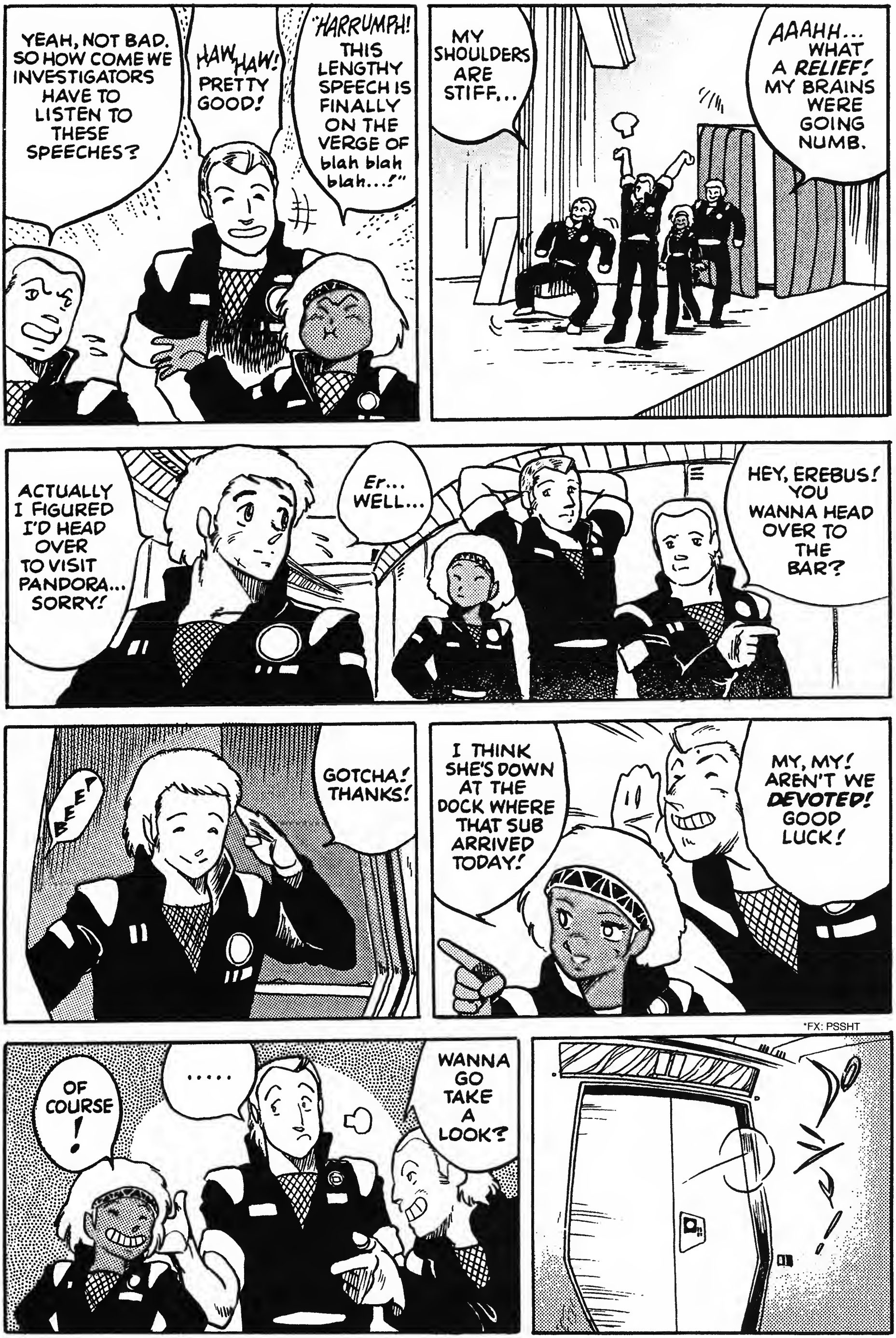

CENTRAL CAMP: ASSEMBLY HALL.
AT LAST, MY FRIENDS!
ZZZ
ZZZ
AT LONG LAST, WE ARE READY TO PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON THE PROMETHEUS PROJECT THAT BEGAN, YEARS AGO, WITH THE ARTIFICIAL SUN! THE LONG-HELD DREAM OF THE VENUSIAN PEOPLE...
...IS ABOUT TO COME TRUE!
THIS PLANET WILL SOON...
...BE INHABITABLE BY HUMAN BEINGS!
ZZZ
TO BE BLUNT, THIS LENGTHY PROJECT IS FINALLY ON THE VERGE OF COMPLETION! NO LONGER MUST WE DEVASTATE OUR MOTHER PLANET VENUS FOR THE SAKE OF THE COLONIES!
ZZZ
AS A RESULT...
...WE WILL NOT BE SHORT OF LAND OR RESOURCES FOR SOME TIME TO COME!
koff
WHEN WE--THE INITIAL TERRAFORMING GROUP--PULL OUT, THE FIRST-PHASE CONSTRUCTION GROUP WILL ARRIVE!
AS EACH TEAM COMPLETES ITS WORK, IT WILL RETURN TO THE SPACE STATION AND AWAIT A FLIGHT OUT.
ZZZ
LET US NOW RECOUNT THE EARLY DAYS...

*FX: PFFF

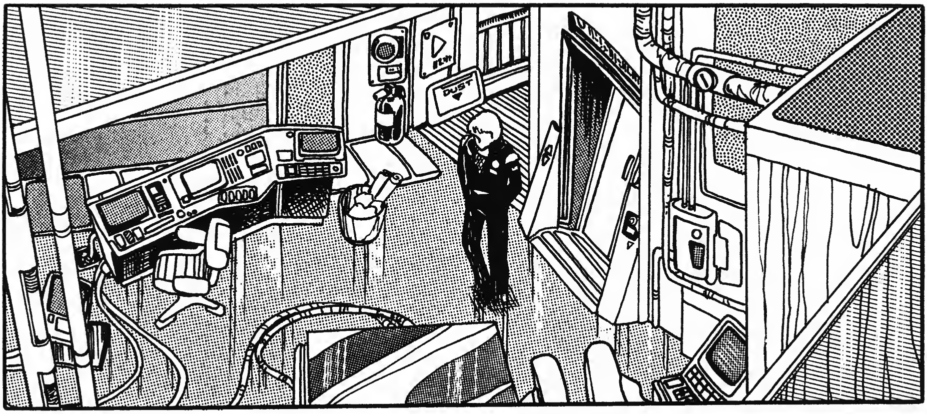
*podium: AUTHORITY

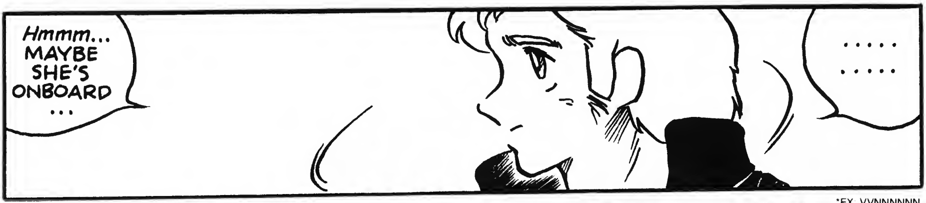
*FX: SHUFFLE SHUFFLE

*FX: ZZZ ZZZ GNXX ZZZZ GZNX

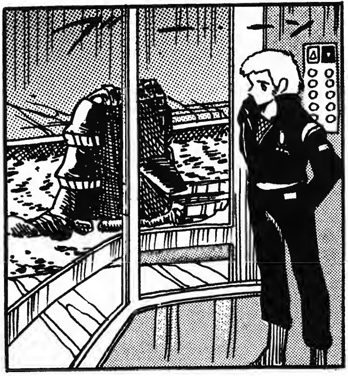

AAAHH... WHAT A RELIEF! MY BRAINS WERE GOING NUMB.
MY SHOULDERS ARE STIFF...
"HARRUMPH! THIS LENGTHY SPEECH IS FINALLY ON THE VERGE OF blah blah blah...!"
HAW HAW! PRETTY GOOD!
YEAH, NOT BAD. SO HOW COME WE INVESTIGATORS HAVE TO LISTEN TO THESE SPEECHES?
HEY, EREBUS! YOU WANNA HEAD OVER TO THE BAR?
Er... WELL...
ACTUALLY I FIGURED I'D HEAD OVER TO VISIT PANDORA... SORRY!
MY, MY! AREN'T WE DEVOTED! GOOD LUCK!
I THINK SHE'S DOWN AT THE DOCK WHERE THAT SUB ARRIVED TODAY!
GOTCHA! THANKS!
BEEP
WANNA GO TAKE A LOOK?
.....
OF COURSE!

*FX: PSSHT

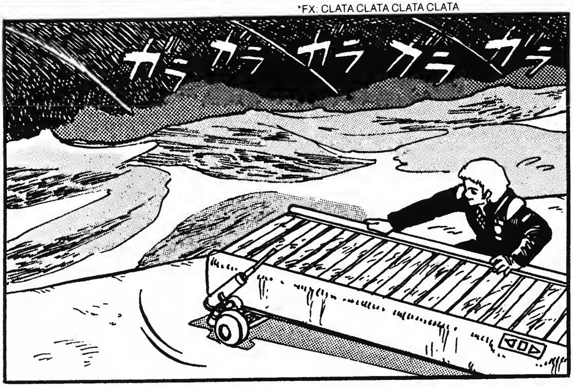



.....
.....
Hmmm... MAYBE SHE'S ONBOARD ...

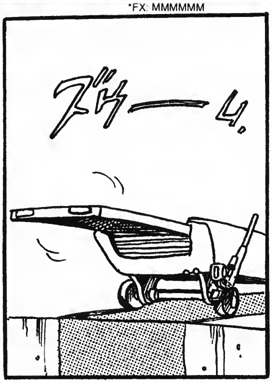
*FX. VVNNNNNN

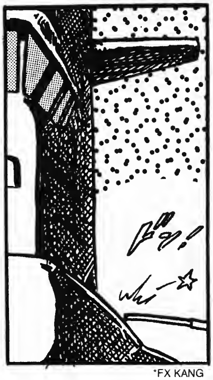


*FX: CLATA CLATA CLATA CLATA


ガラ ガラ ガラ ガラ ガラ

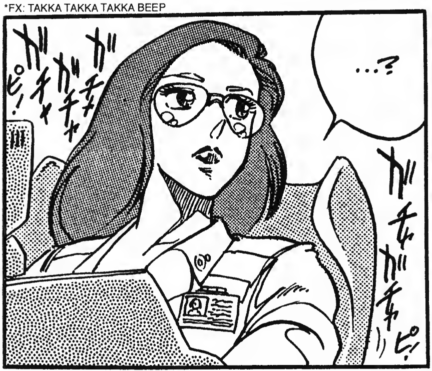
*FX: MMMMMM





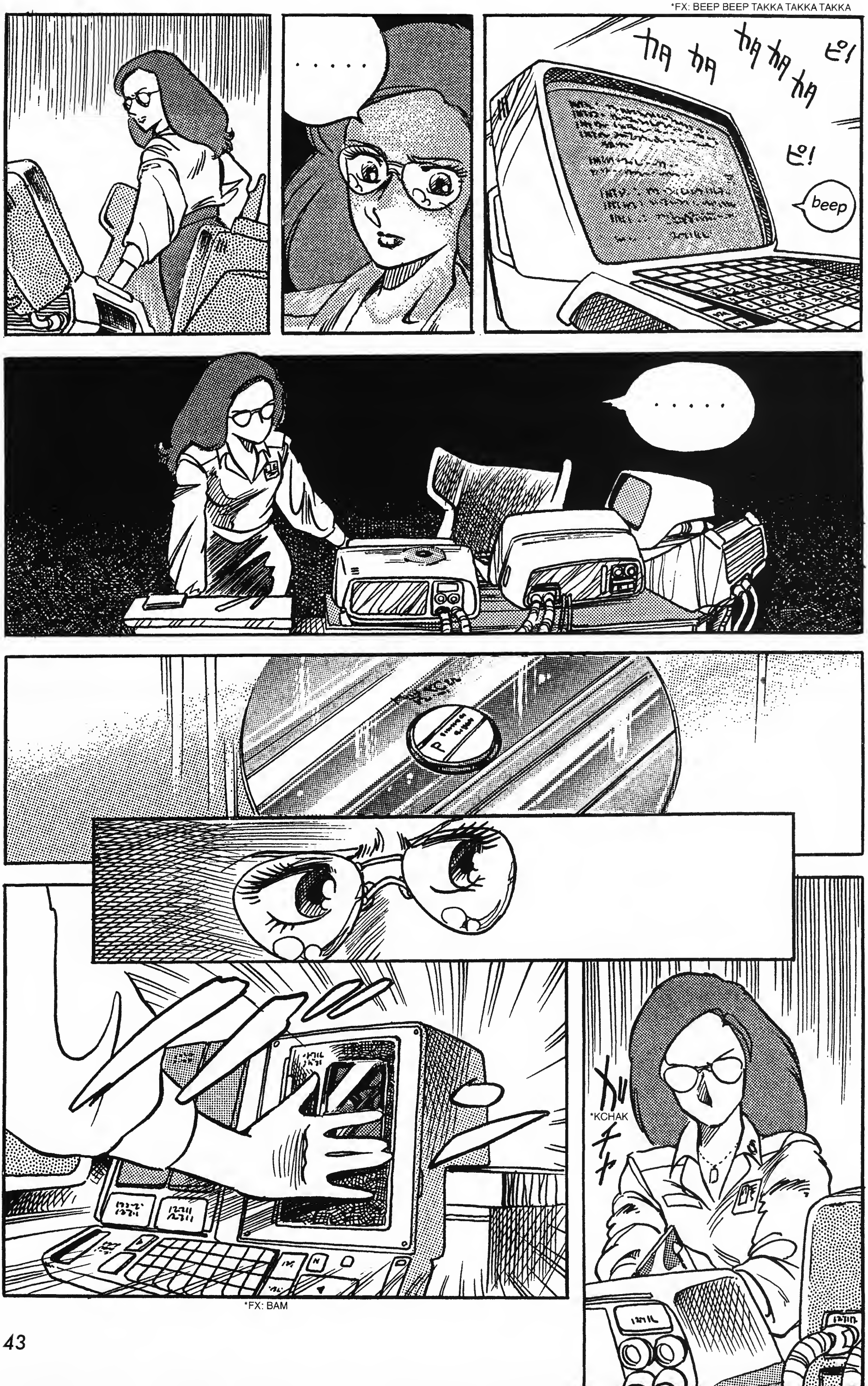
*FX KANG

*FX: TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA BEEP

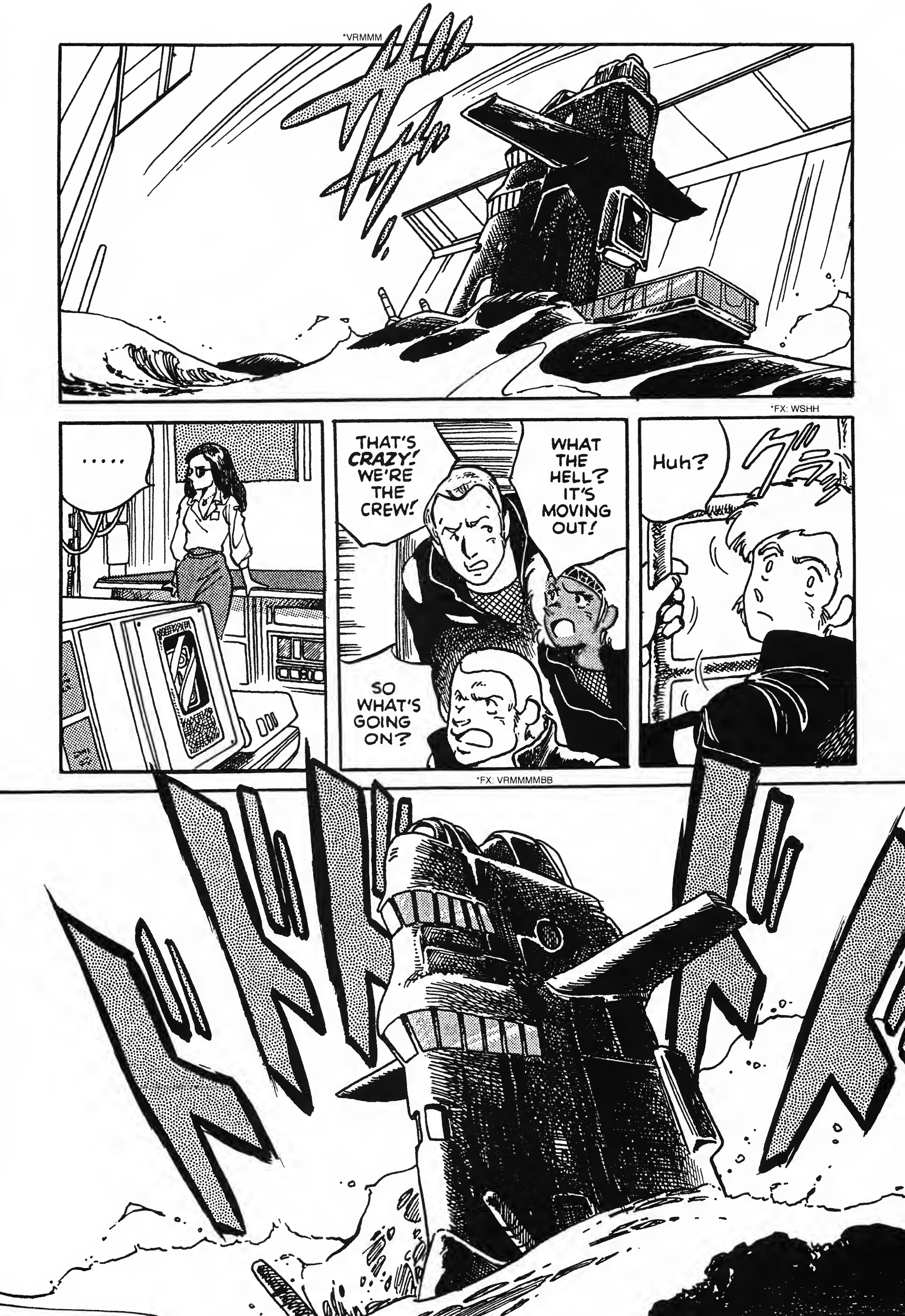

…?
ガチャガチャ ピ!
ガチャガチャ ピ!

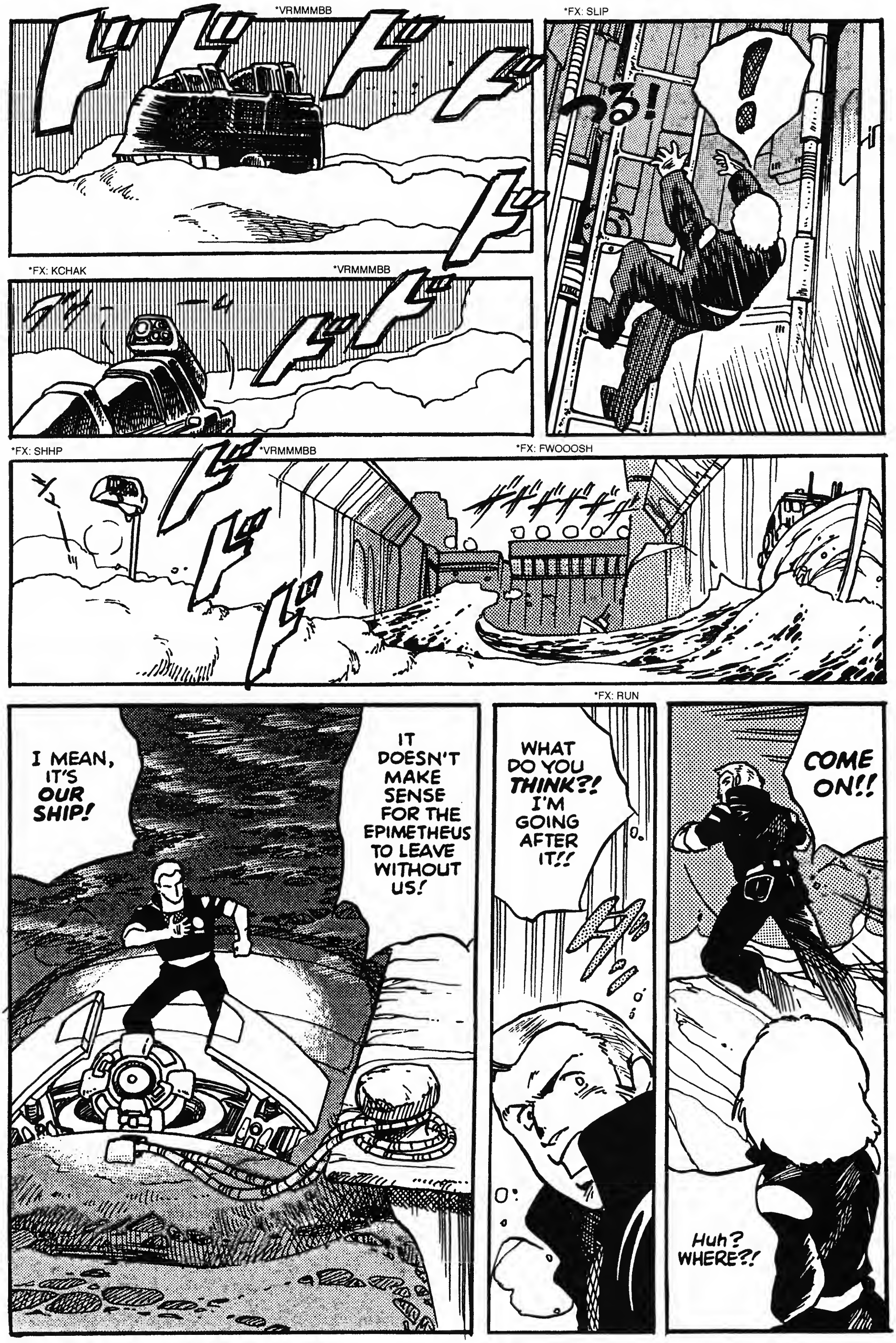
*FX: TAKKA TAKKA BEEP

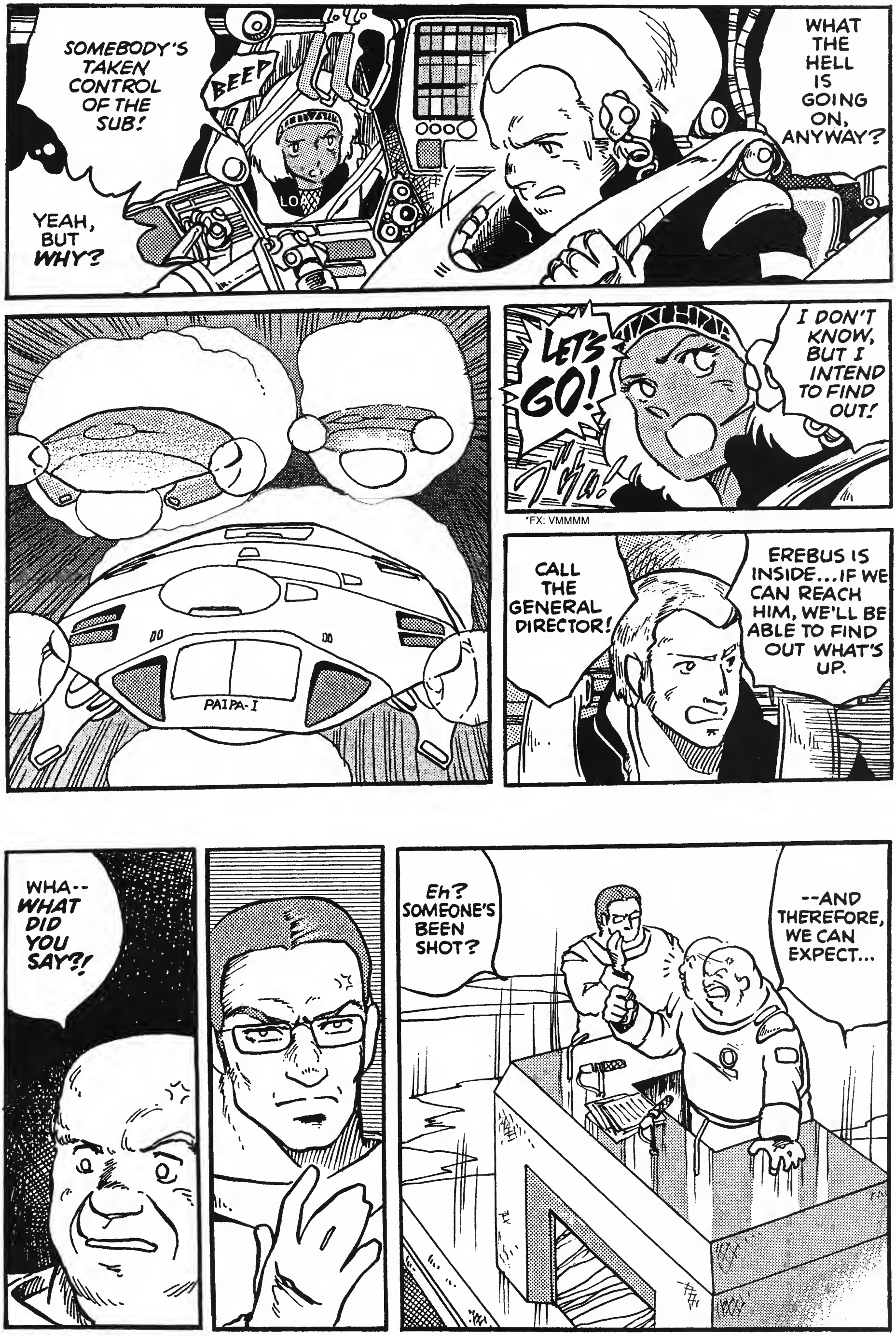
*FX: BEEP BEEP TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA


カタ カタ カタカタカタ
ピ!
ピ!
beep
......
......
ガチャ
*KCHAK

*FX: BAM

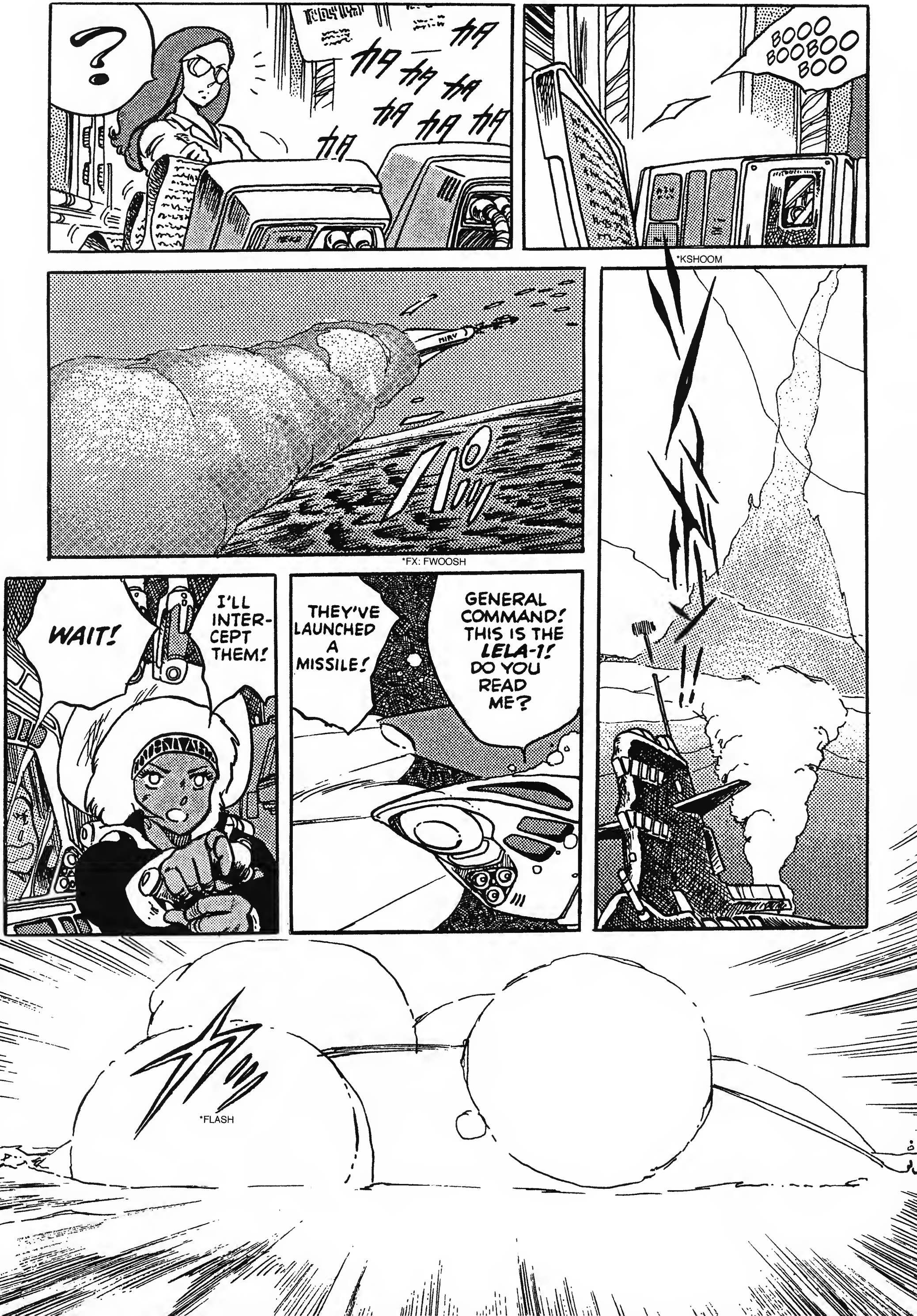

*VRMMM
*FX: WSHH
Huh?
WHAT THE HELL? IT'S MOVING OUT!
THAT'S *CRAZY!* WE'RE THE CREW!
SO WHAT'S GOING ON?
.....
*FX: VRMMMMBB


*FX: SLIP
*VRMMMBB
*VRMMMBB
*FX: KCHAK
*FX: FWOOOSH
*VRMMMBB
*FX: SHHP
*FX: RUN
COME ON!!
Huh? WHERE?!
WHAT DO YOU THINK?! I'M GOING AFTER IT!!
IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE FOR THE EPIMETHEUS TO LEAVE WITHOUT US!
I MEAN, IT'S OUR SHIP!


WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON, ANYWAY?
BEEP
SOMEBODY'S TAKEN CONTROL OF THE SUB!
YEAH, BUT *WHY?*
LO
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I INTEND TO FIND OUT!
LET'S GO!
EREBUS IS INSIDE...IF WE CAN REACH HIM, WE'LL BE ABLE TO FIND OUT WHAT'S UP.
CALL THE GENERAL DIRECTOR!
PAIPA-I
--AND THEREFORE, WE CAN EXPECT...
Eh? SOMEONE'S BEEN SHOT?
WHA-- *WHAT DID YOU SAY?!*

*FX: VMMMM

*FX: TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA


BOOO BOOBOO BOO
?
MIRV
!!
GENERAL COMMAND! THIS IS THE *LELA-1!* DO YOU READ ME?
THEY'VE LAUNCHED A MISSILE!
I'LL INTER-CEPT THEM!
WAIT!

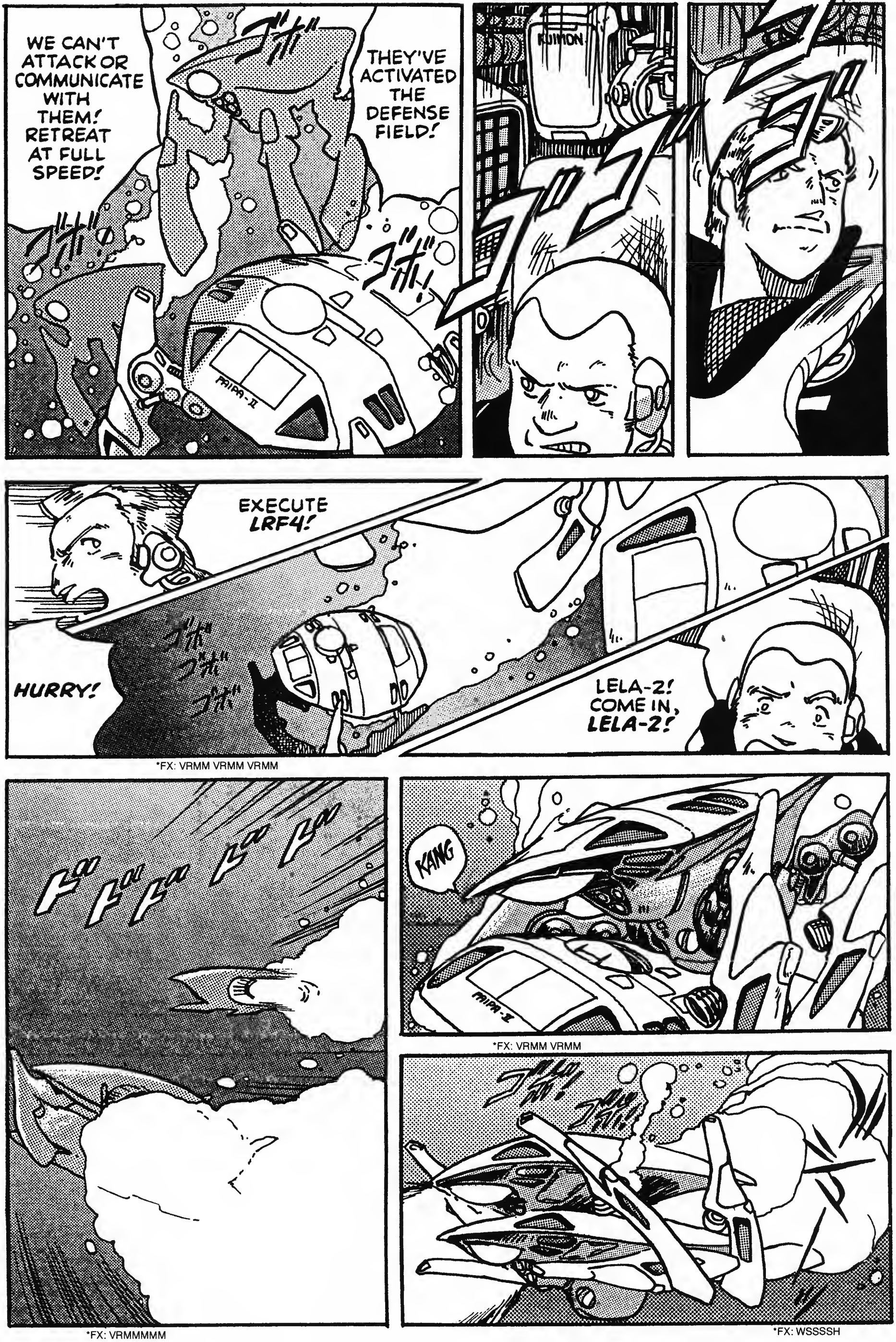
*KSHOOM

*FX: FWOOSH

*FLASH

*FX: VRMM VRMM VRMM

*FX: RMBB RMBB RMBB RMBB

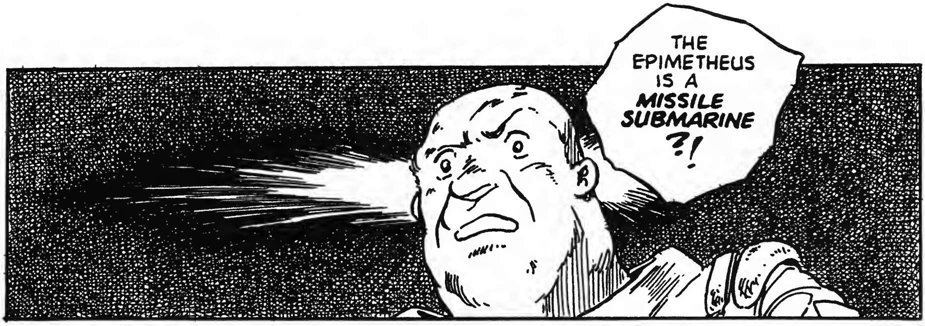

WE CAN'T ATTACK OR COMMUNICATE WITH THEM! RETREAT AT FULL SPEED!
THEY'VE ACTIVATED THE DEFENSE FIELD!
KUMON
PAIPA-II
EXECUTE LRF4!
HURRY!
LELA-2! COME IN, LELA-2!
KANG
PAIPA-II

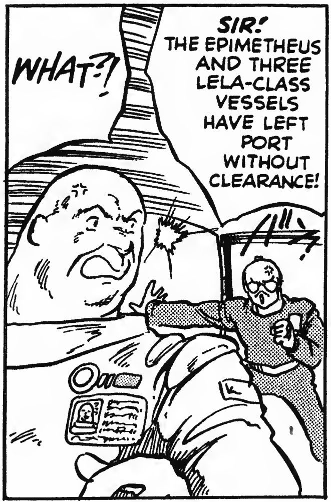
*FX: VRMM VRMM VRMM

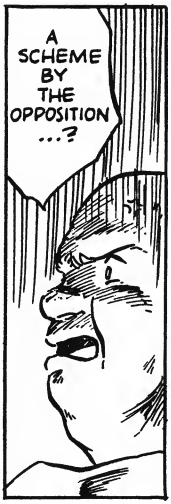
*FX: VRMM VRMM

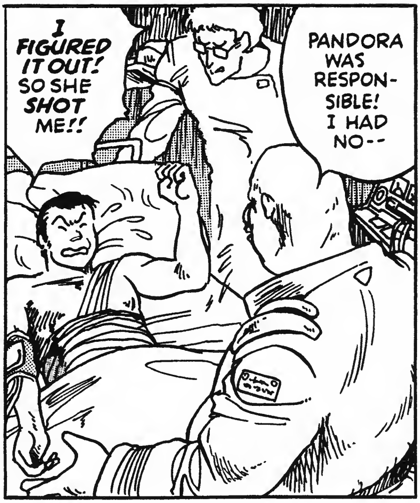
*FX: VRMMMMM

*FX: WSSSSH

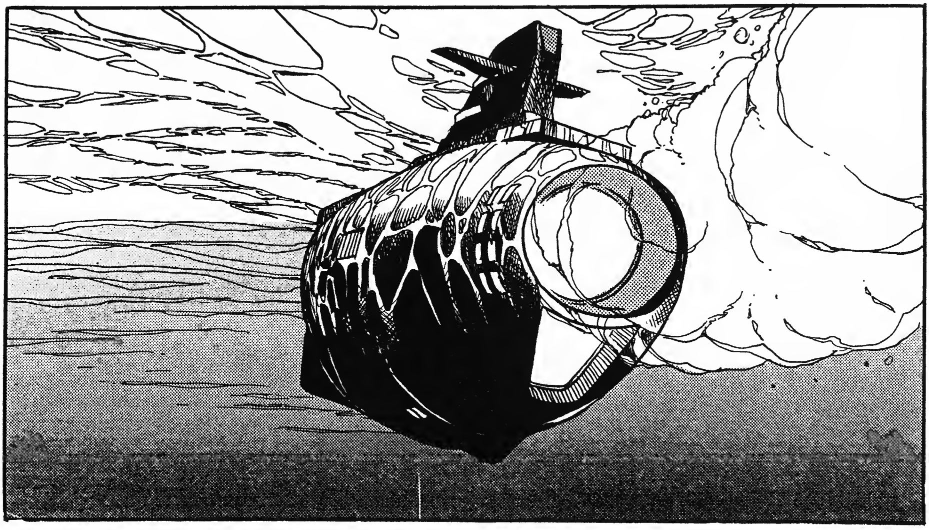

THE EPIMETHEUS IS A *MISSILE SUBMARINE* ?!

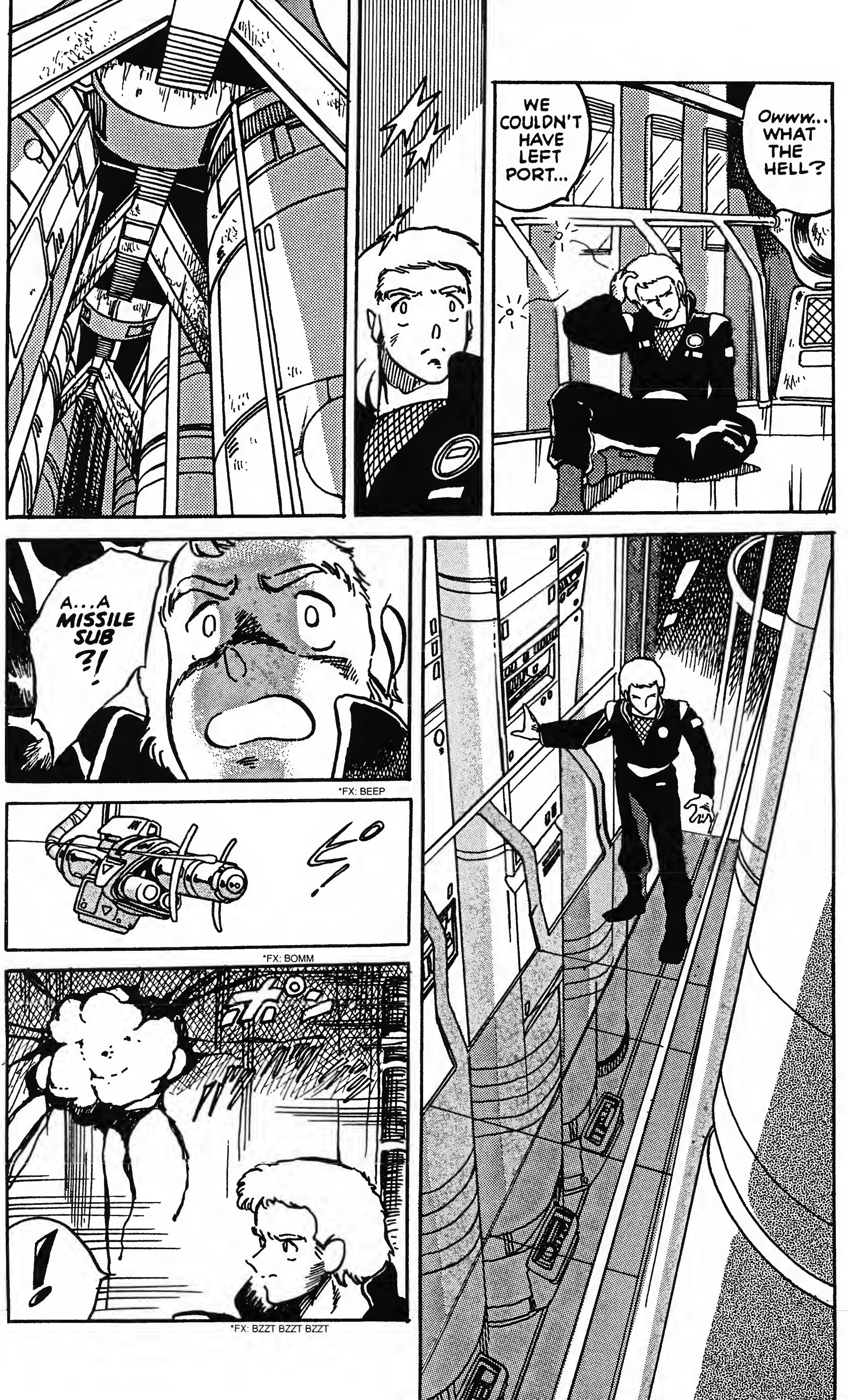

WHAT?!
SIR! THE EPIMETHEUS AND THREE LELA-CLASS VESSELS HAVE LEFT PORT WITHOUT CLEARANCE!


A SCHEME BY THE OPPOSITION ...?


I FIGURED IT OUT! SO SHE *SHOT* ME!!
PANDORA WAS RESPONSIBLE! I HAD NO--

*FX: BAM

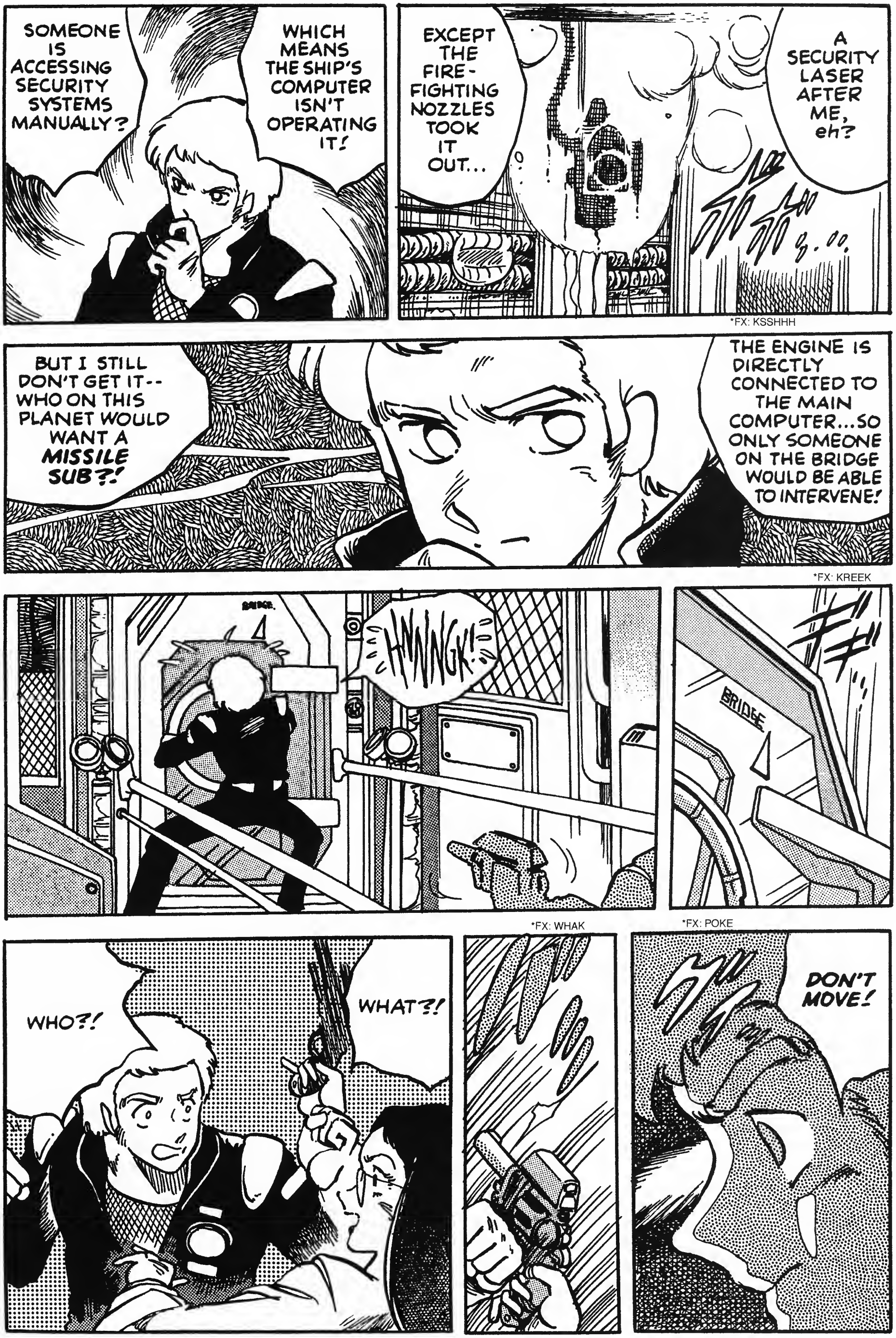



OWWW... WHAT THE HELL?
WE COULDN'T HAVE LEFT PORT...
A...A MISSILE SUB ?!
!

*FX: BEEP

*FX: BOMM

*FX: BZZT BZZT BZZT

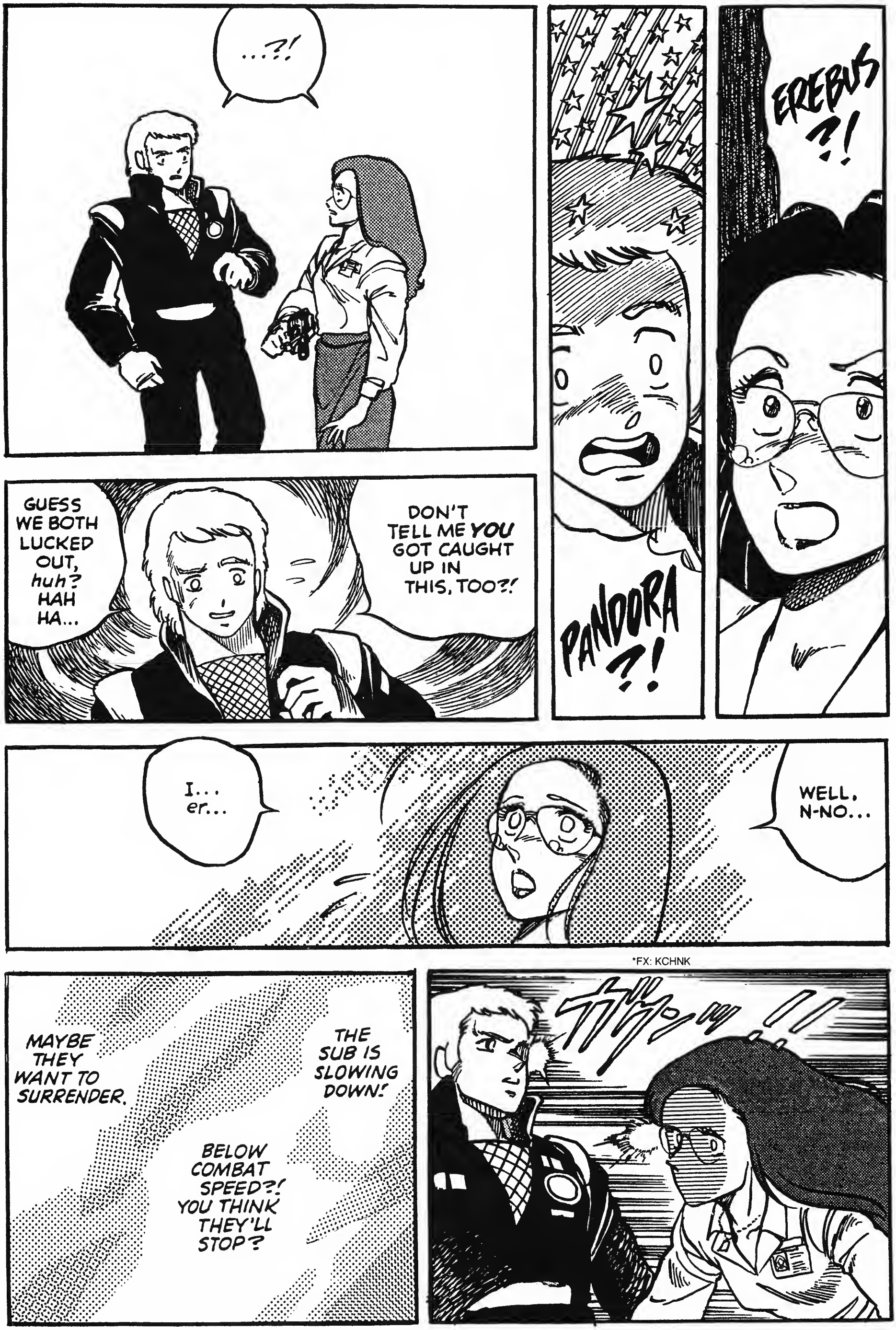

SOMEONE IS ACCESSING SECURITY SYSTEMS MANUALLY?
WHICH MEANS THE SHIP'S COMPUTER ISN'T OPERATING IT!
EXCEPT THE FIRE-FIGHTING NOZZLES TOOK IT OUT...
A SECURITY LASER AFTER ME, eh?
BUT I STILL DON'T GET IT-- WHO ON THIS PLANET WOULD WANT A **MISSILE SUB?!**
THE ENGINE IS DIRECTLY CONNECTED TO THE MAIN COMPUTER...SO ONLY SOMEONE ON THE BRIDGE WOULD BE ABLE TO INTERVENE!
BRIDGE
HNNNGK!
BRIDGE
WHO?!
WHAT?!
DON'T MOVE!

*FX: KSSHHH

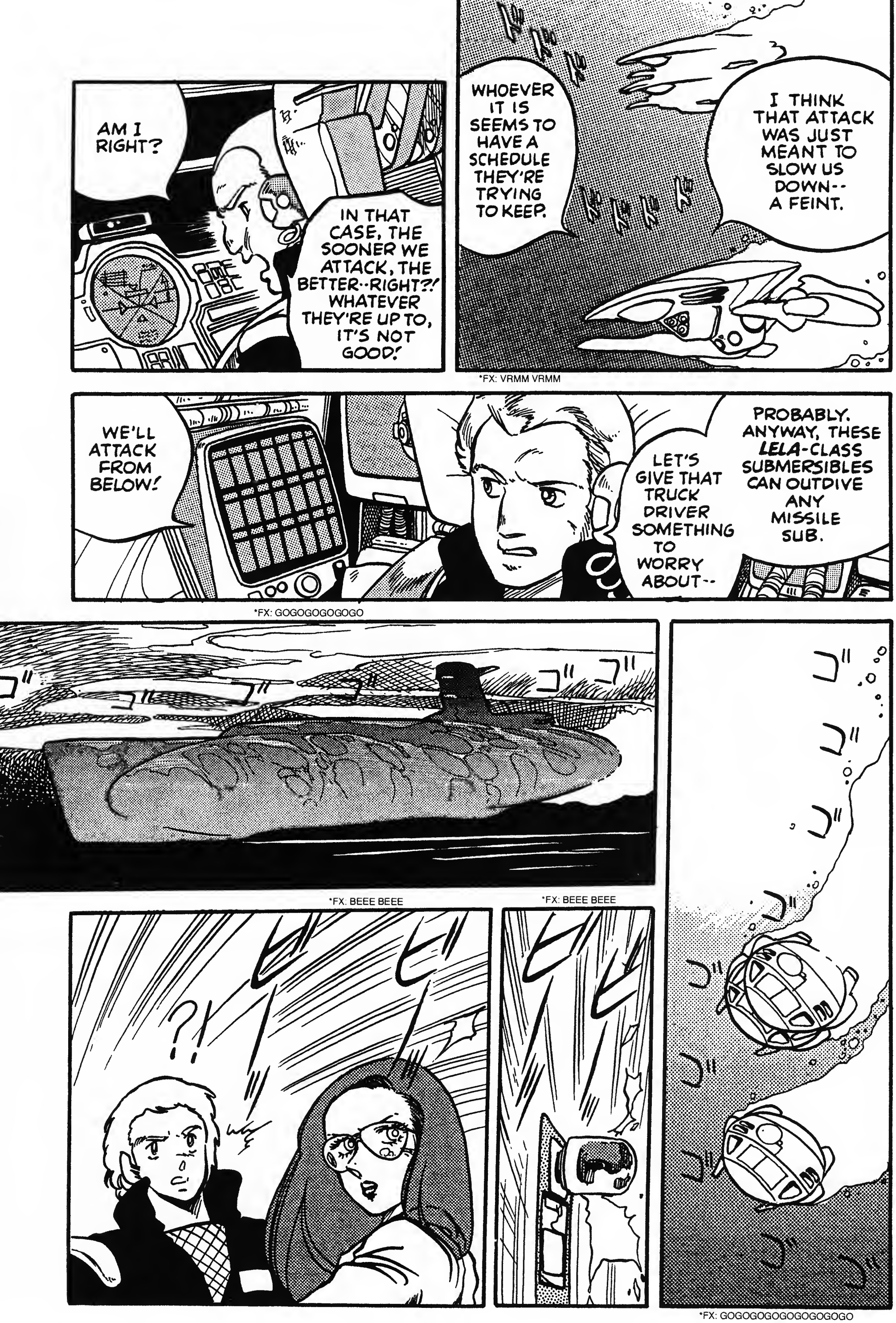
*FX: KREEK

*FX: WHAK

*FX: POKE


EREBUS ?!
PANDORA ?!
...?!
DON'T TELL ME *YOU* GOT CAUGHT UP IN THIS, TOO?!
GUESS WE BOTH LUCKED OUT, *huh?* HAH HA...
WELL, N-NO...
I... er...
ガクンッ !!
THE SUB IS SLOWING DOWN!
MAYBE THEY WANT TO SURRENDER.
BELOW COMBAT SPEED?! YOU THINK THEY'LL STOP?

*FX: KCHNK


I THINK THAT ATTACK WAS JUST MEANT TO SLOW US DOWN-- A FEINT.
WHOEVER IT IS SEEMS TO HAVE A SCHEDULE THEY'RE TRYING TO KEEP.
AM I RIGHT?
IN THAT CASE, THE SOONER WE ATTACK, THE BETTER--RIGHT?! WHATEVER THEY'RE UP TO, IT'S NOT GOOD!
PROBABLY. ANYWAY, THESE ***LELA***-CLASS SUBMERSIBLES CAN OUTDIVE ANY MISSILE SUB.
LET'S GIVE THAT TRUCK DRIVER SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT--
WE'LL ATTACK FROM BELOW!
?!

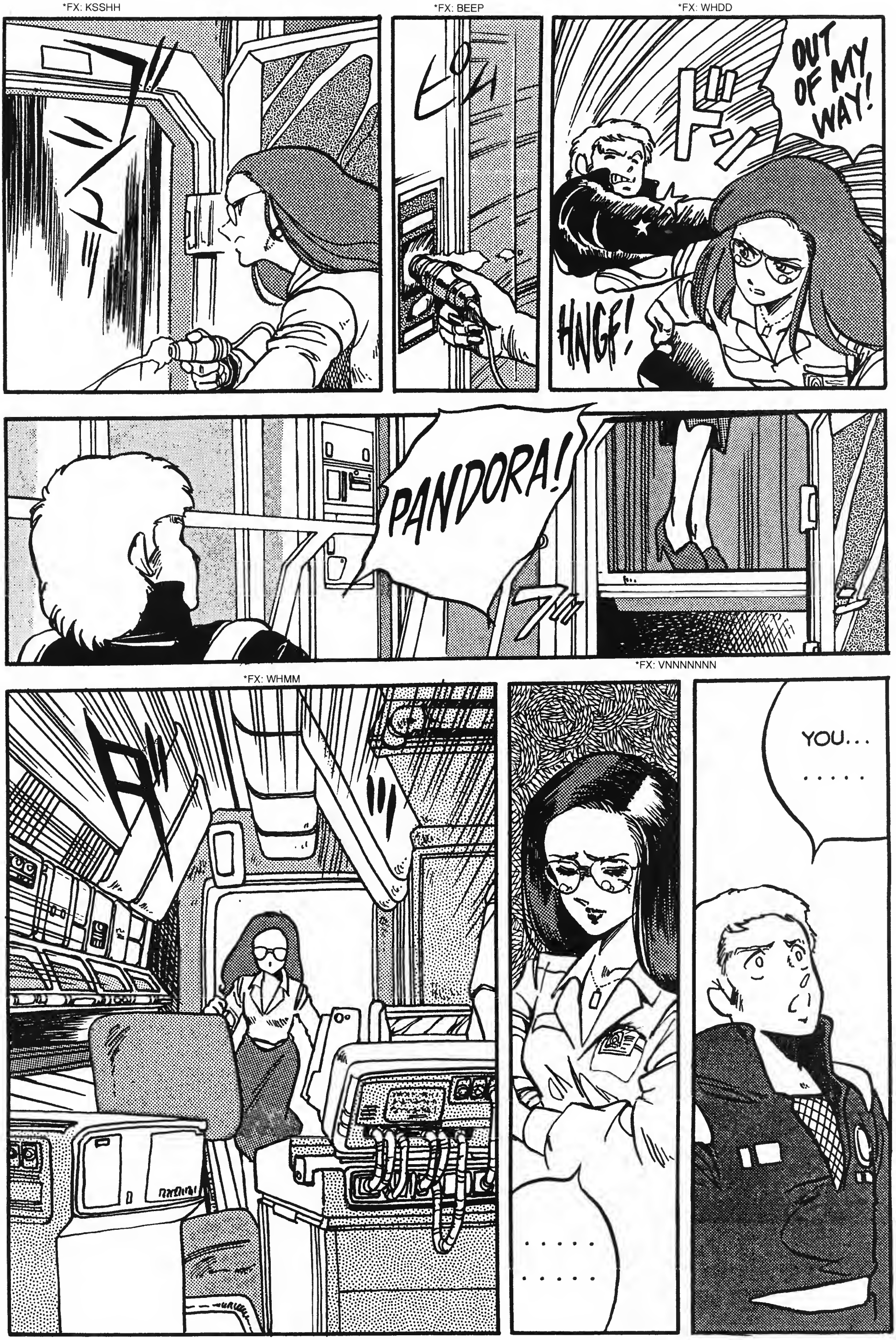
*FX: VRMM VRMM

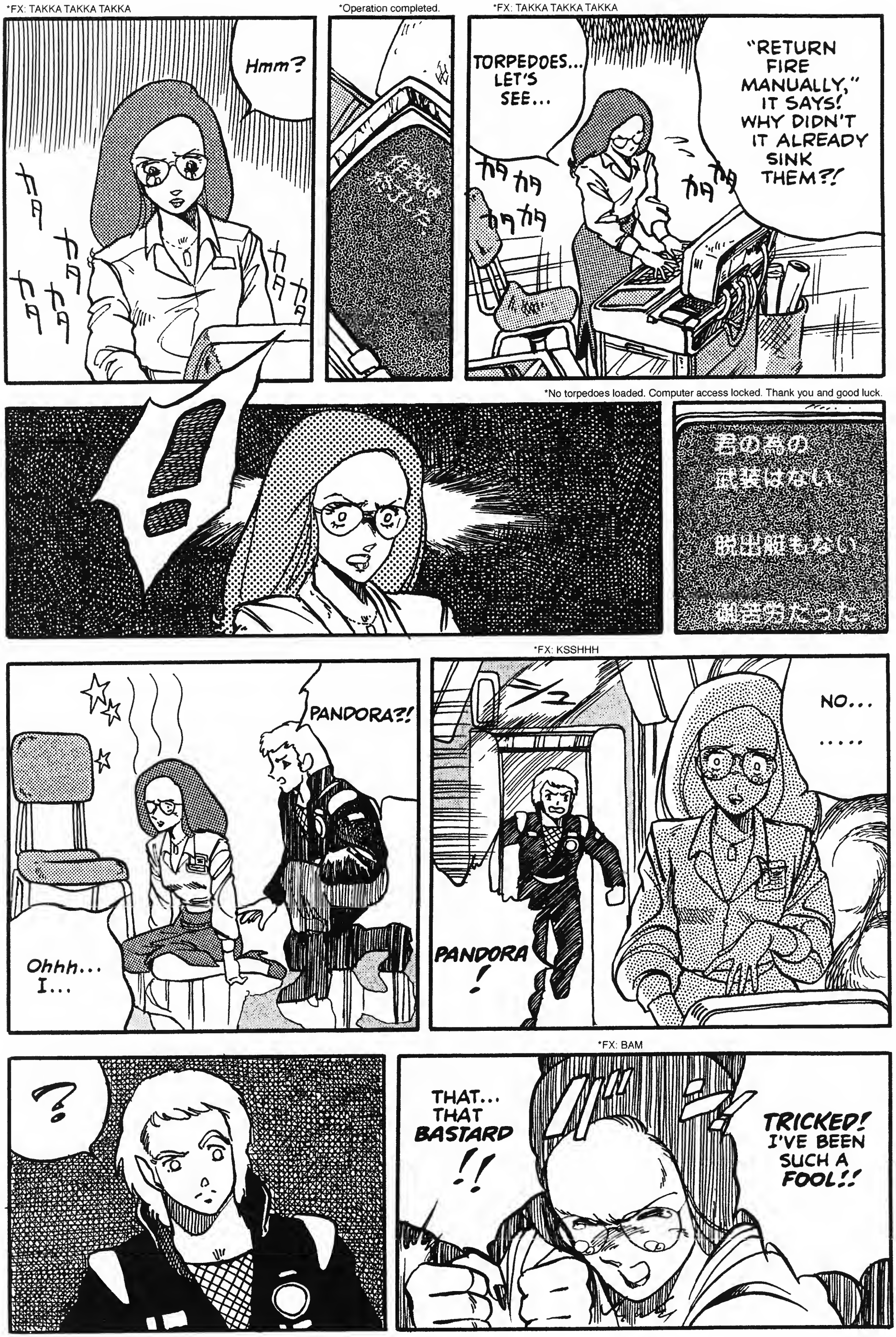
*FX: GOGOGOGOGOGO

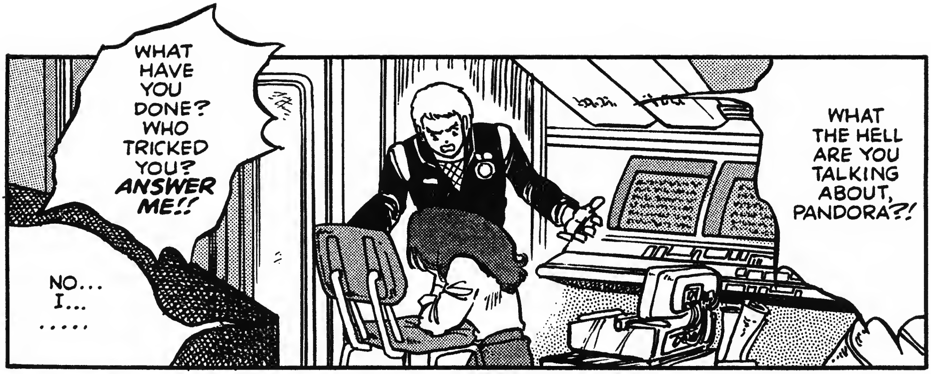
*FX: GOGOGOGOGOGOGOGOGO

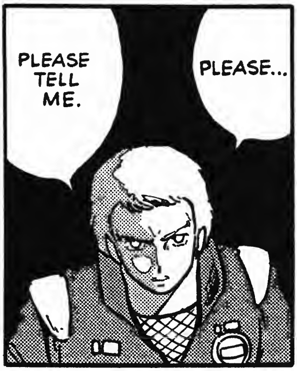
*FX: BEEE BEEE

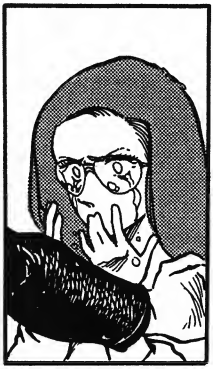
*FX. BEEE BEEE

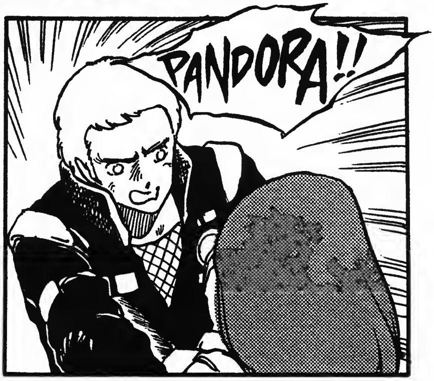

*FX: KSSHH
*FX: BEEP
*FX: WHDD
OUT OF MY WAY!
HNGF!
PANDORA!
*FX: VNNNNNNN
*FX: WHMM
YOU...
.....
.....
.....

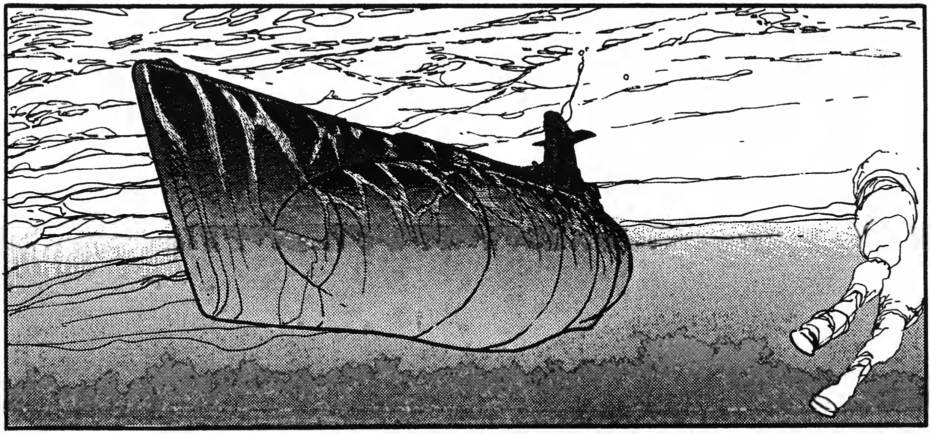
*FX: TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA
Hmm?
カタ カタ カタ カタ カタ カタ
*Operation completed.
*FX: TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA
TORPEDOES... LET'S SEE...
カタ カタ カタ カタ カタ カタ
"RETURN FIRE MANUALLY," IT SAYS! WHY DIDN'T IT ALREADY SINK THEM?!
!
*No torpedoes loaded. Computer access locked. Thank you and good luck.
君の為の
武装はない。
脱出艇もない。
御苦労だった。
Ohhh... I...
PANDORA?!
*FX: KSSHHH
PANDORA!
NO...
.....
?
*FX: BAM
THAT... THAT BASTARD!!
TRICKED! I'VE BEEN SUCH A FOOL!!

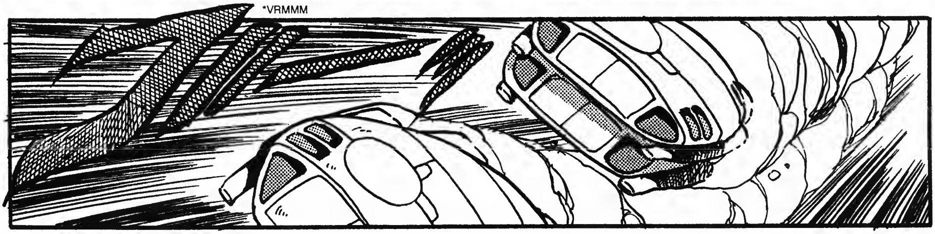

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? WHO TRICKED YOU? **ANSWER ME!!**
NO... I... .....
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, PANDORA?!

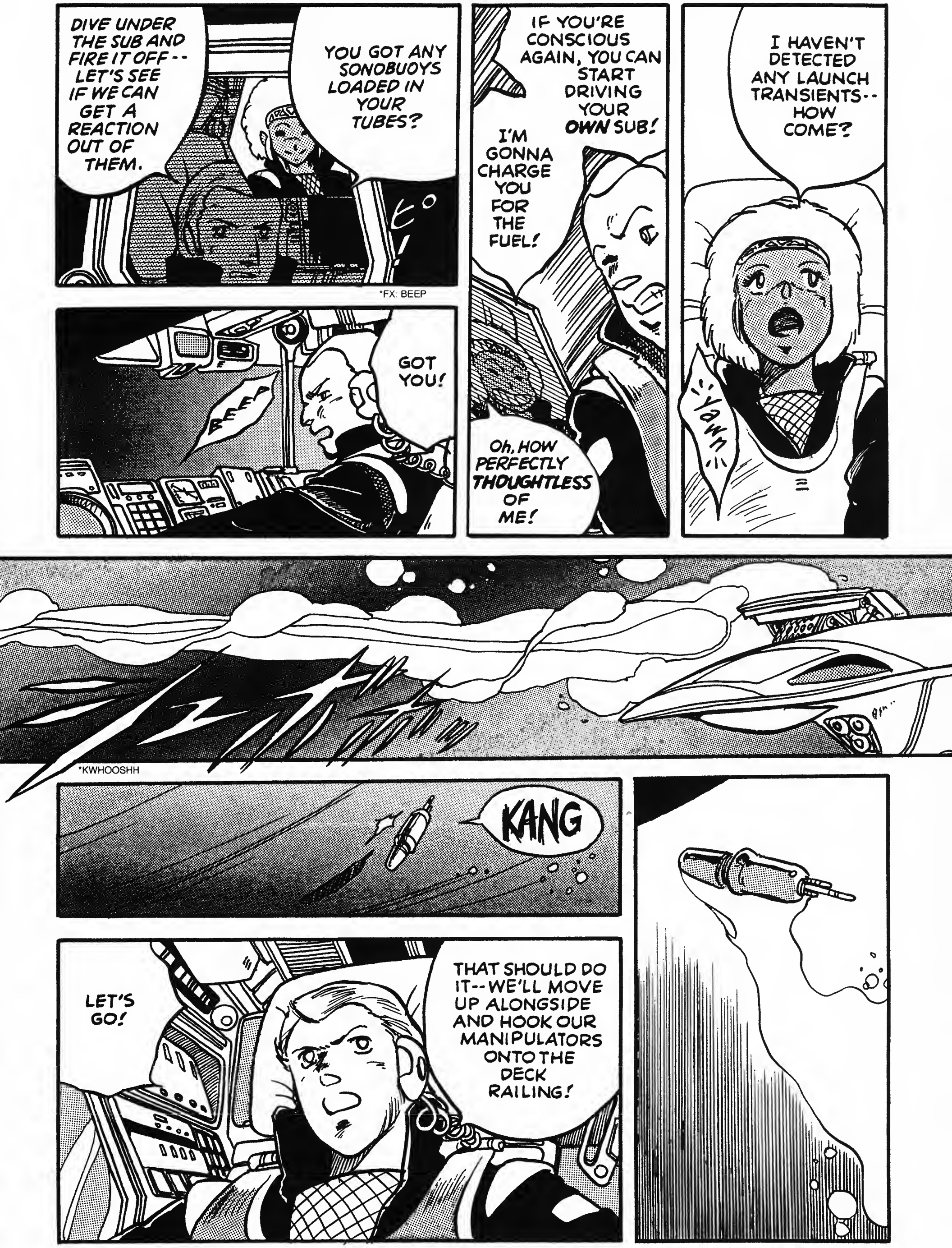

PLEASE TELL ME.
PLEASE...




PANDORA!!

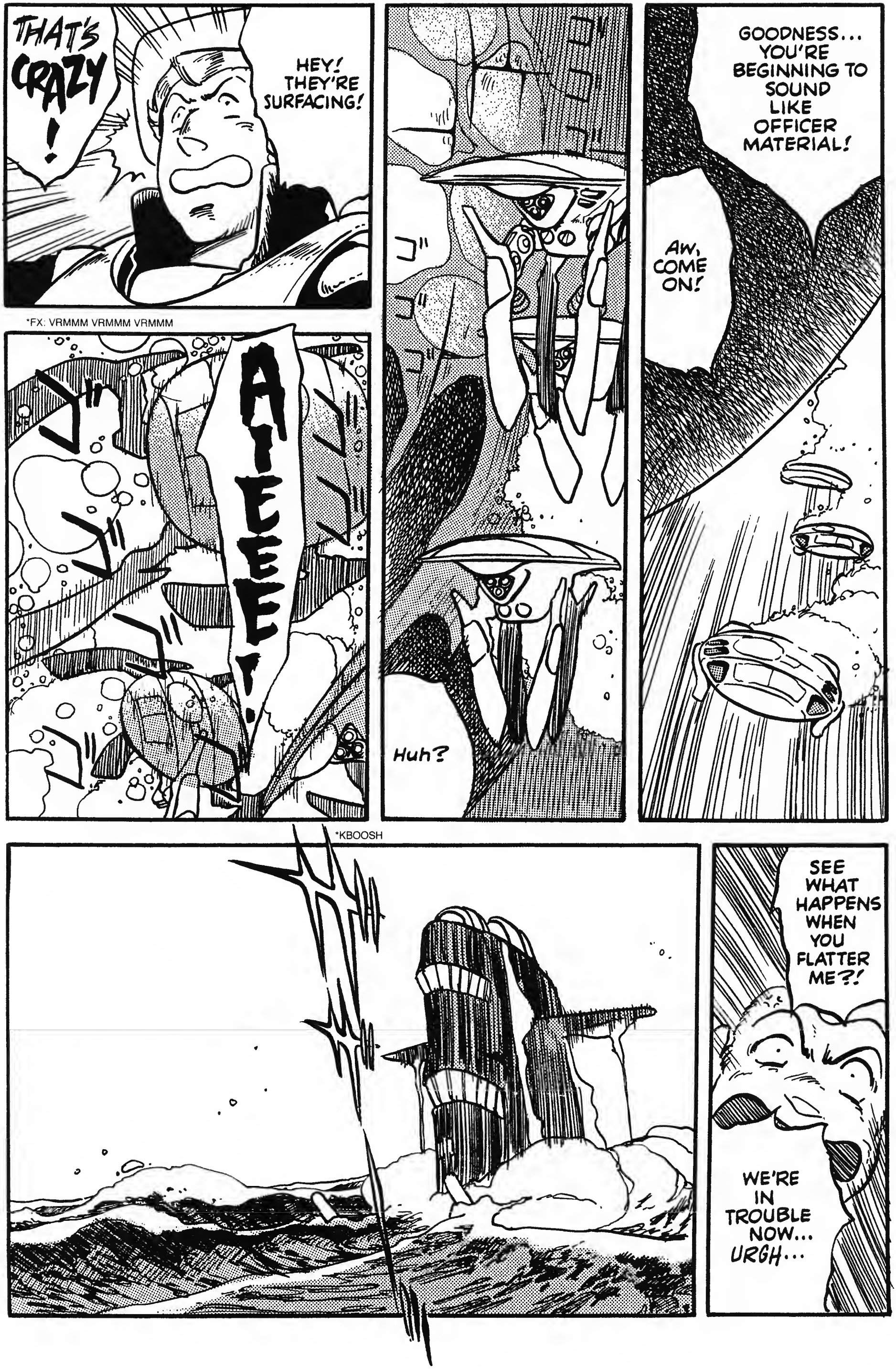



*VRMMM


YOU GOT ANY SONOBUOYS LOADED IN YOUR TUBES?
DIVE UNDER THE SUB AND FIRE IT OFF-- LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET A REACTION OUT OF THEM.
ピ
BEEP
GOT YOU!
IF YOU'RE CONSCIOUS AGAIN, YOU CAN START DRIVING YOUR OWN SUB!
I'M GONNA CHARGE YOU FOR THE FUEL!
Oh, HOW PERFECTLY THOUGHTLESS OF ME!
I HAVEN'T DETECTED ANY LAUNCH TRANSIENTS-- HOW COME?
Yawn
KANG
THAT SHOULD DO IT--WE'LL MOVE UP ALONGSIDE AND HOOK OUR MANIPULATORS ONTO THE DECK RAILING!
LET'S GO!

*FX: BEEP

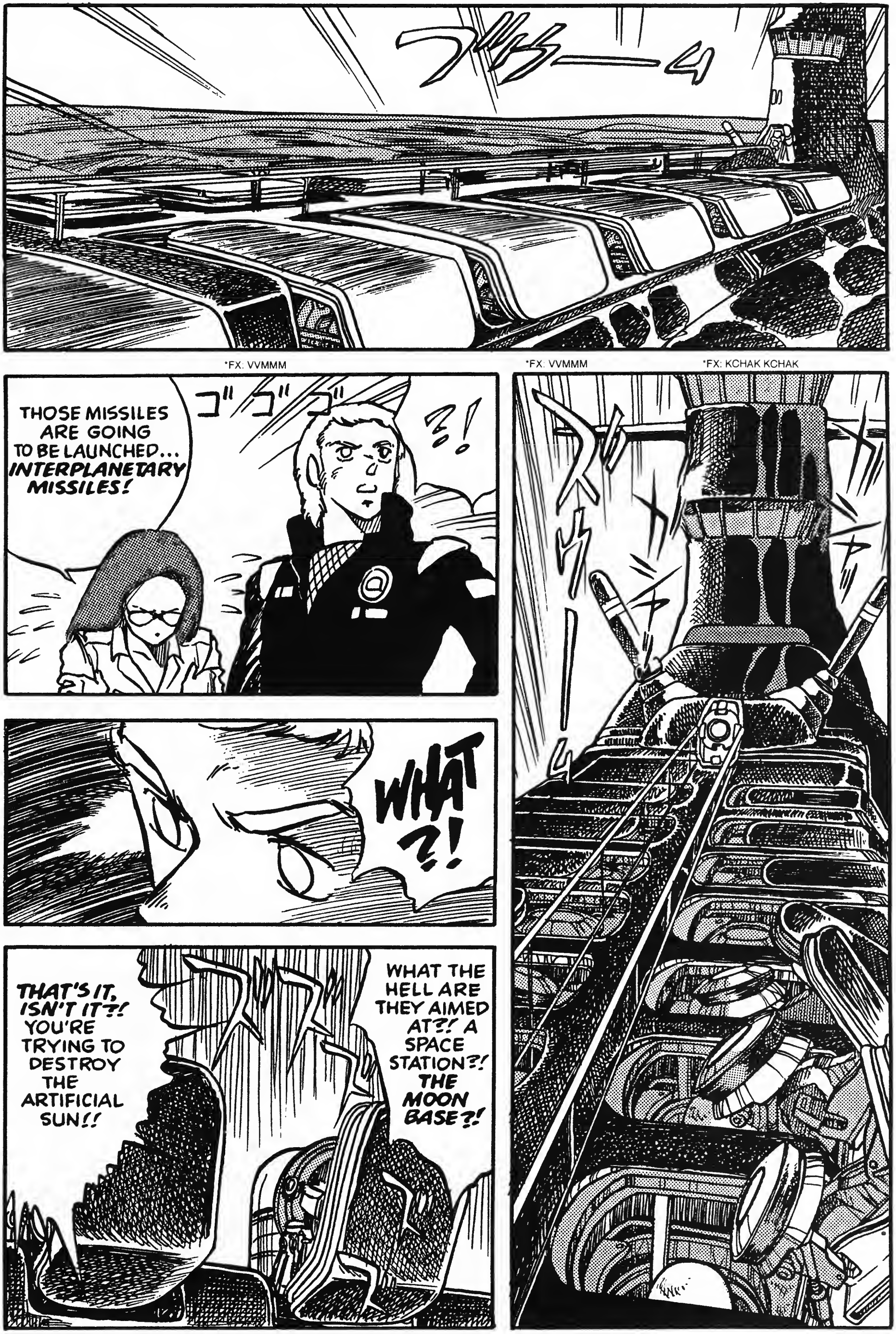
*KWHOOSHH


GOODNESS... YOU'RE BEGINNING TO SOUND LIKE OFFICER MATERIAL!
AW, COME ON!
Huh?
HEY! THEY'RE SURFACING!
THAT'S CRAZY!
AIEEEE!
SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU FLATTER ME?!
WE'RE IN TROUBLE NOW... URGH...

*FX: VRMMM VRMMM

*FX: VRMMM VRMMM VRMMM

*KBOOSH


ゴゴゴ
?!
THOSE MISSILES ARE GOING TO BE LAUNCHED... *INTERPLANETARY MISSILES!*
WHAT ?!
WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY AIMED AT?! A SPACE STATION?! *THE MOON BASE?!*
THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT?! YOU'RE TRYING TO DESTROY THE ARTIFICIAL SUN!!

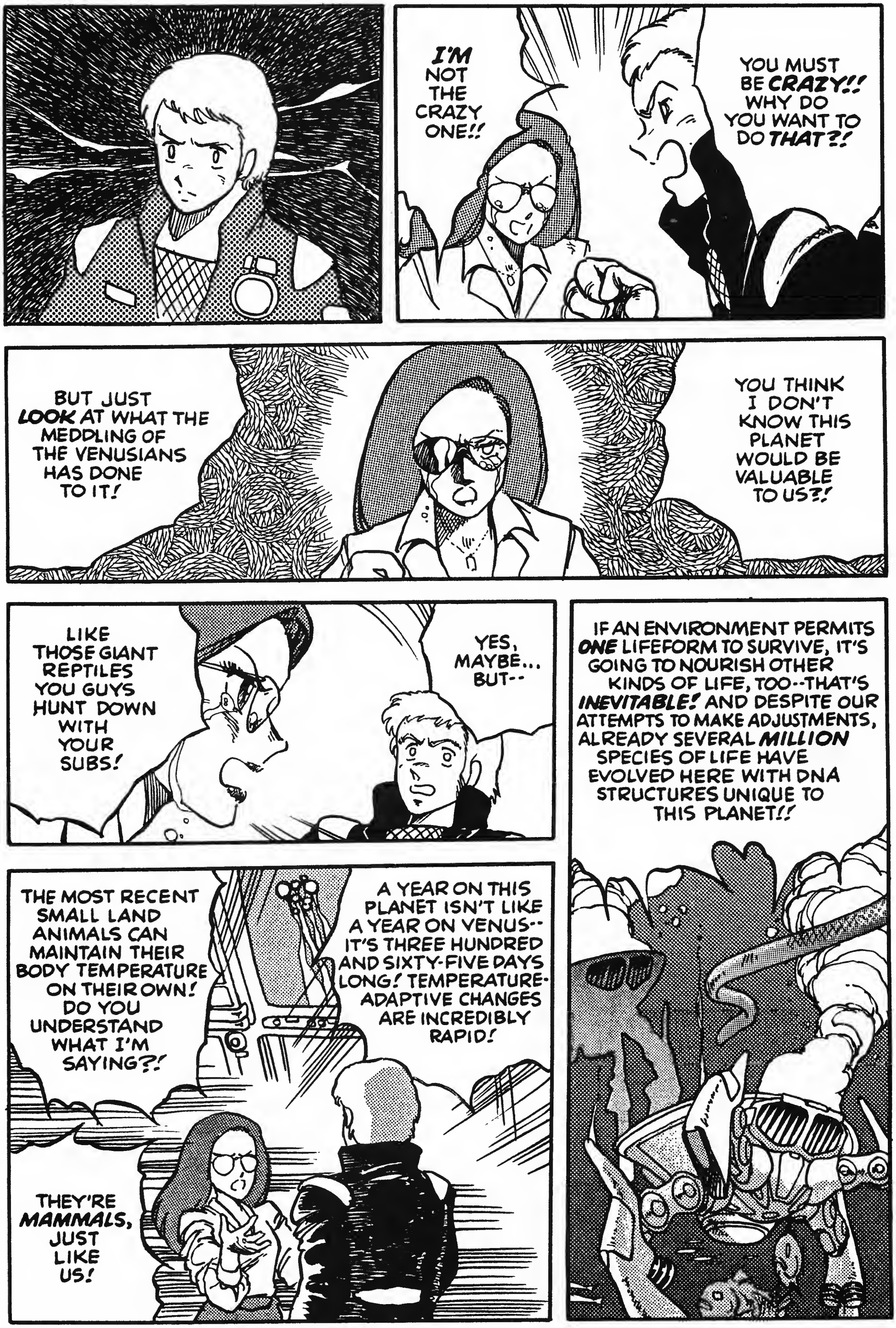
*FX: VVMMMM

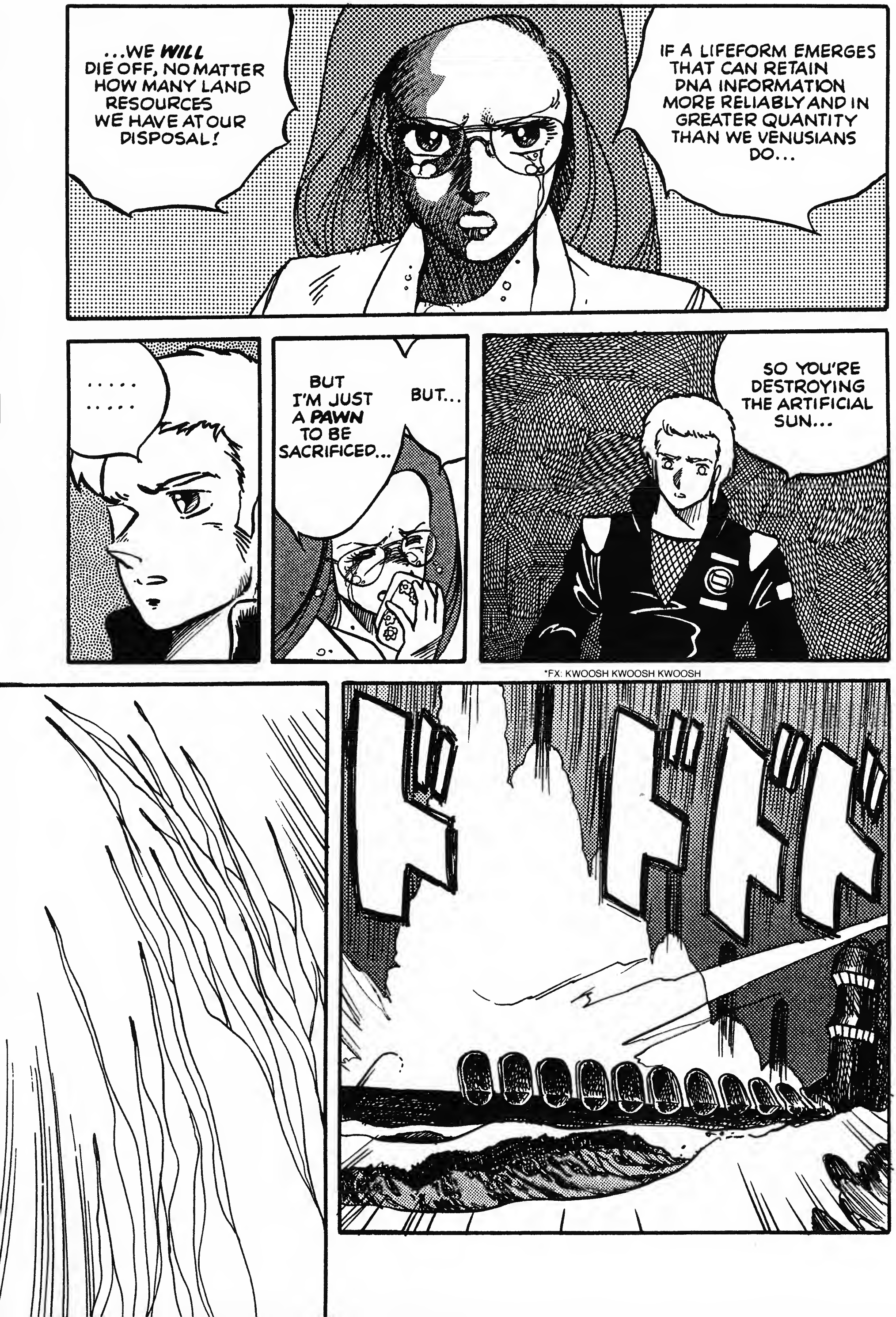
*FX: VVMMM

*FX: VVMMM

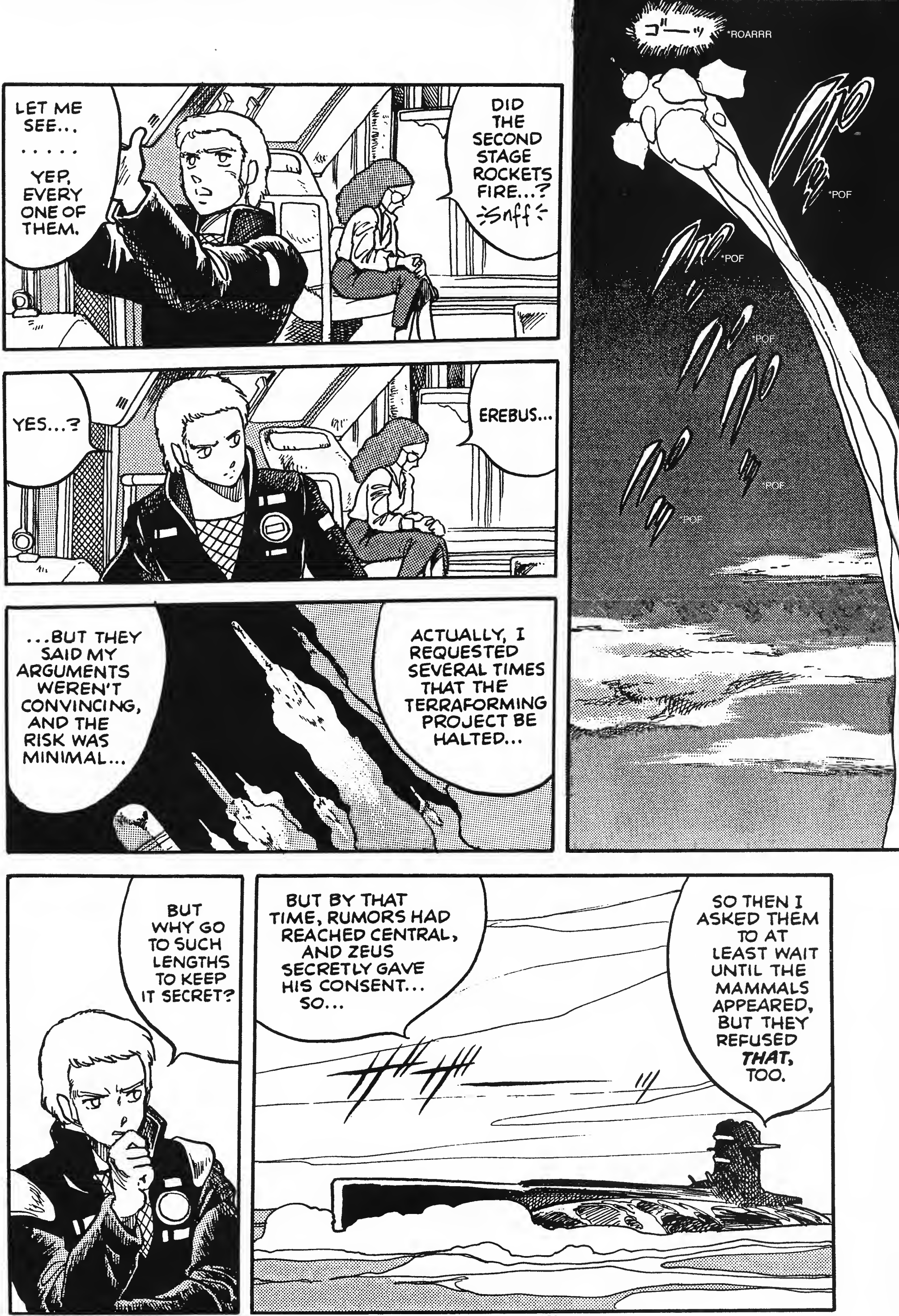
*FX: KCHAK KCHAK

*FX: VZZVZZVZZ

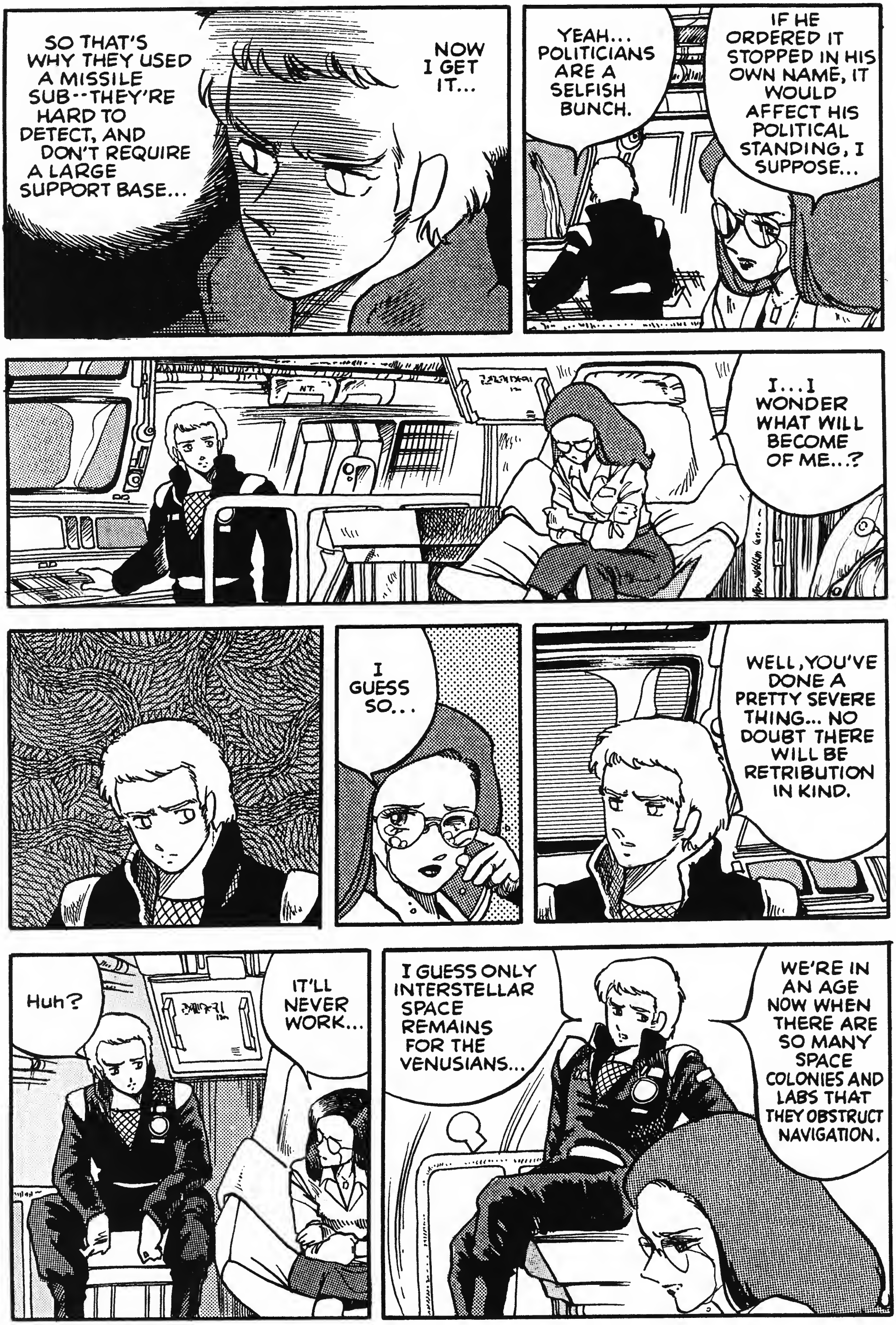

YOU MUST BE *CRAZY!!* WHY DO YOU WANT TO DO *THAT?!*
I'M NOT THE CRAZY ONE!!
YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW THIS PLANET WOULD BE VALUABLE TO US?!
BUT JUST *LOOK* AT WHAT THE MEDDLING OF THE VENUSIANS HAS DONE TO IT!
LIKE THOSE GIANT REPTILES YOU GUYS HUNT DOWN WITH YOUR SUBS!
YES, MAYBE... BUT--
IF AN ENVIRONMENT PERMITS *ONE* LIFEFORM TO SURVIVE, IT'S GOING TO NOURISH OTHER KINDS OF LIFE, TOO--THAT'S *INEVITABLE!* AND DESPITE OUR ATTEMPTS TO MAKE ADJUSTMENTS, ALREADY SEVERAL *MILLION* SPECIES OF LIFE HAVE EVOLVED HERE WITH DNA STRUCTURES UNIQUE TO THIS PLANET!!
THE MOST RECENT SMALL LAND ANIMALS CAN MAINTAIN THEIR BODY TEMPERATURE ON THEIR OWN! DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING?!
A YEAR ON THIS PLANET ISN'T LIKE A YEAR ON VENUS--IT'S THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE DAYS LONG! TEMPERATURE-ADAPTIVE CHANGES ARE INCREDIBLY RAPID!
THEY'RE *MAMMALS,* JUST LIKE US!

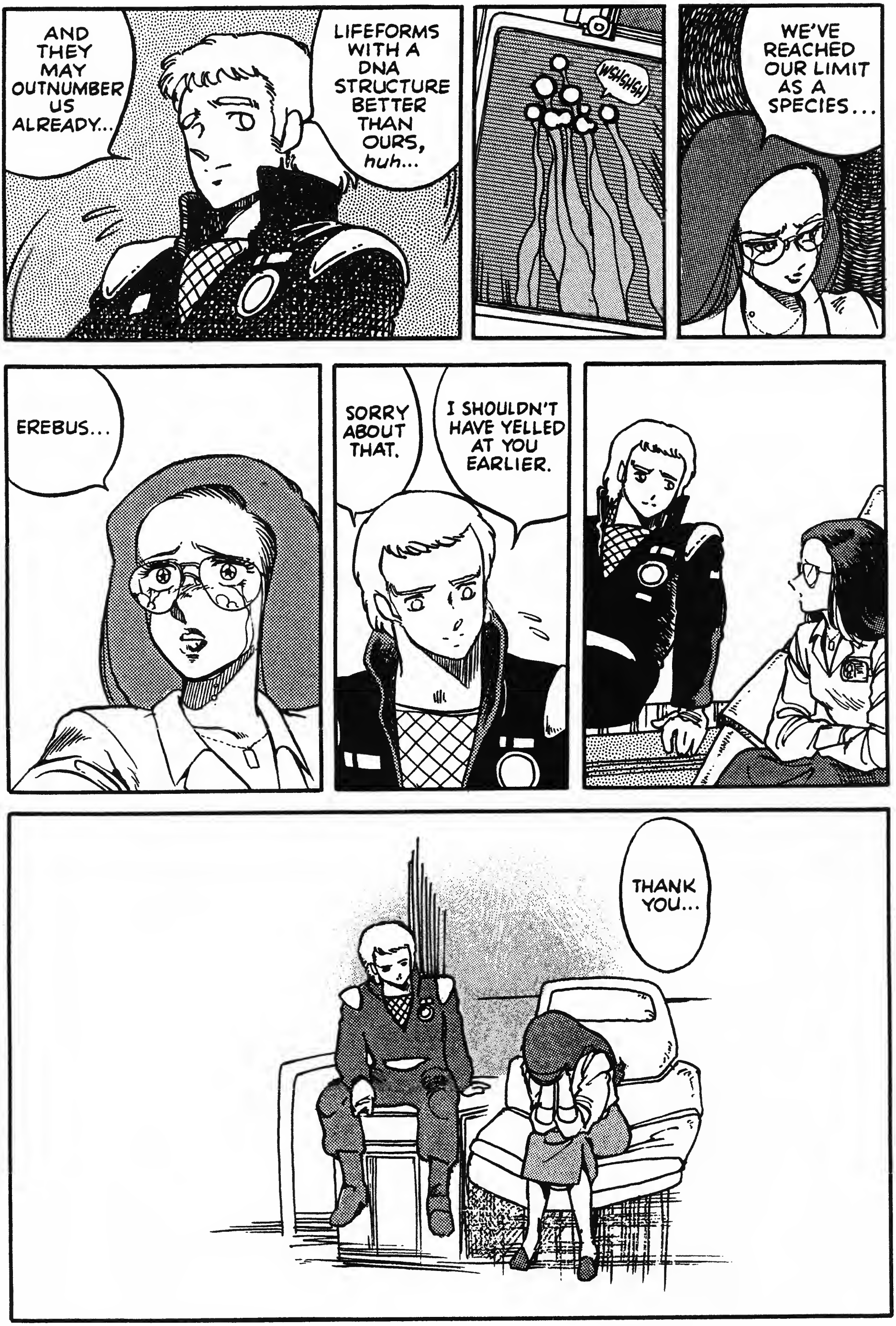

IF A LIFEFORM EMERGES THAT CAN RETAIN DNA INFORMATION MORE RELIABLY AND IN GREATER QUANTITY THAN WE VENUSIANS DO...
...WE *WILL* DIE OFF, NO MATTER HOW MANY LAND RESOURCES WE HAVE AT OUR DISPOSAL!
SO YOU'RE DESTROYING THE ARTIFICIAL SUN...
BUT...
BUT I'M JUST A *PAWN* TO BE SACRIFICED...
.....
.....

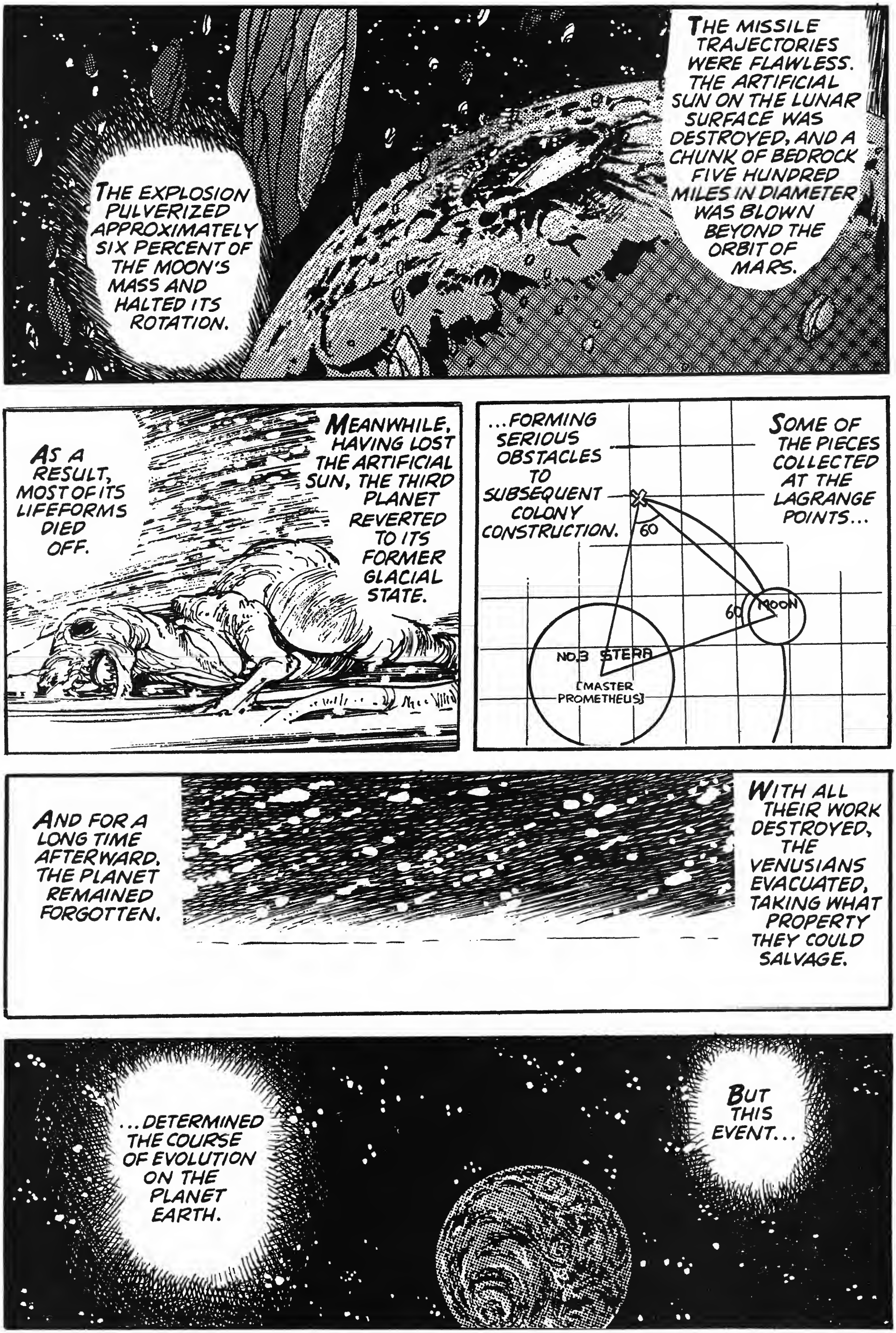
*FX: KWOOSH KWOOSH KWOOSH

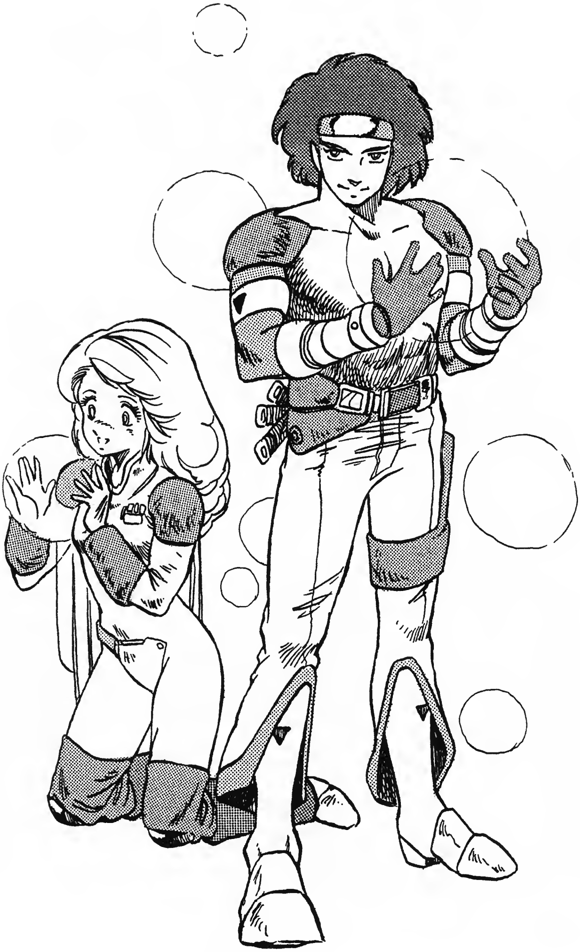

ゴーッ
*ROARRR
*POF
*POF
*POF
*POF
*POF
DID THE SECOND STAGE ROCKETS FIRE...? Snff
LET ME SEE... ...... YEP, EVERY ONE OF THEM.
EREBUS...
YES...?
ACTUALLY, I REQUESTED SEVERAL TIMES THAT THE TERRAFORMING PROJECT BE HALTED...
...BUT THEY SAID MY ARGUMENTS WEREN'T CONVINCING, AND THE RISK WAS MINIMAL...
SO THEN I ASKED THEM TO AT LEAST WAIT UNTIL THE MAMMALS APPEARED, BUT THEY REFUSED *THAT*, TOO.
BUT BY THAT TIME, RUMORS HAD REACHED CENTRAL, AND ZEUS SECRETLY GAVE HIS CONSENT... SO...
BUT WHY GO TO SUCH LENGTHS TO KEEP IT SECRET?

*FX: WHOOSHH

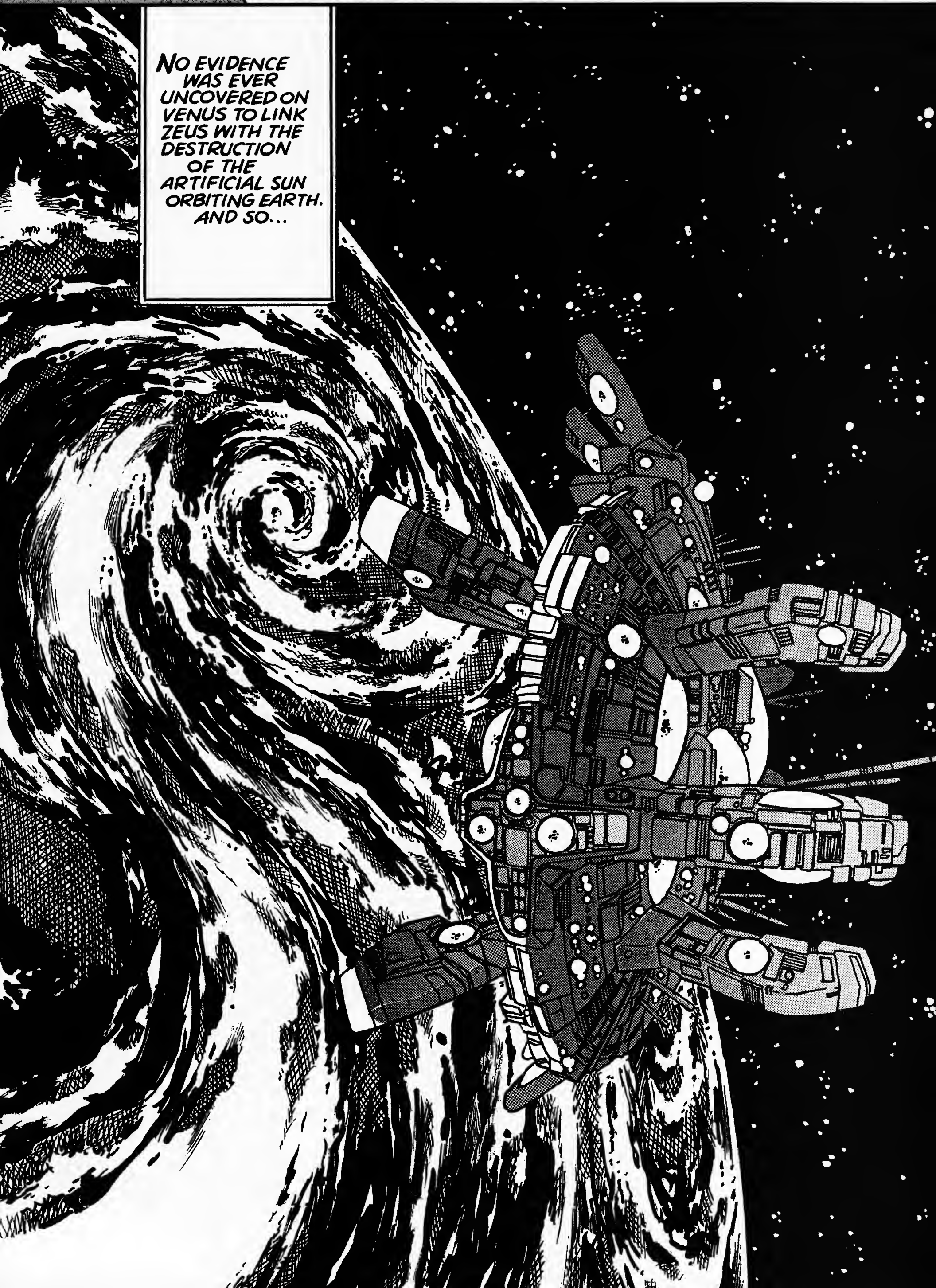

SO THAT'S WHY THEY USED A MISSILE SUB--THEY'RE HARD TO DETECT, AND DON'T REQUIRE A LARGE SUPPORT BASE...
NOW I GET IT...
YEAH... POLITICIANS ARE A SELFISH BUNCH.
IF HE ORDERED IT STOPPED IN HIS OWN NAME, IT WOULD AFFECT HIS POLITICAL STANDING, I SUPPOSE...
I...I WONDER WHAT WILL BECOME OF ME..?
I GUESS SO...
WELL, YOU'VE DONE A PRETTY SEVERE THING... NO DOUBT THERE WILL BE RETRIBUTION IN KIND.
Huh?
IT'LL NEVER WORK...
I GUESS ONLY INTERSTELLAR SPACE REMAINS FOR THE VENUSIANS...
WE'RE IN AN AGE NOW WHEN THERE ARE SO MANY SPACE COLONIES AND LABS THAT THEY OBSTRUCT NAVIGATION.

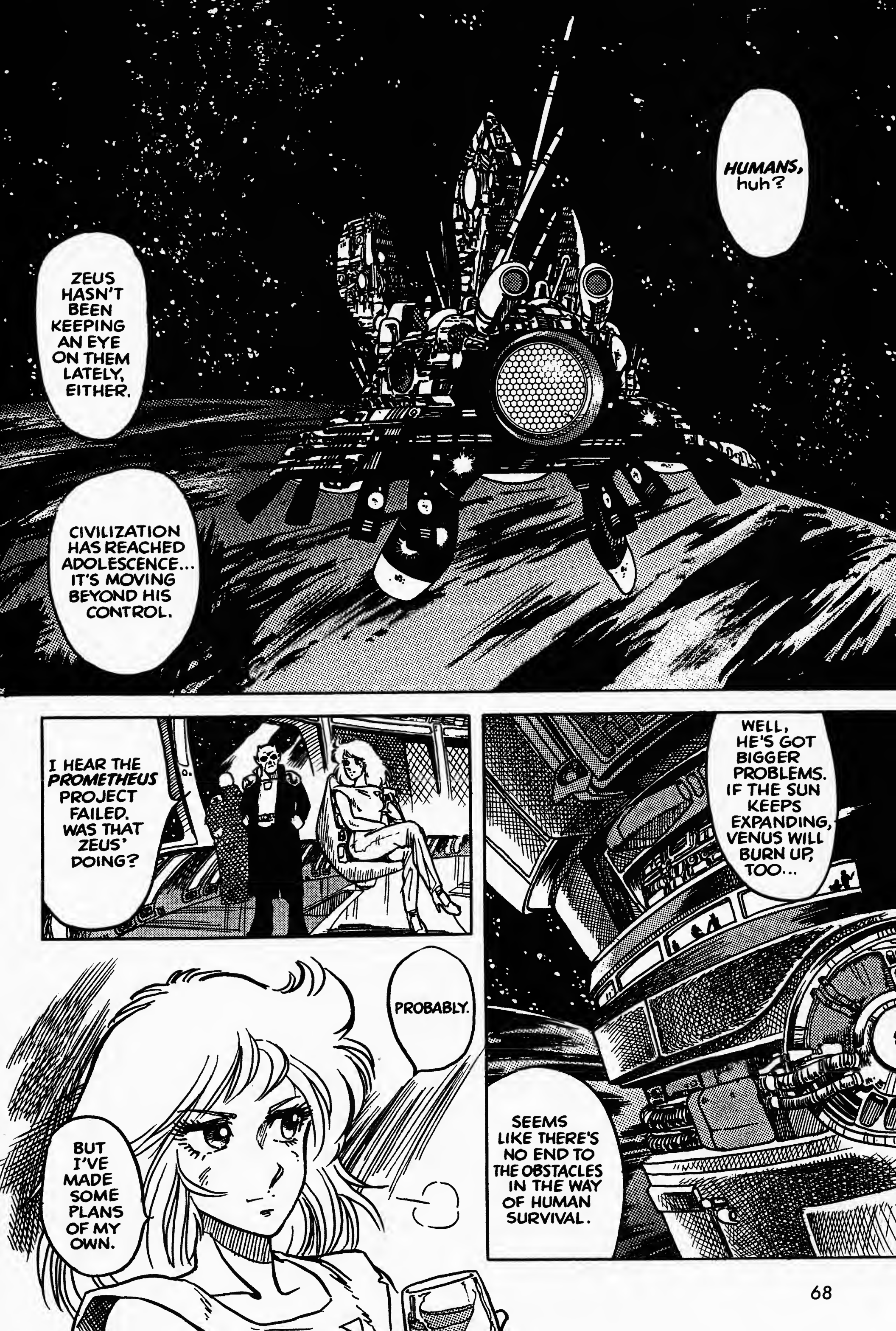

WE'VE REACHED OUR LIMIT AS A SPECIES...
WSHSHSH
LIFEFORMS WITH A DNA STRUCTURE BETTER THAN OURS, *huh*...
AND THEY MAY OUTNUMBER US ALREADY...
I SHOULDN'T HAVE YELLED AT YOU EARLIER.
SORRY ABOUT THAT.
EREBUS...
THANK YOU...

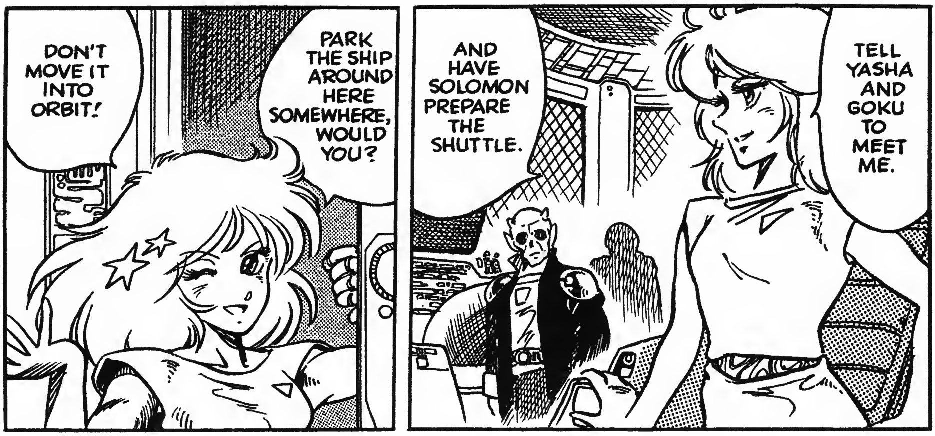

The missile trajectories were flawless. The artificial sun on the lunar surface was destroyed, and a chunk of bedrock five hundred miles in diameter was blown beyond the orbit of Mars.
The explosion pulverized approximately six percent of the Moon's mass and halted its rotation.
Some of the pieces collected at the Lagrange points...
...forming serious obstacles to subsequent colony construction.
60
60
MOON
NO.3 STERA
[MASTER PROMETHEUS]
Meanwhile, having lost the artificial sun, the third planet reverted to its former glacial state.
As a result, most of its lifeforms died off.
With all their work destroyed, the Venusians evacuated, taking what property they could salvage.
And for a long time afterward, the planet remained forgotten.
But this event...
...determined the course of evolution on the planet Earth.



OPEN UP

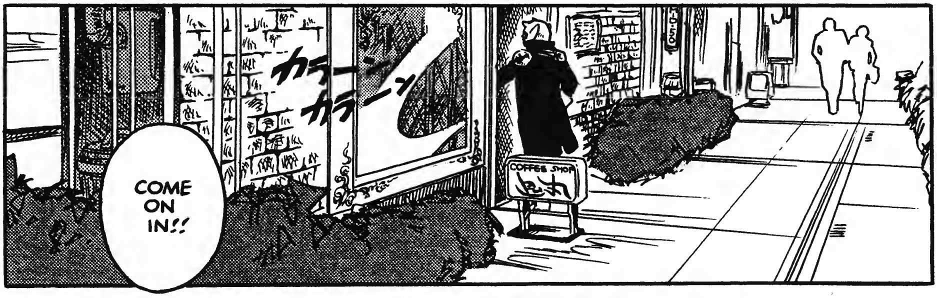

NO EVIDENCE WAS EVER UNCOVERED ON VENUS TO LINK ZEUS WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ARTIFICIAL SUN ORBITING EARTH. AND SO...

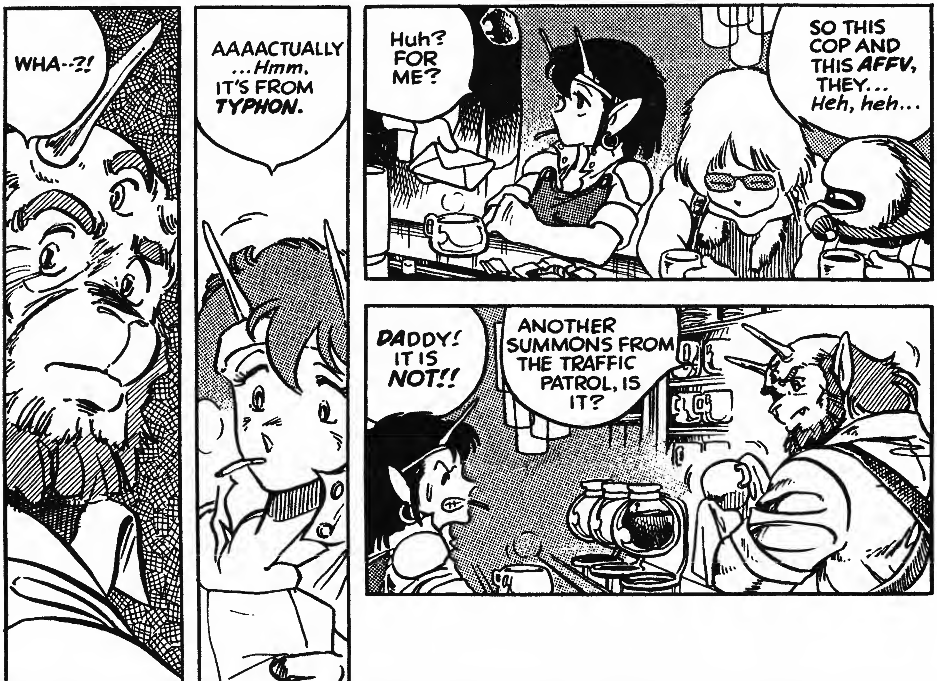

HUMANS, huh?
ZEUS HASN'T BEEN KEEPING AN EYE ON THEM LATELY, EITHER.
CIVILIZATION HAS REACHED ADOLESCENCE... IT'S MOVING BEYOND HIS CONTROL.
I HEAR THE *PROMETHEUS* PROJECT FAILED. WAS THAT ZEUS' DOING?
PROBABLY.
BUT I'VE MADE SOME PLANS OF MY OWN.
WELL, HE'S GOT BIGGER PROBLEMS. IF THE SUN KEEPS EXPANDING, VENUS WILL BURN UP, TOO...
SEEMS LIKE THERE'S NO END TO THE OBSTACLES IN THE WAY OF HUMAN SURVIVAL.

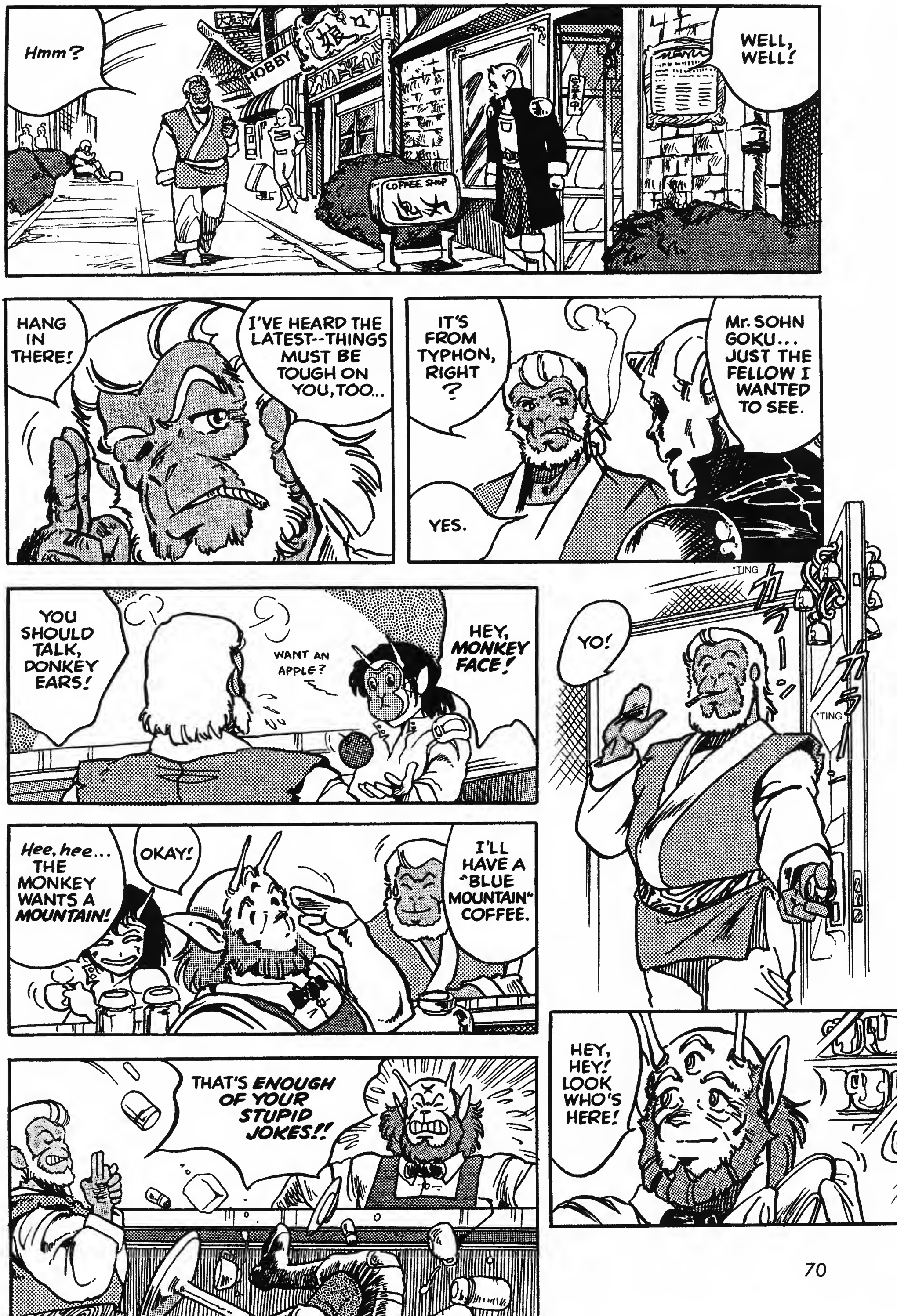

TELL YASHA AND GOKU TO MEET ME.
AND HAVE SOLOMON PREPARE THE SHUTTLE.
PARK THE SHIP AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE, WOULD YOU?
DON'T MOVE IT INTO ORBIT!

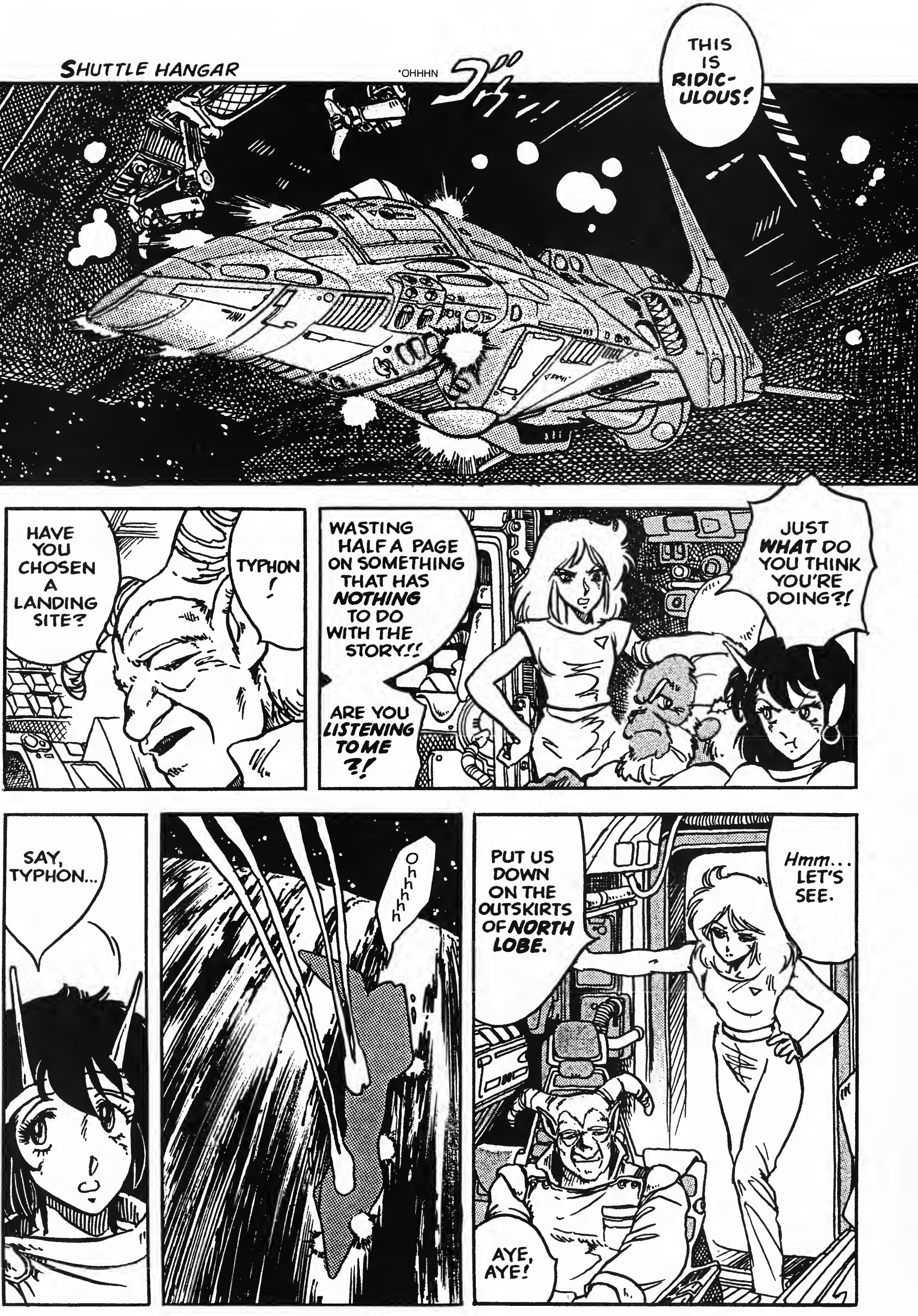
MAIN STREET - SHIPBOARD *COFFEE SHOP* ***ONIMAL***

*FX: TING-A-TING

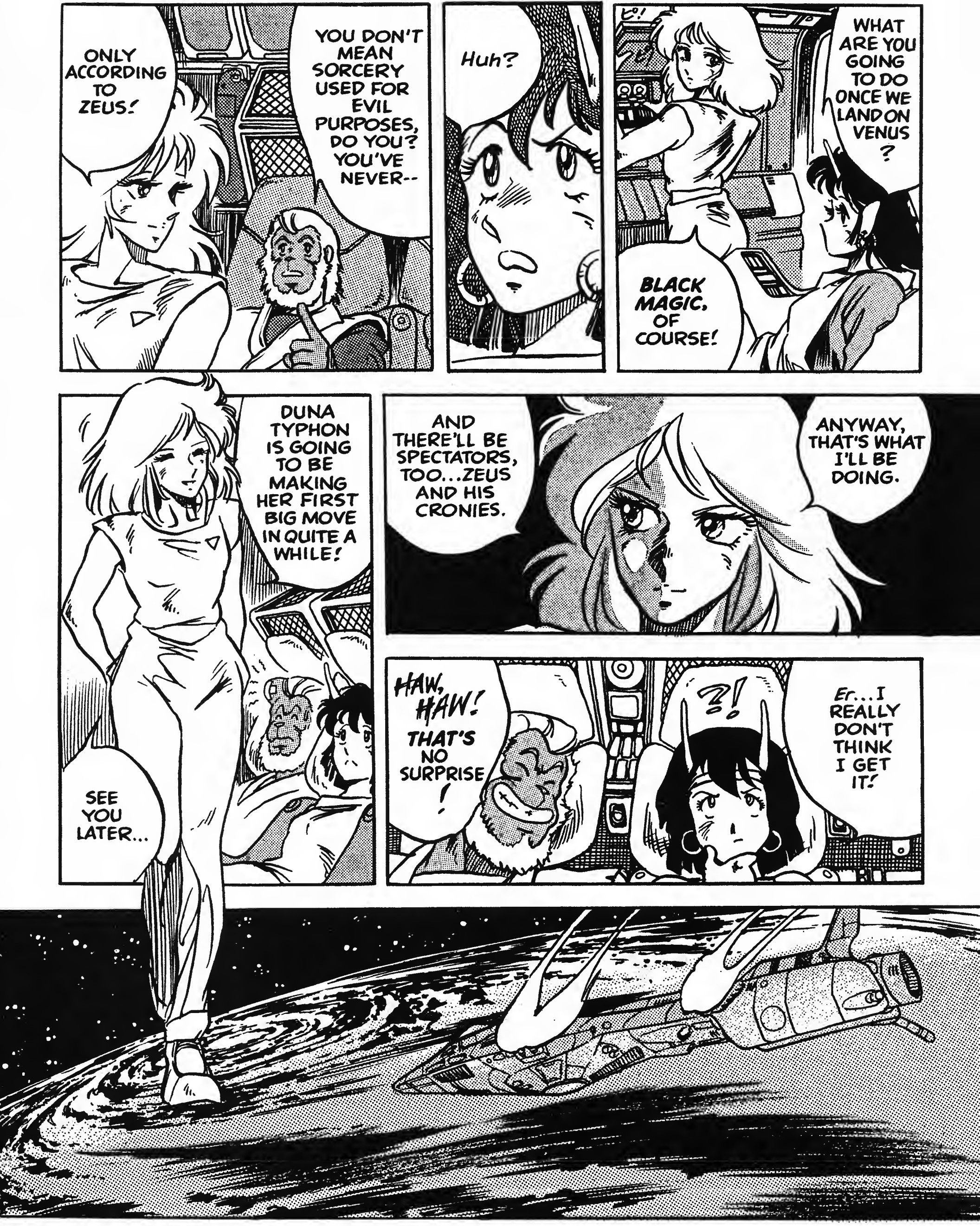

カラーン
カラーン
COFFEE SHOP
COME ON IN!!

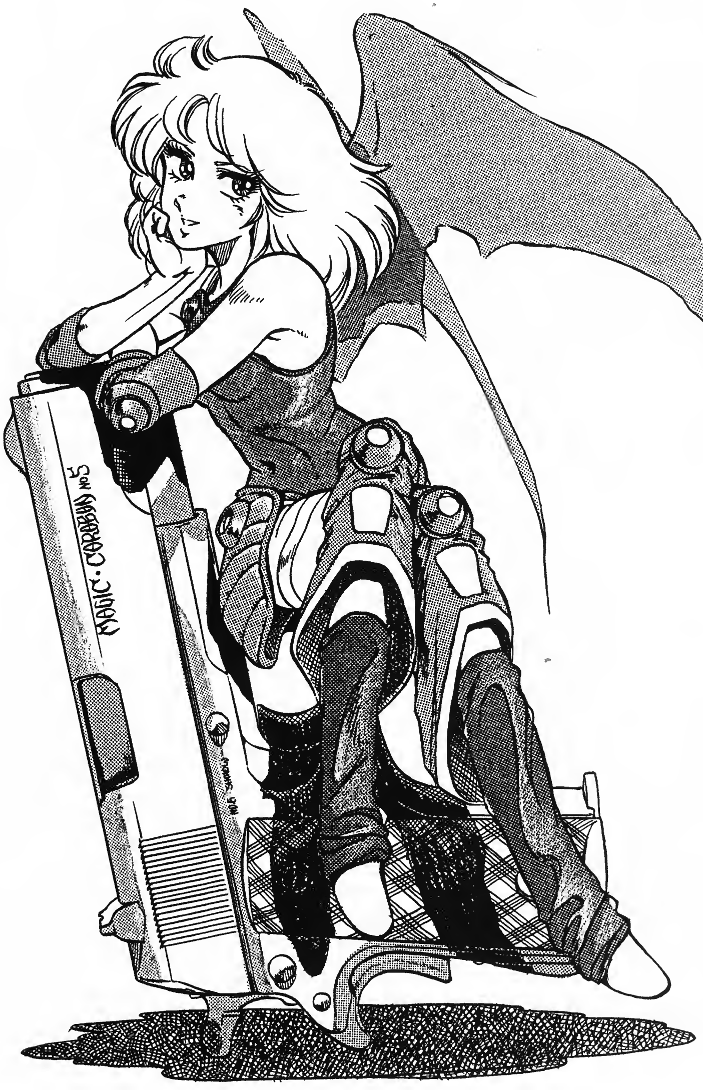

SO THIS COP AND THIS AFFV, THEY... Heh, heh...
Huh? FOR ME?
ANOTHER SUMMONS FROM THE TRAFFIC PATROL, IS IT?
DADDY! IT IS NOT!!
AAAACTUALLY ...Hmm. IT'S FROM TYPHON.
WHA--?!


Hmm?
HOBBY
COFFEE SHOP
WELL, WELL!
HANG IN THERE!
I'VE HEARD THE LATEST--THINGS MUST BE TOUGH ON YOU, TOO...
IT'S FROM TYPHON, RIGHT?
YES.
Mr. SOHN GOKU... JUST THE FELLOW I WANTED TO SEE.
*TING
YO!
*TING
YOU SHOULD TALK, DONKEY EARS!
WANT AN APPLE?
HEY, MONKEY FACE!
Hee, hee... THE MONKEY WANTS A MOUNTAIN!
OKAY!
I'LL HAVE A "BLUE MOUNTAIN" COFFEE.
HEY, HEY! LOOK WHO'S HERE!
THAT'S ENOUGH OF YOUR STUPID JOKES!!


SHUTTLE HANGAR
*OHHHN
THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
WASTING HALF A PAGE ON SOMETHING THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE STORY!!
JUST WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!
ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?!
TYPHON!
HAVE YOU CHOSEN A LANDING SITE?
SAY, TYPHON...
Ohhhhh
Hmm... LET'S SEE.
PUT US DOWN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF NORTH LOBE.
AYE, AYE!

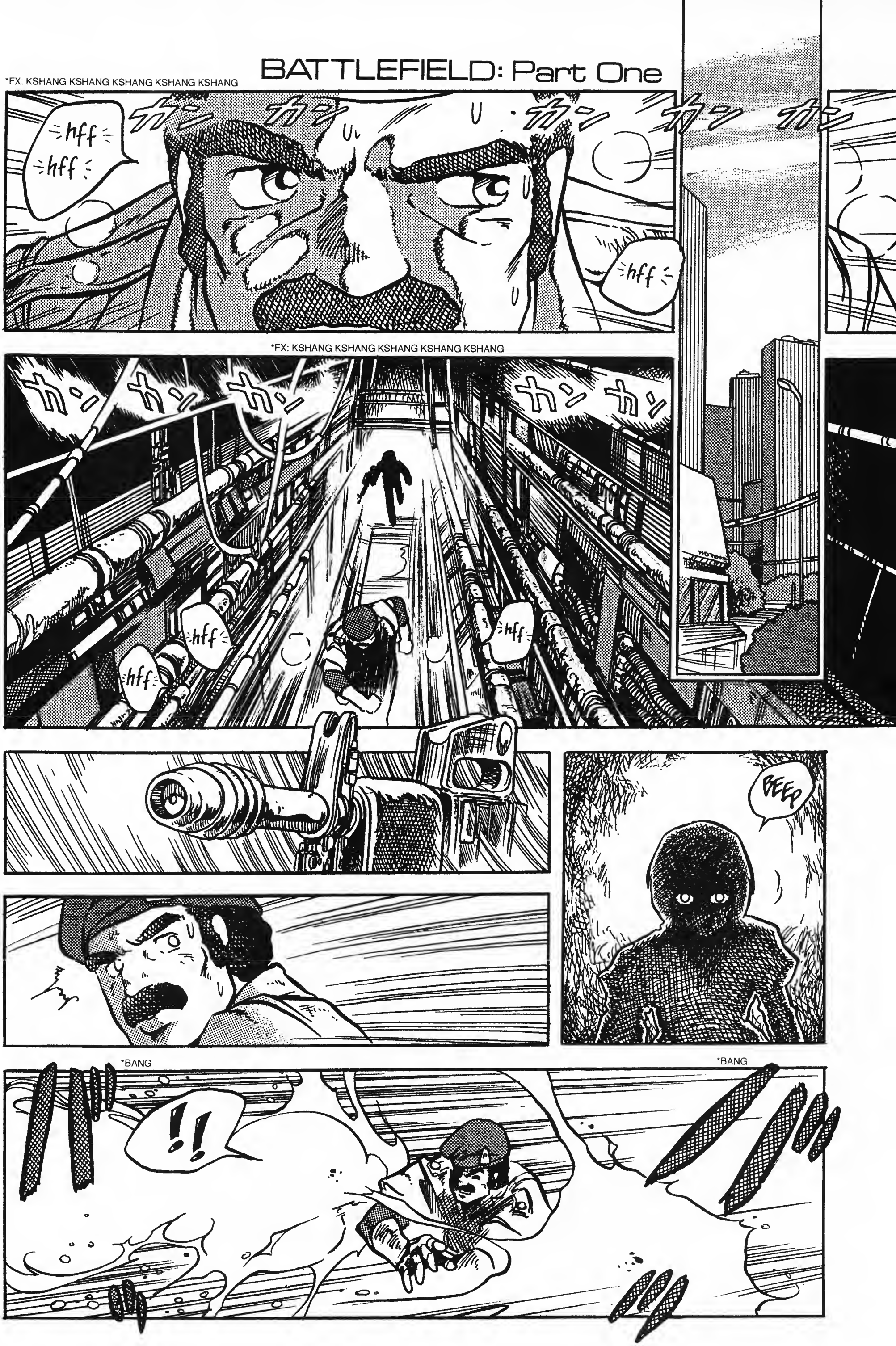
*FX: BEEP BEEP


ONLY ACCORDING TO ZEUS!
YOU DON'T MEAN SORCERY USED FOR EVIL PURPOSES, DO YOU? YOU'VE NEVER--
Huh?
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ONCE WE LAND ON VENUS?
BLACK MAGIC, OF COURSE!
DUNA TYPHON IS GOING TO BE MAKING HER FIRST BIG MOVE IN QUITE A WHILE!
AND THERE'LL BE SPECTATORS, TOO...ZEUS AND HIS CRONIES.
ANYWAY, THAT'S WHAT I'LL BE DOING.
HAW, HAW! THAT'S NO SURPRISE!
?!
Er...I REALLY DON'T THINK I GET IT!
SEE YOU LATER...


MAGIC·CORABUN No5

BATTLEFIELD: Part One

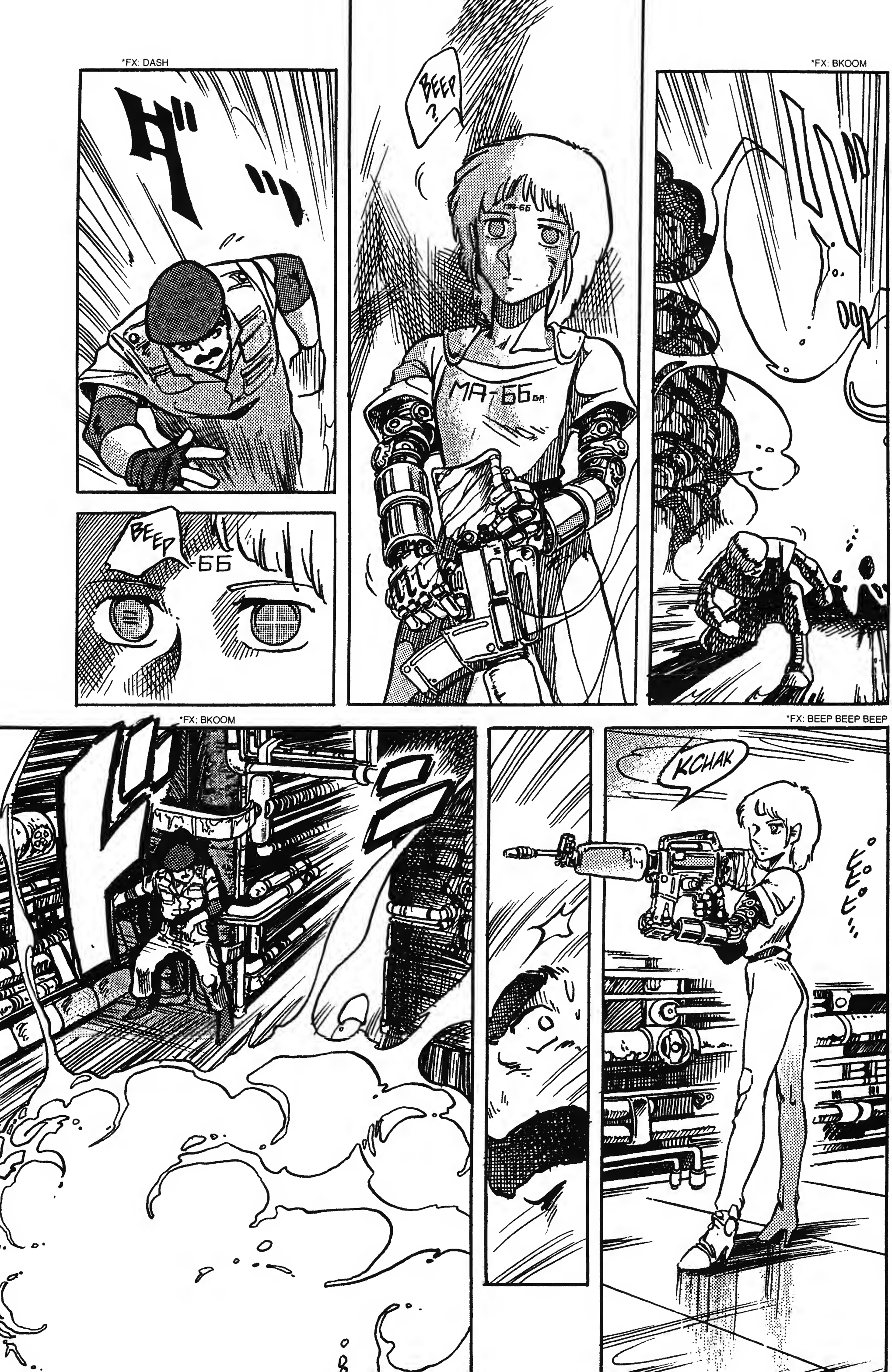
*FX: KSHANG KSHANG KSHANG KSHANG KSHANG


カン カン カン カン カン
hff hff
hff
カン カン カン カン カン
hff
hff
hff
BEEP
!!

*FX: KSHANG KSHANG KSHANG KSHANG KSHANG

*BANG

*BANG

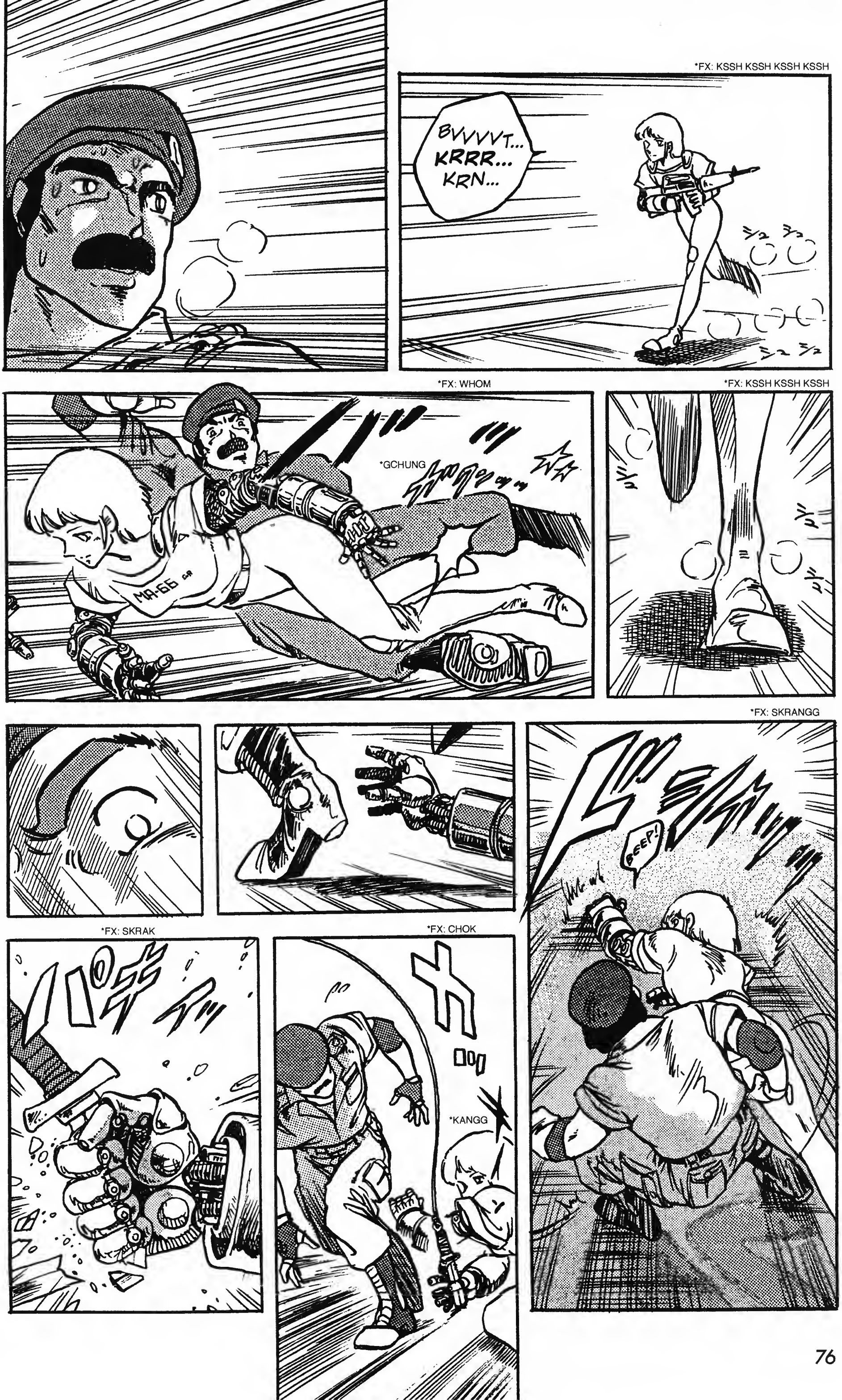

BEEP ?
MA-66 GP
ダッ
BEEP
-66
KCHAK
ピピピ…

*FX: BKOOM

*FX: DASH

*FX: BEEP BEEP BEEP

*FX: BKOOM


BVVVVT... KRRR... KRN...
*GCHUNG
MA-66
BEEP!
*KANGG

*FX: KSSH KSSH KSSH KSSH

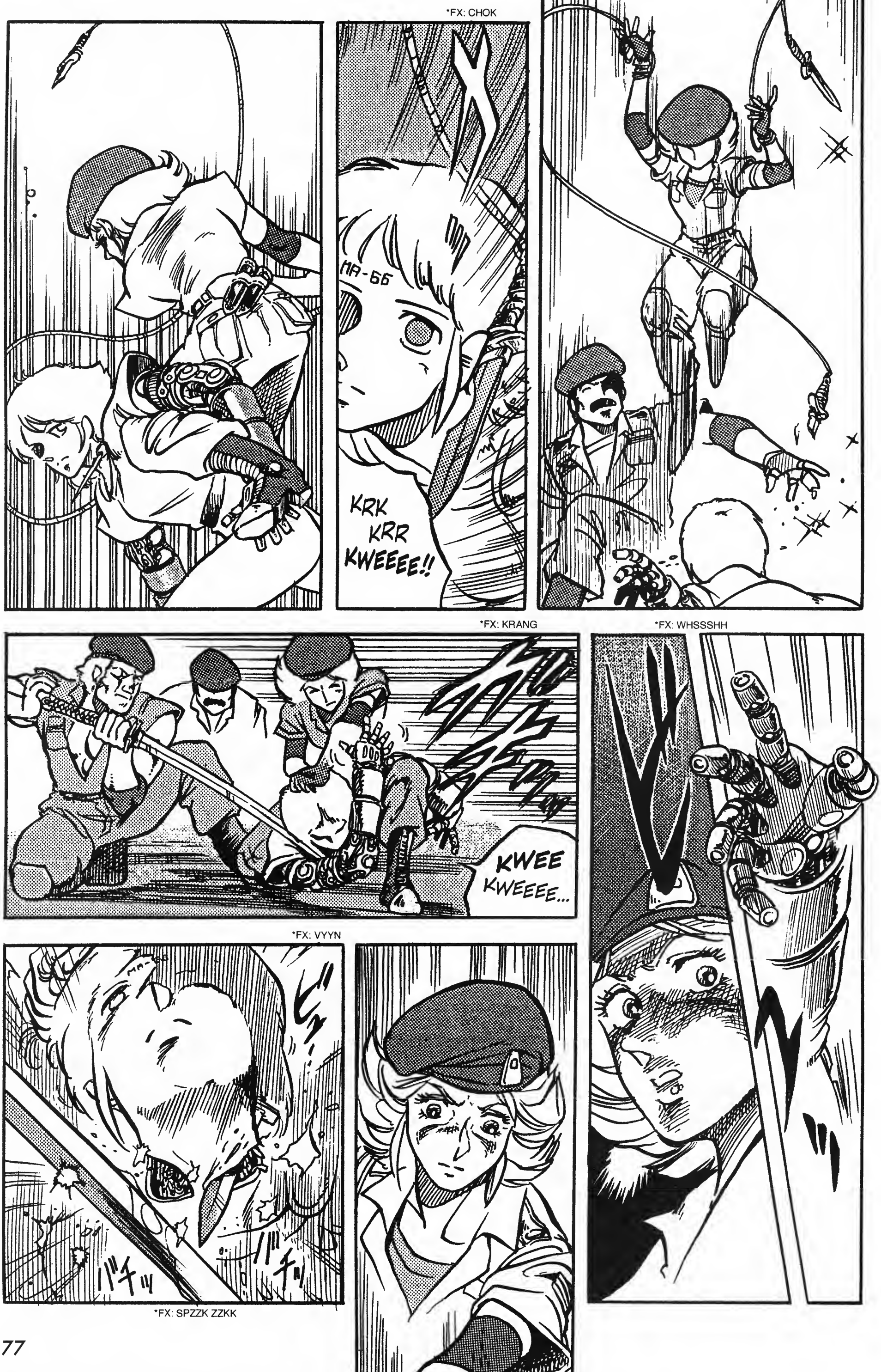
*FX: KSSH KSSH KSSH

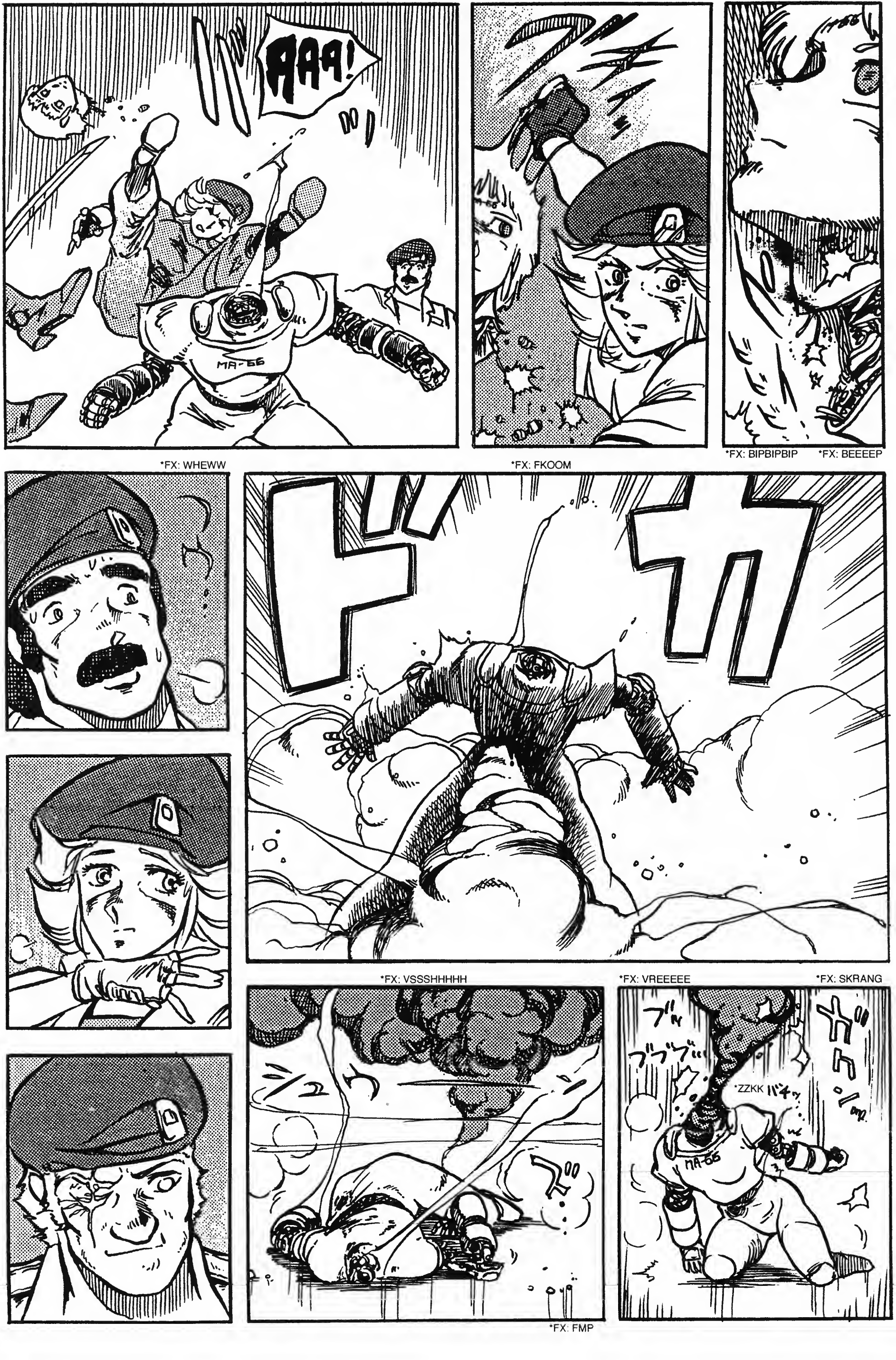
*FX: WHOM

*FX: SKRANGG

*FX: CHOK

*FX: SKRAK


*FX: CHOK
MA-66
KRK KRR KWEEEE!!
*FX: WHSSSHH
*FX: KRANG
KWEE KWEEEE...
*FX: VYYN
MA-66
バチッ
*FX: SPZZK ZZKK


AAA!
MA-66
ドカ
MA-66

*FX: BIPBIPBIP *FX: BEEEEP

*FX: SKRAK

*FX: WHOM

*FX: FKOOM

*FX: WHEWW

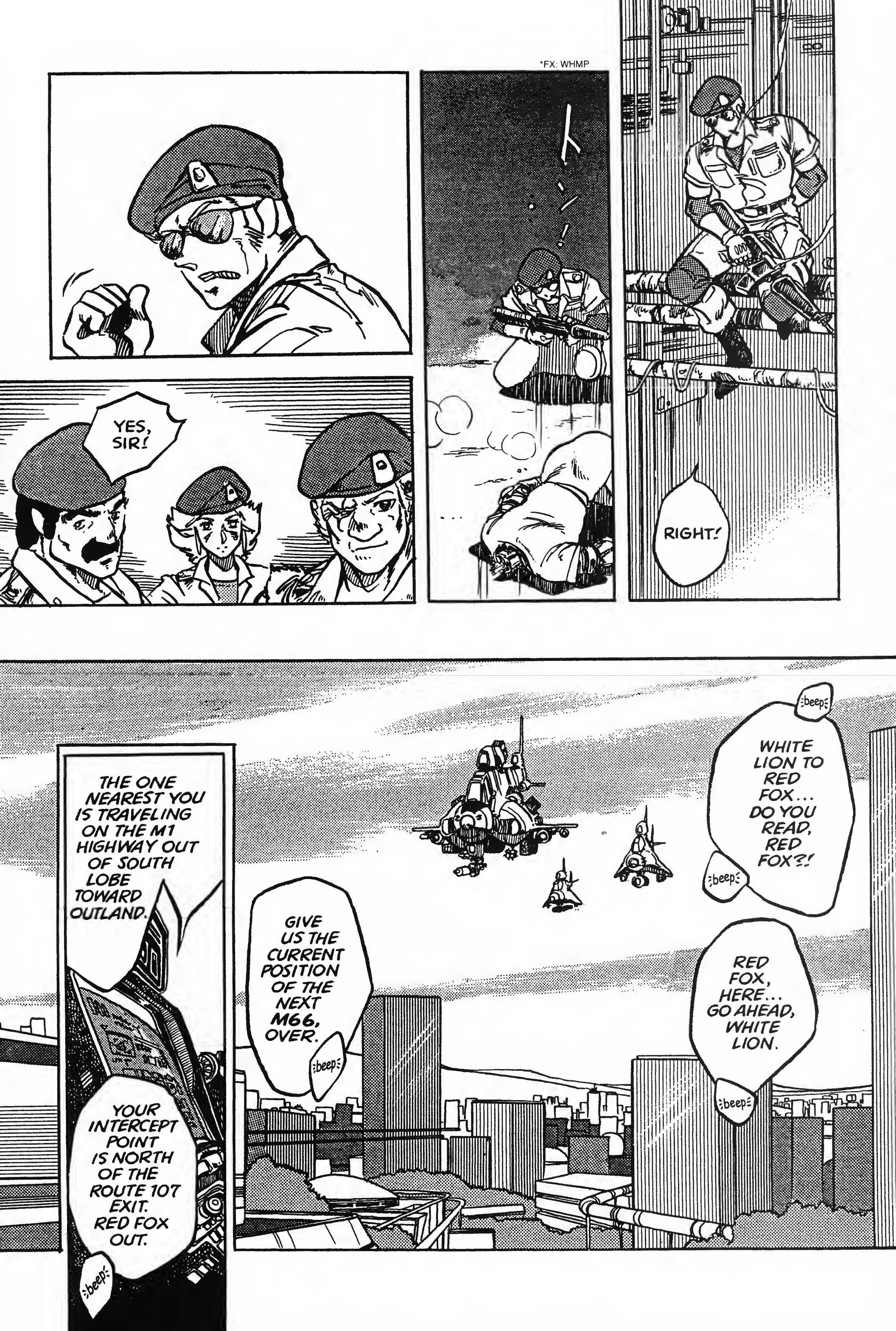
*FX: SKRANG

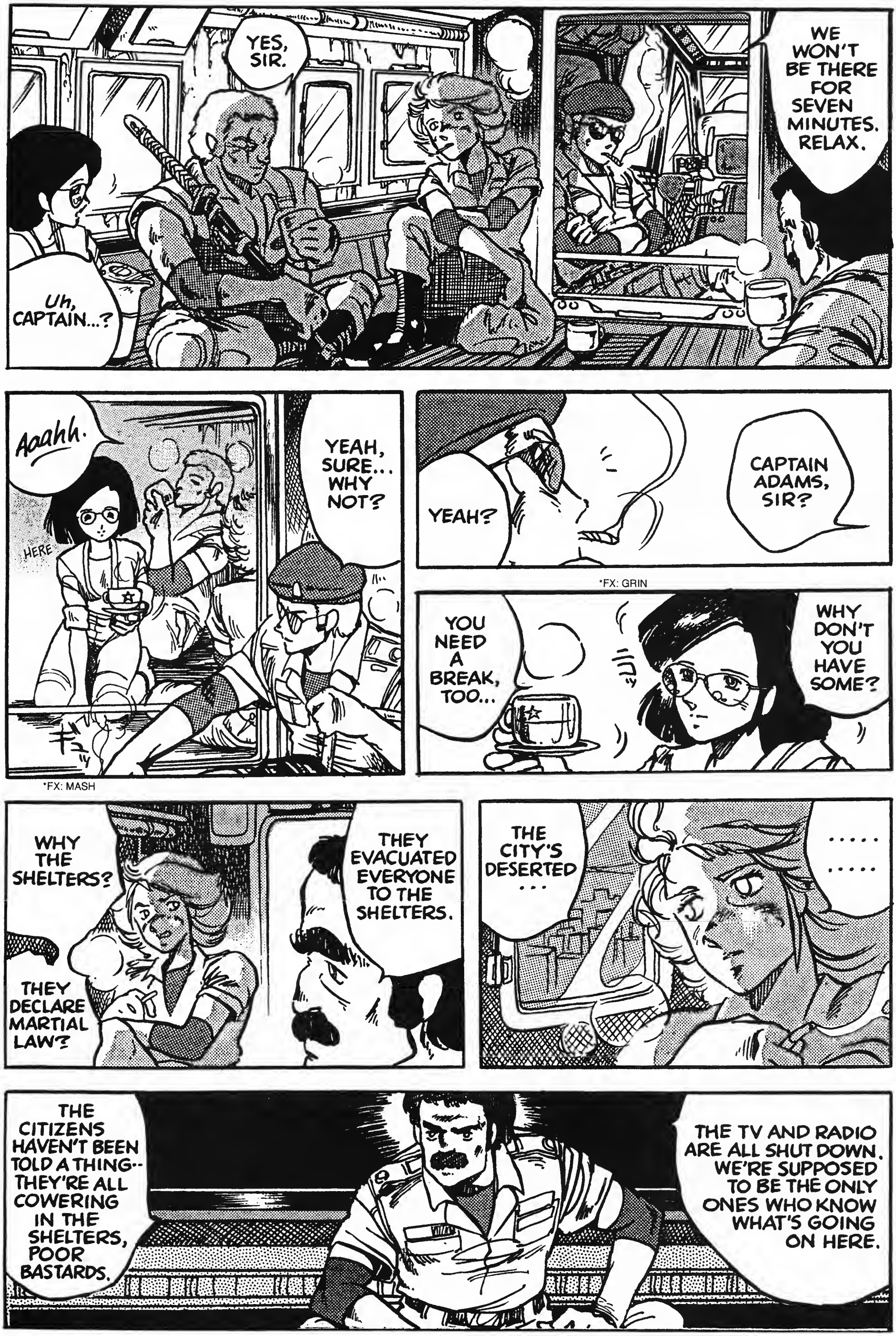
*FX: VREEEEE

*ZZKK

*FX: VSSSHHHHH

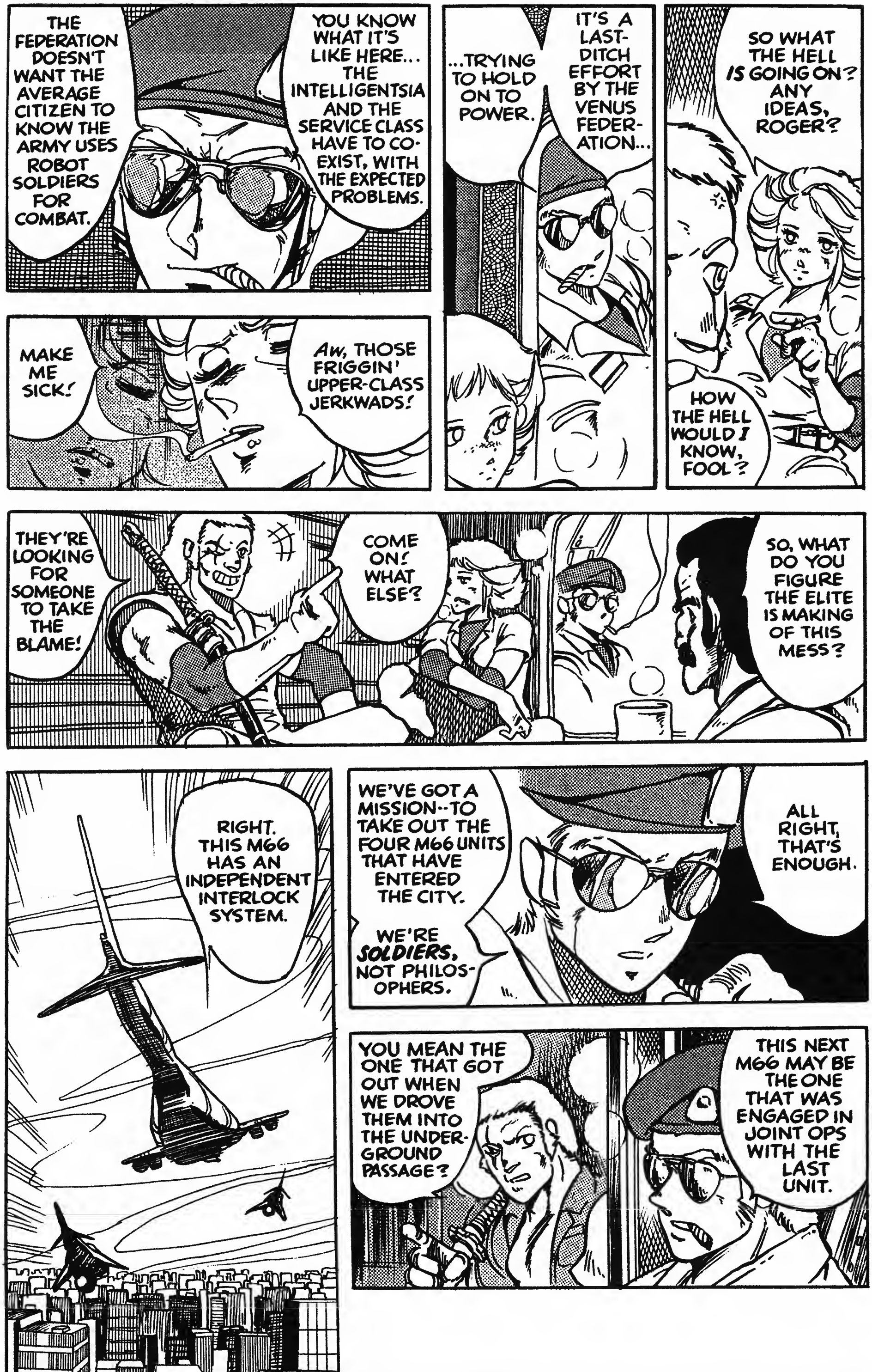
*FX: FMP

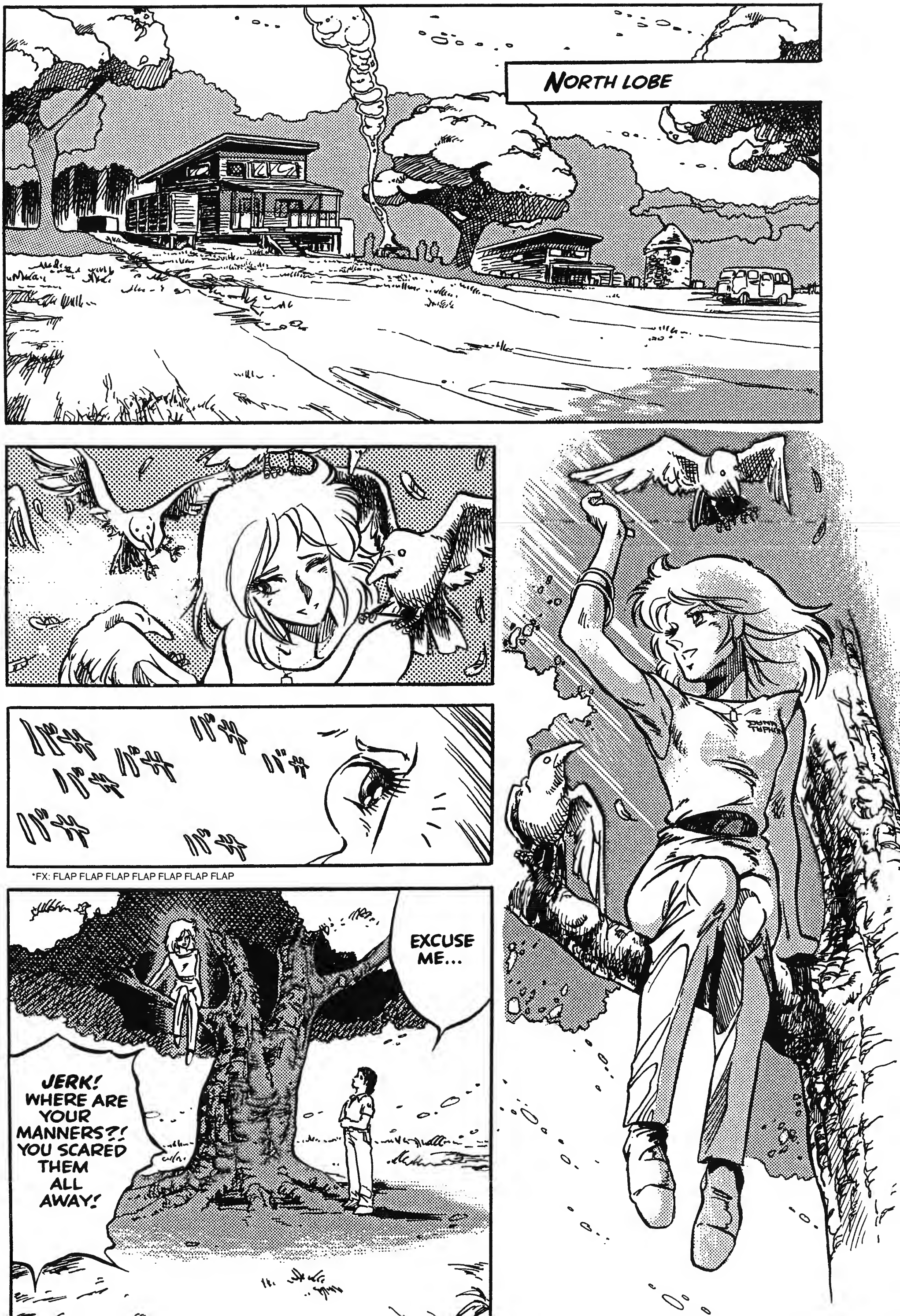

*FX: WHMP
RIGHT!
YES, SIR!
:beep: WHITE LION TO RED FOX... DO YOU READ, RED FOX?! :beep:
RED FOX, HERE... GO AHEAD, WHITE LION. :beep:
GIVE US THE CURRENT POSITION OF THE NEXT M66, OVER. :beep:
THE ONE NEAREST YOU IS TRAVELING ON THE M1 HIGHWAY OUT OF SOUTH LOBE TOWARD OUTLAND.
YOUR INTERCEPT POINT IS NORTH OF THE ROUTE 107 EXIT. RED FOX OUT. :beep:


Uh, CAPTAIN...?
WE WON'T BE THERE FOR SEVEN MINUTES. RELAX.
YES, SIR.
CAPTAIN ADAMS, SIR?
YEAH?
WHY DON'T YOU HAVE SOME?
YOU NEED A BREAK, TOO...
HERE
Aaahh.
YEAH, SURE... WHY NOT?
THEY EVACUATED EVERYONE TO THE SHELTERS.
WHY THE SHELTERS?
THEY DECLARE MARTIAL LAW?
THE CITY'S DESERTED...
.....
.....
THE CITIZENS HAVEN'T BEEN TOLD A THING-- THEY'RE ALL COWERING IN THE SHELTERS, POOR BASTARDS.
THE TV AND RADIO ARE ALL SHUT DOWN. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE.

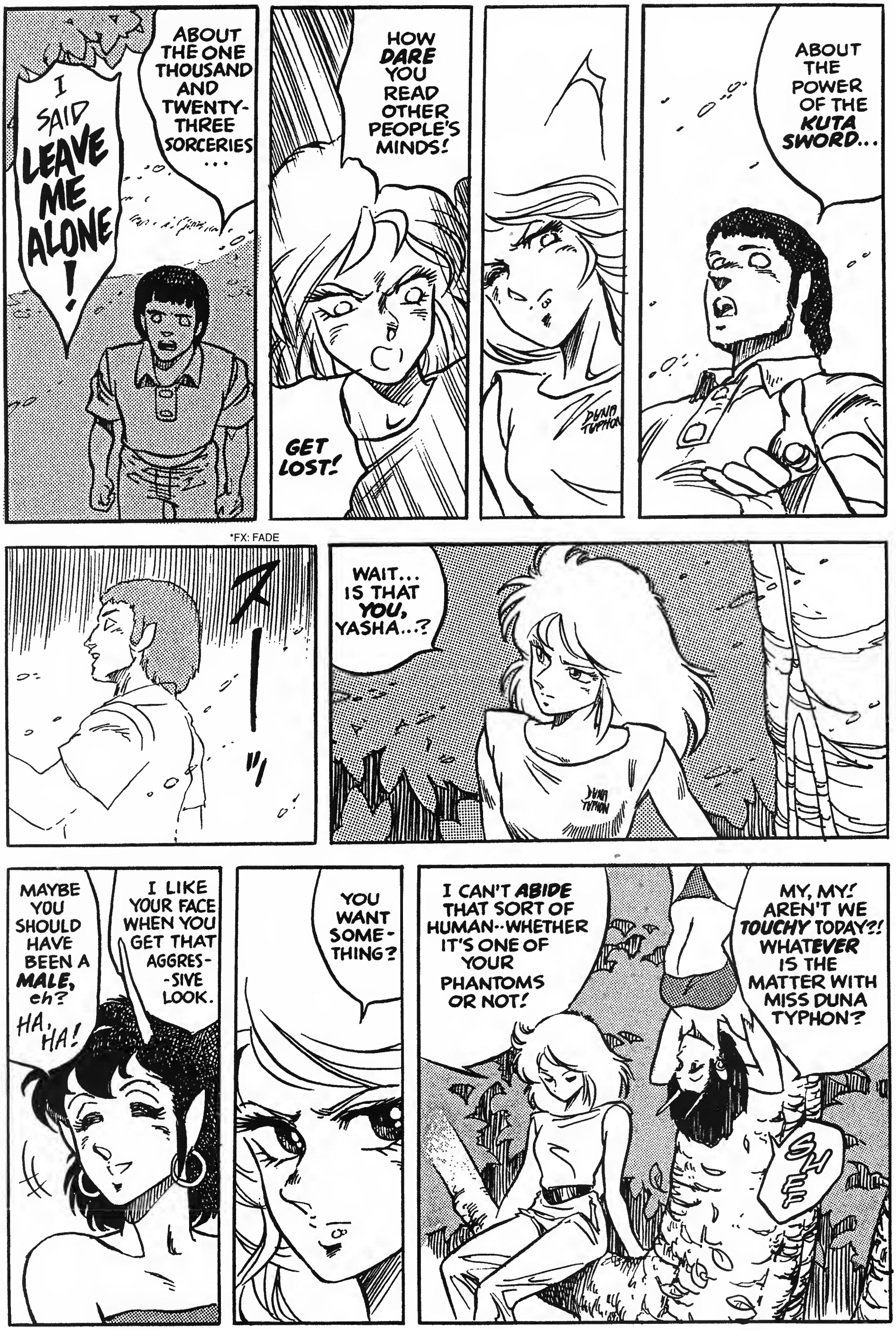
*FX: GRIN

*FX: MASH

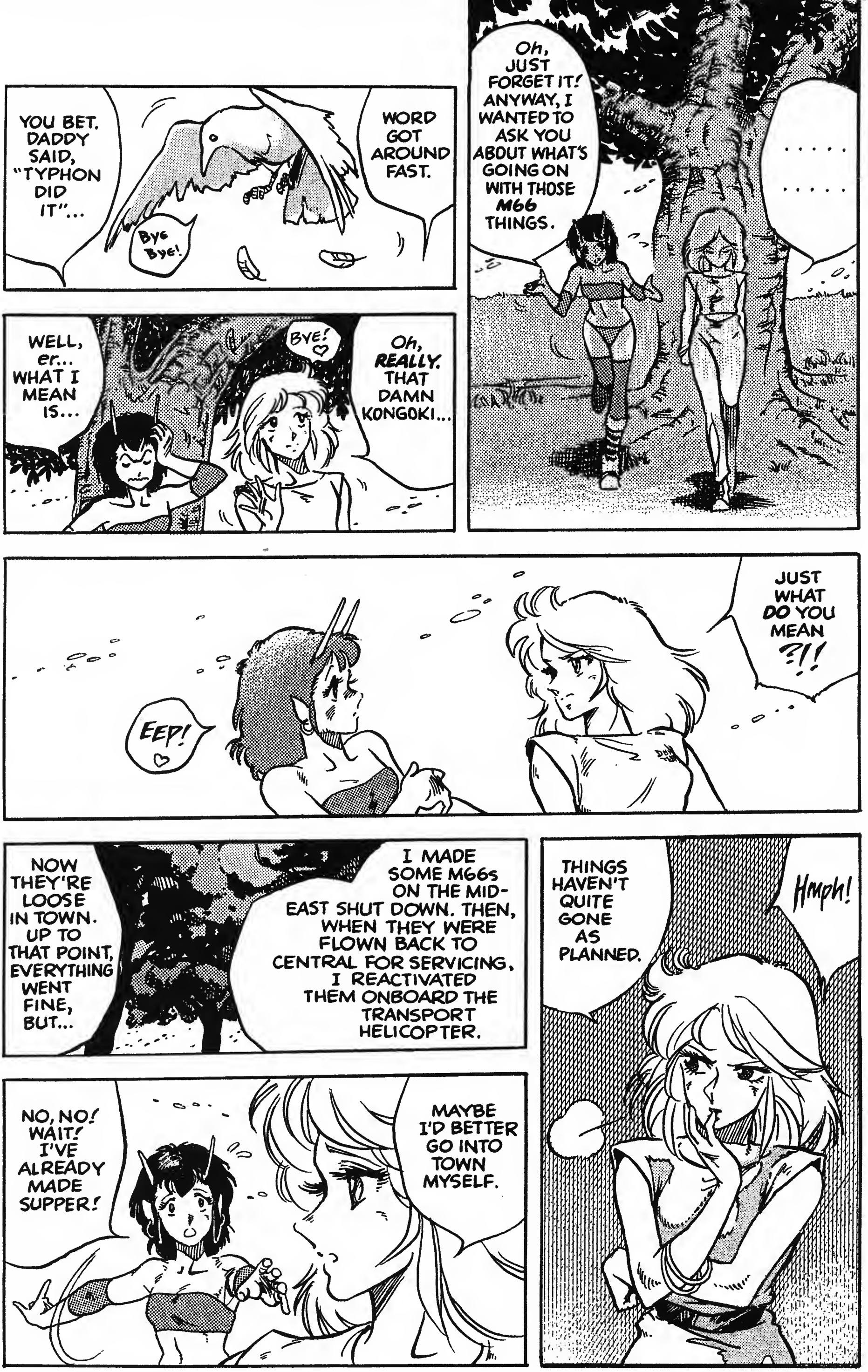

SO WHAT THE HELL *IS* GOING ON? ANY IDEAS, ROGER?
HOW THE HELL WOULD *I* KNOW, FOOL?
IT'S A LAST-DITCH EFFORT BY THE VENUS FEDERATION...
...TRYING TO HOLD ON TO POWER.
YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE HERE... THE INTELLIGENTSIA AND THE SERVICE CLASS HAVE TO CO-EXIST, WITH THE EXPECTED PROBLEMS.
THE FEDERATION DOESN'T WANT THE AVERAGE CITIZEN TO KNOW THE ARMY USES ROBOT SOLDIERS FOR COMBAT.
AW, THOSE FRIGGIN' UPPER-CLASS JERKWADS!
MAKE ME SICK!
SO, WHAT DO YOU FIGURE THE ELITE IS MAKING OF THIS MESS?
COME ON! WHAT ELSE?
THEY'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO TAKE THE BLAME!
ALL RIGHT, THAT'S ENOUGH.
WE'VE GOT A MISSION--TO TAKE OUT THE FOUR M66 UNITS THAT HAVE ENTERED THE CITY.
WE'RE ***SOLDIERS***, NOT PHILOSOPHERS.
THIS NEXT M66 MAY BE THE ONE THAT WAS ENGAGED IN JOINT OPS WITH THE LAST UNIT.
YOU MEAN THE ONE THAT GOT OUT WHEN WE DROVE THEM INTO THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGE?
RIGHT. THIS M66 HAS AN INDEPENDENT INTERLOCK SYSTEM.

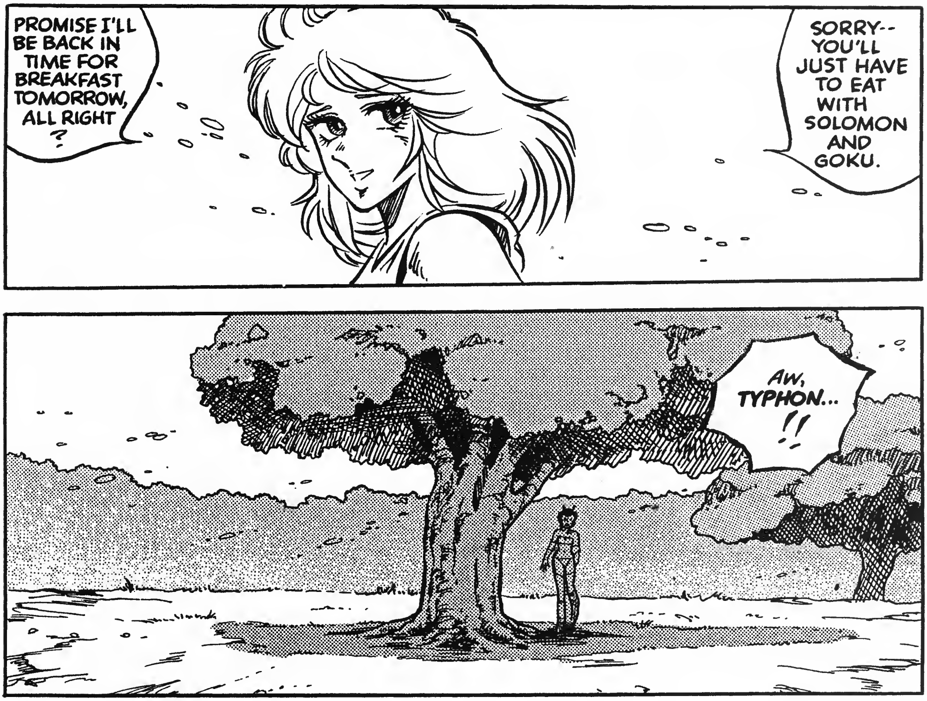

NORTH LOBE
バサ
バサ
バサ
バサ
バサ
バサ
バサ
EXCUSE ME...
JERK! WHERE ARE YOUR MANNERS?! YOU SCARED THEM ALL AWAY!

*FX: FLAP FLAP FLAP FLAP FLAP FLAP FLAP

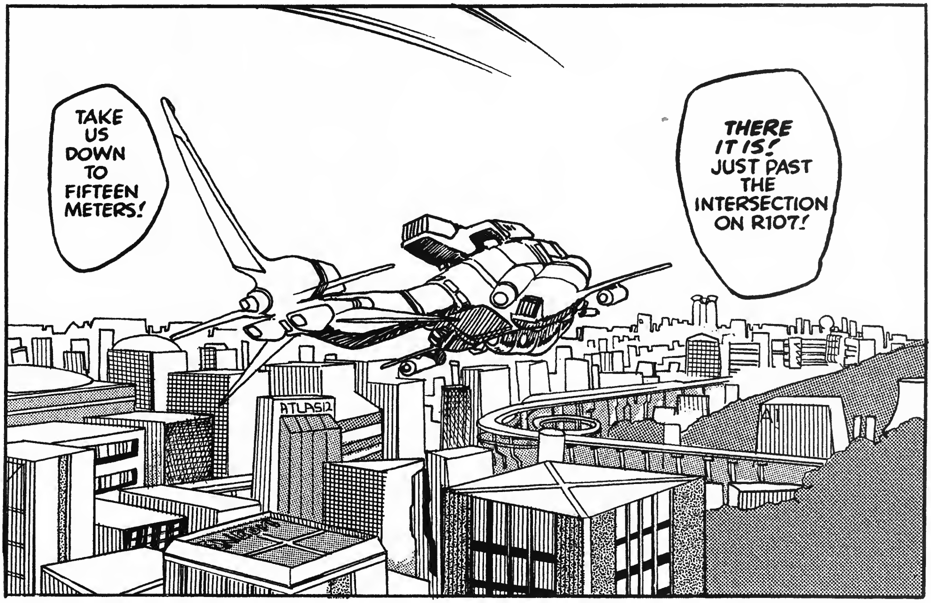

ABOUT THE ONE THOUSAND AND TWENTY-THREE SORCERIES...
I SAID **LEAVE ME ALONE!**
HOW **DARE** YOU READ OTHER PEOPLE'S MINDS!
GET LOST!
DUNA TYPHON
ABOUT THE POWER OF THE **KUTA SWORD...**
*FX: FADE
WAIT... IS THAT **YOU,** YASHA...?
DUNA TYPHON
MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN A **MALE,** eh?
I LIKE YOUR FACE WHEN YOU GET THAT AGGRES--SIVE LOOK.
HA, HA!
YOU WANT SOME-THING?
I CAN'T **ABIDE** THAT SORT OF HUMAN--WHETHER IT'S ONE OF YOUR PHANTOMS OR NOT!
MY, MY! AREN'T WE **TOUCHY** TODAY?! WHAT**EVER** IS THE MATTER WITH MISS DUNA TYPHON?

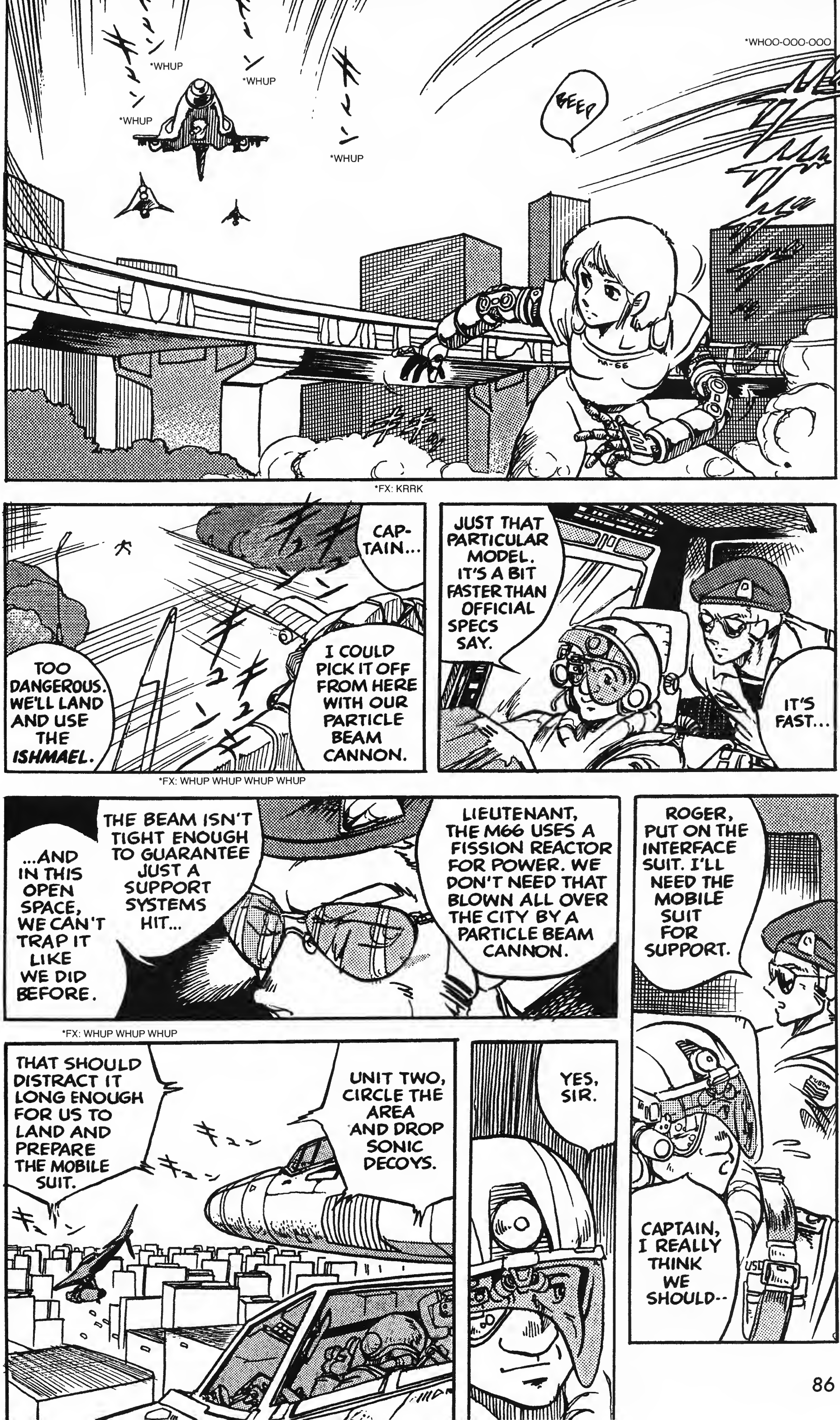
]


WORD GOT AROUND FAST.
YOU BET. DADDY SAID, "TYPHON DID IT"...
Bye Bye!
Oh, REALLY. THAT DAMN KONGOKI...
Bye! ♡
WELL, er... WHAT I MEAN IS...
Oh, JUST FORGET IT! ANYWAY, I WANTED TO ASK YOU ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON WITH THOSE M66 THINGS.
....
JUST WHAT DO YOU MEAN ?!!
EEP! ♡
I MADE SOME M66s ON THE MID-EAST SHUT DOWN. THEN, WHEN THEY WERE FLOWN BACK TO CENTRAL FOR SERVICING, I REACTIVATED THEM ONBOARD THE TRANSPORT HELICOPTER.
NOW THEY'RE LOOSE IN TOWN. UP TO THAT POINT, EVERYTHING WENT FINE, BUT...
Hmph!
THINGS HAVEN'T QUITE GONE AS PLANNED.
MAYBE I'D BETTER GO INTO TOWN MYSELF.
NO, NO! WAIT! I'VE ALREADY MADE SUPPER!


PROMISE I'LL BE BACK IN TIME FOR BREAKFAST TOMORROW, ALL RIGHT?
SORRY-- YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO EAT WITH SOLOMON AND GOKU.
AW, TYPHON... !!

BATTLEFIELD: Part Two

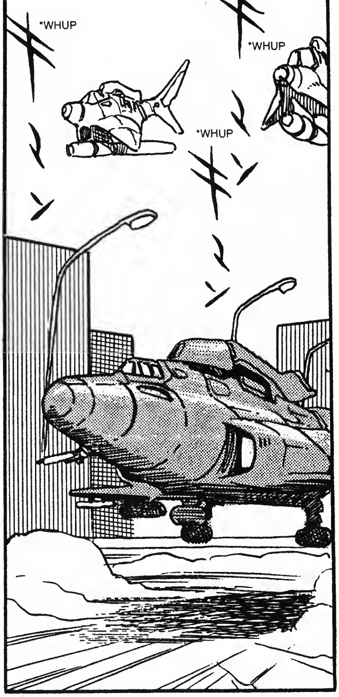

TAKE US DOWN TO FIFTEEN METERS!
THERE IT IS! JUST PAST THE INTERSECTION ON R107!
ATLAS12

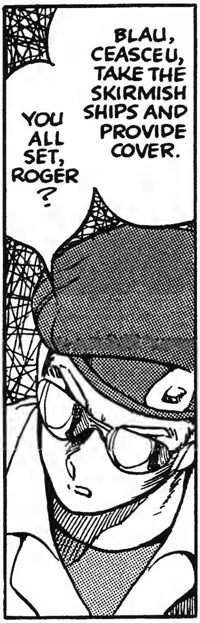

*WHOO-OOO-OOO
*WHUP
*WHUP
*WHUP
*WHUP
BEEP
M-66
IT'S FAST...
JUST THAT PARTICULAR MODEL. IT'S A BIT FASTER THAN OFFICIAL SPECS SAY.
CAPTAIN...
I COULD PICK IT OFF FROM HERE WITH OUR PARTICLE BEAM CANNON.
TOO DANGEROUS. WE'LL LAND AND USE THE *ISHMAEL*.
LIEUTENANT, THE M66 USES A FISSION REACTOR FOR POWER. WE DON'T NEED THAT BLOWN ALL OVER THE CITY BY A PARTICLE BEAM CANNON.
THE BEAM ISN'T TIGHT ENOUGH TO GUARANTEE JUST A SUPPORT SYSTEMS HIT...
...AND IN THIS OPEN SPACE, WE CAN'T TRAP IT LIKE WE DID BEFORE.
ROGER, PUT ON THE INTERFACE SUIT. I'LL NEED THE MOBILE SUIT FOR SUPPORT.
CAPTAIN, I REALLY THINK WE SHOULD--
YES, SIR.
UNIT TWO, CIRCLE THE AREA AND DROP SONIC DECOYS.
THAT SHOULD DISTRACT IT LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO LAND AND PREPARE THE MOBILE SUIT.

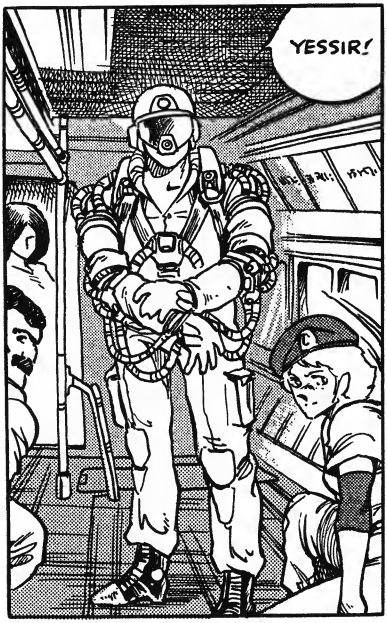
*FX: KRRK

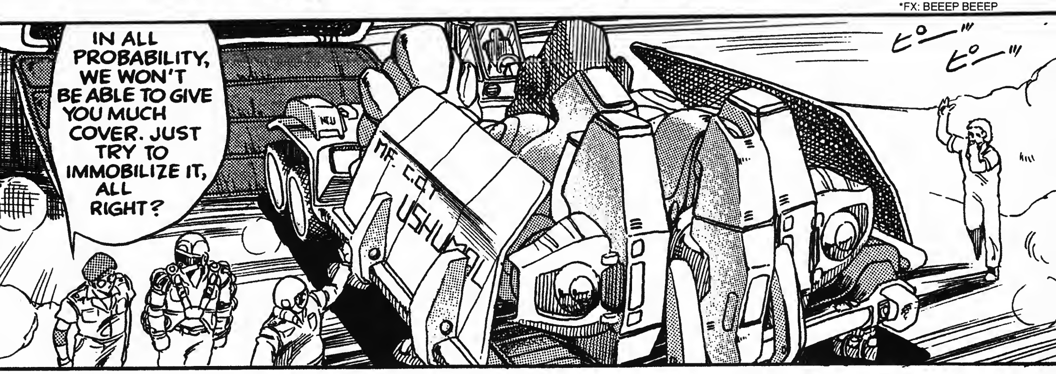
*FX: WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP

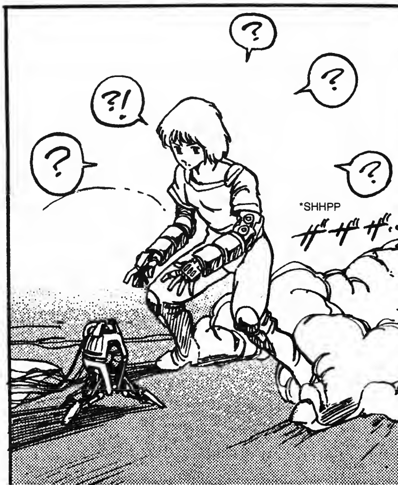
*FX: WHUP WHUP WHUP

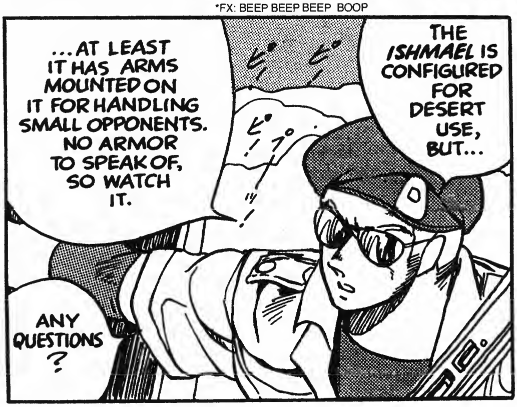

*WHUP
*WHUP
*WHUP

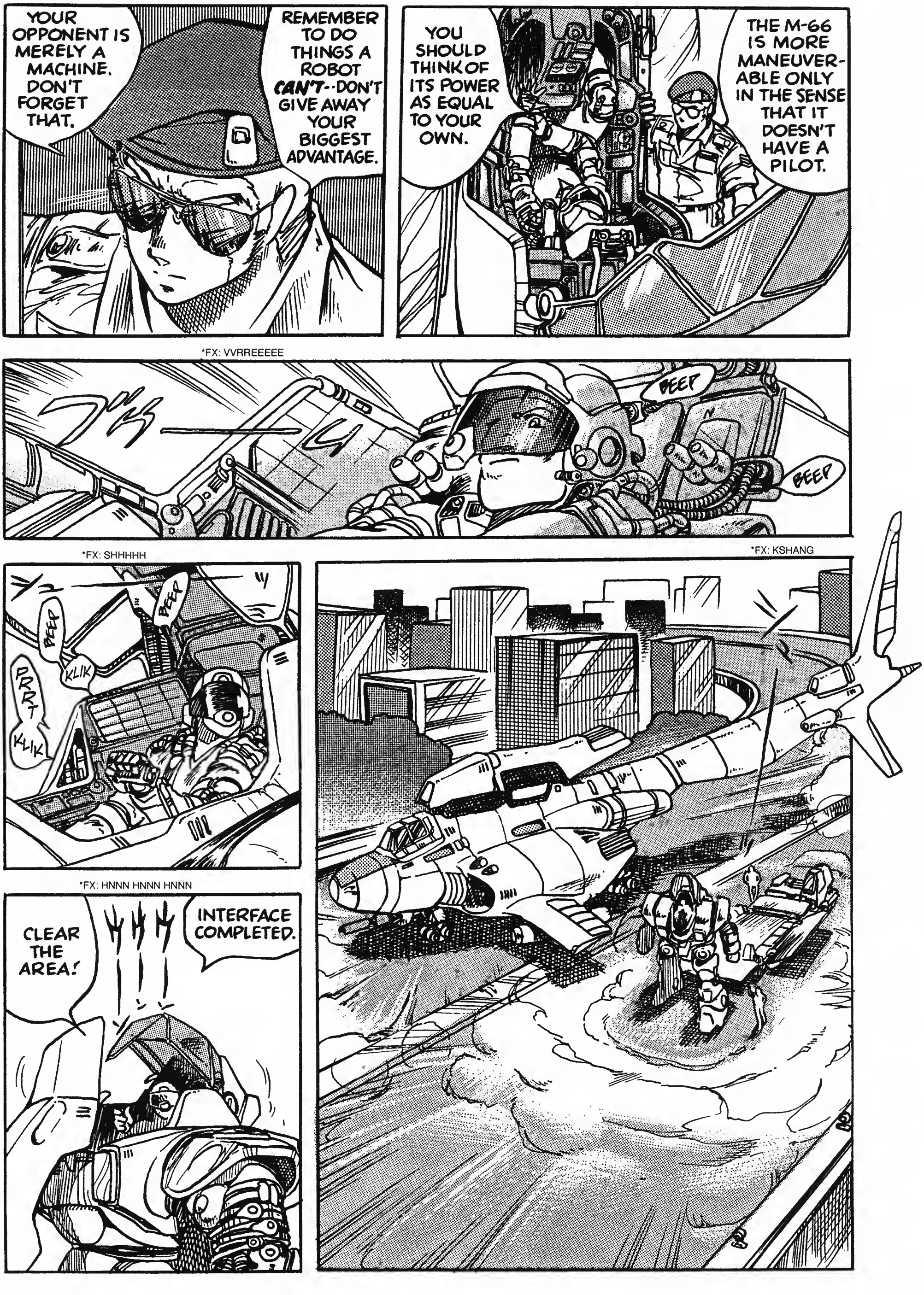

BLAU, CEASCEU, TAKE THE SKIRMISH SHIPS AND PROVIDE COVER.
YOU ALL SET, ROGER?


YESSIR!


*FX: BEEEP BEEEP
ピーッ ピーッ
IN ALL PROBABILITY, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU MUCH COVER. JUST TRY TO IMMOBILIZE IT, ALL RIGHT?
MF. C.C.T USHMAEL


?
?
?!
?
?
*SHHPP
ザザザ...


*FX: BEEP BEEP BEEP BOOP
THE *ISHMAEL* IS CONFIGURED FOR DESERT USE, BUT...
...AT LEAST IT HAS ARMS MOUNTED ON IT FOR HANDLING SMALL OPPONENTS. NO ARMOR TO SPEAK OF, SO WATCH IT.
ANY QUESTIONS?

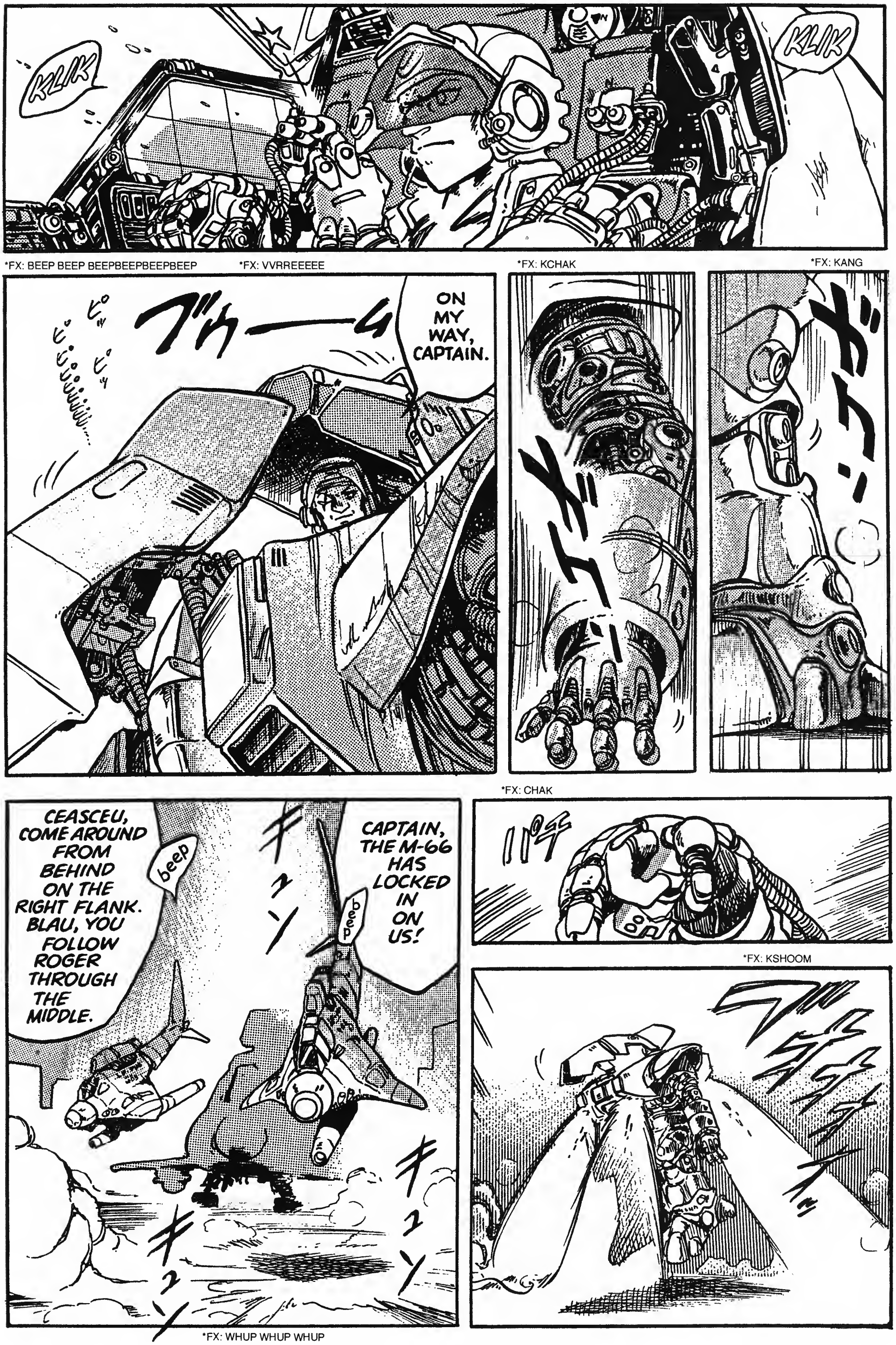

YOUR OPPONENT IS MERELY A MACHINE. DON'T FORGET THAT.
REMEMBER TO DO THINGS A ROBOT **CAN'T**--DON'T GIVE AWAY YOUR BIGGEST ADVANTAGE.
YOU SHOULD THINK OF ITS POWER AS EQUAL TO YOUR OWN.
THE M-66 IS MORE MANEUVERABLE ONLY IN THE SENSE THAT IT DOESN'T HAVE A PILOT.
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
KLIK
PRRT
KLIK
CLEAR THE AREA!
INTERFACE COMPLETED.

*FX: VVRREEEEE

*FX: SHHHHH

*FX: KSHANG

*FX: HNNN HNNN HNNN


KLIK
KLIK
ON MY WAY, CAPTAIN.
CAPTAIN, THE M-66 HAS LOCKED IN ON US!
beep
beep
CEASCEU, COME AROUND FROM BEHIND ON THE RIGHT FLANK. BLAU, YOU FOLLOW ROGER THROUGH THE MIDDLE.

*FX: BEEP BEEP BEEPBEEPBEEPBEEP

*FX: VVRREEEEE

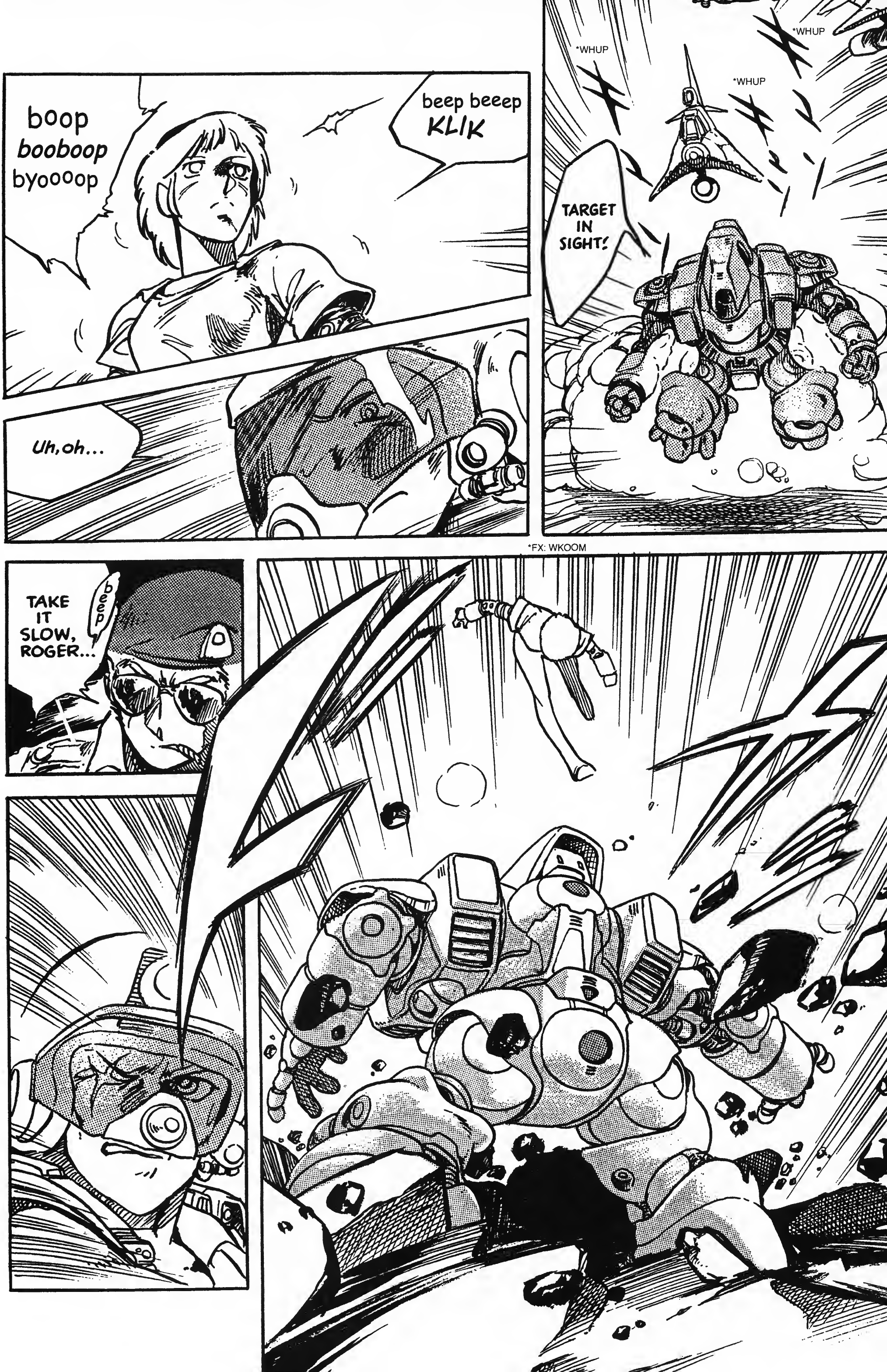
*FX: KCHAK

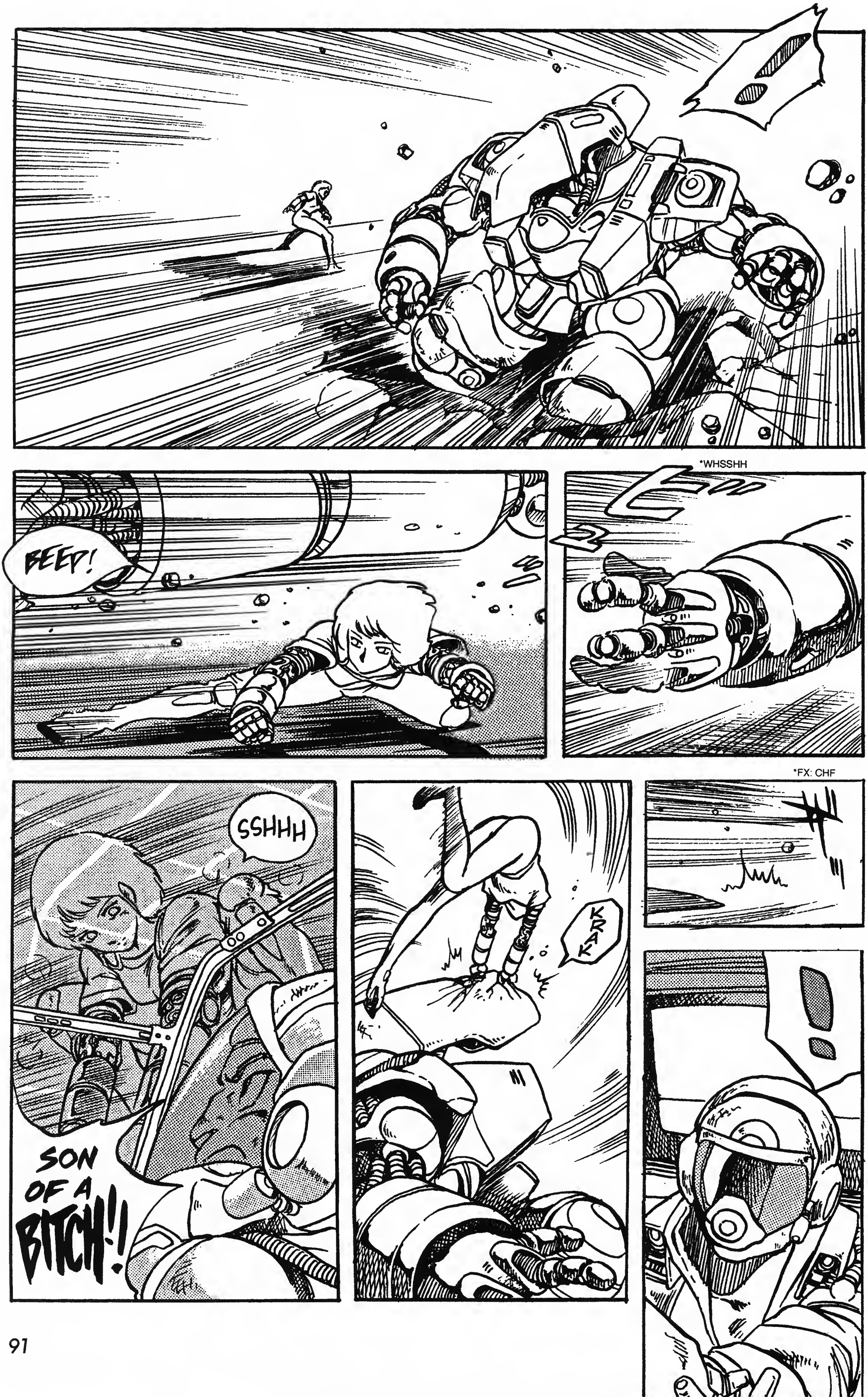
*FX: KANG

*FX: CHAK

*FX: KSHOOM

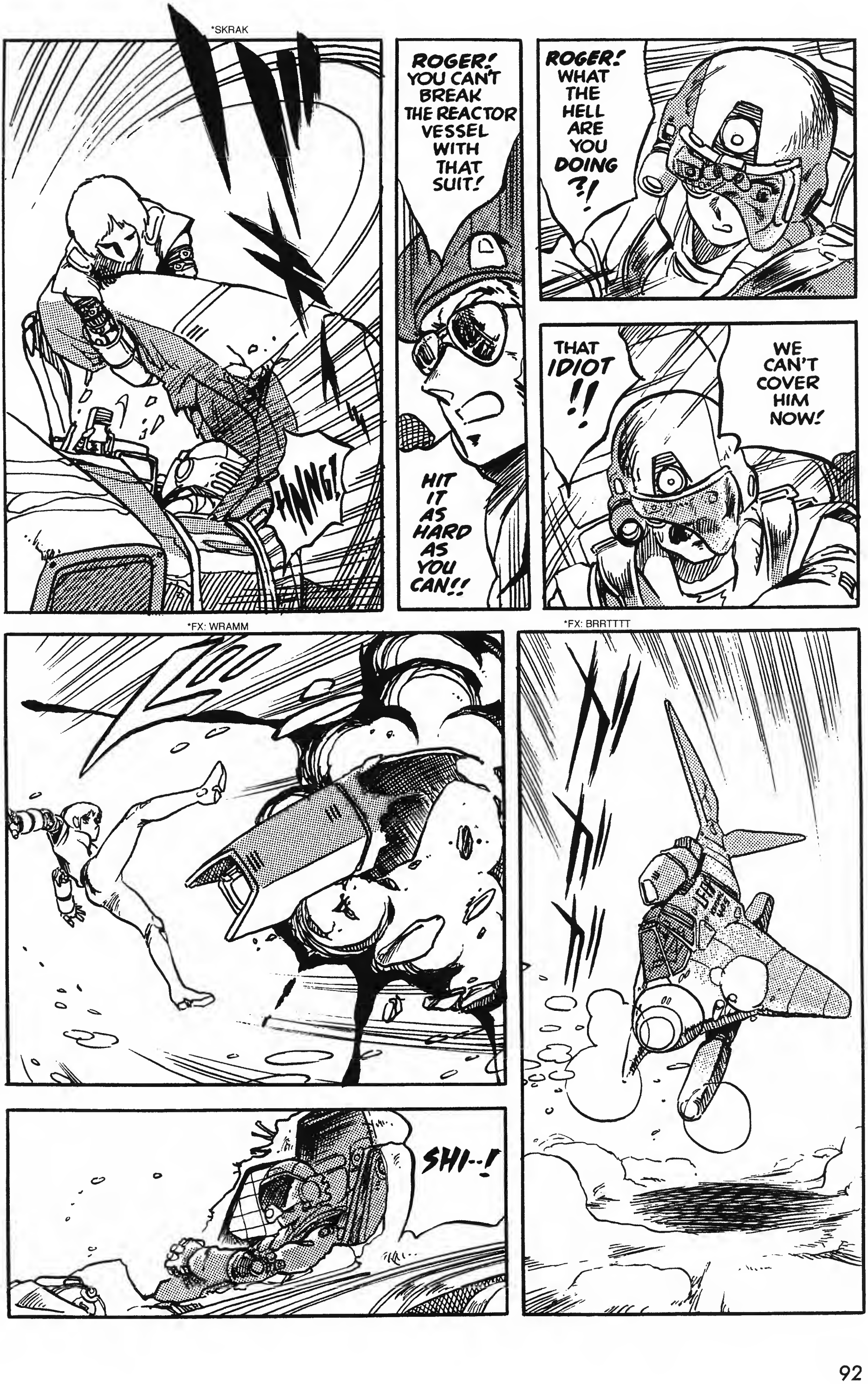
*FX: WHUP WHUP WHUP

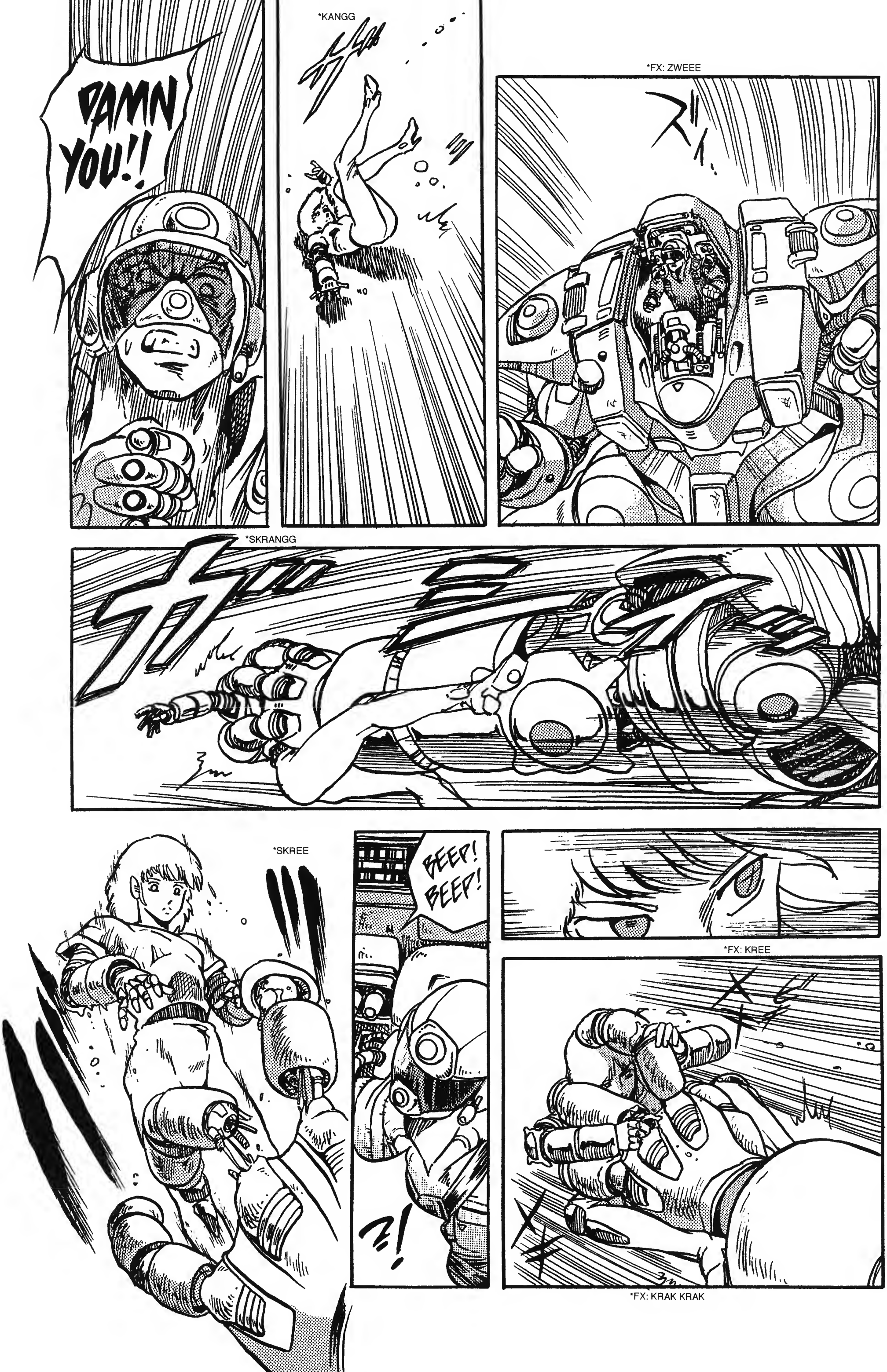

boop
booboop
byoooop
beep beeep
KLIK
Uh,oh...
*WHUP
*WHUP
*WHUP
TARGET IN SIGHT!
*FX: WKOOM
TAKE IT SLOW, ROGER...
beep


!
BEEP!
SSHHH
SON OF A BITCH!!
KRAK
!

*WHSSHH

*FX: CHF


*SKRAK
HNNG!
ROGER! YOU CAN'T BREAK THE REACTOR VESSEL WITH THAT SUIT!
HIT IT AS HARD AS YOU CAN!!
ROGER! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!
THAT IDIOT!!
WE CAN'T COVER HIM NOW!
*FX: WRAMM
SHI--!
*FX: BRRTTTT

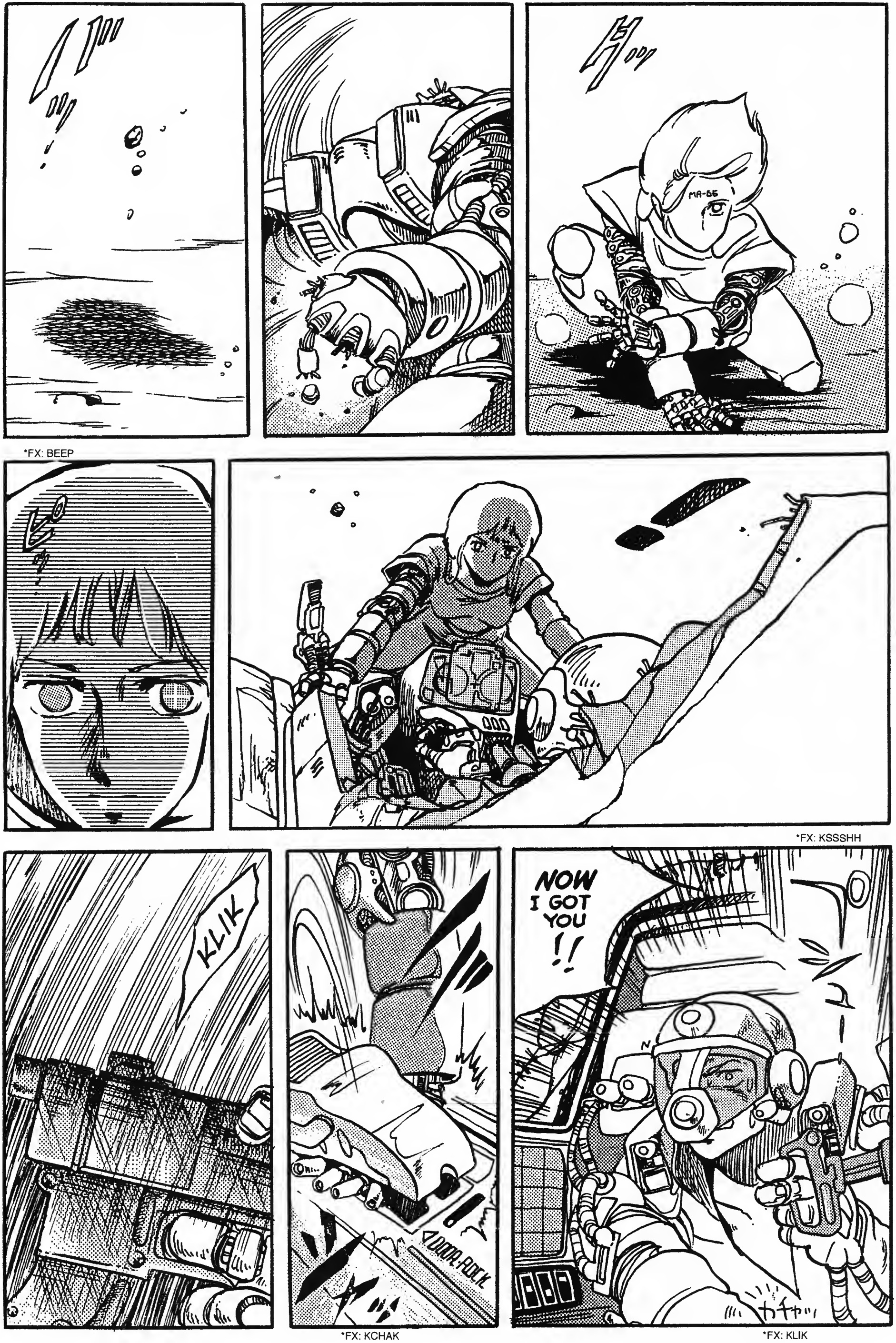

DAMN YOU!!
*KANGG
*FX: ZWEEE
*SKRANGG
*SKREE
BEEP! BEEP!
?!
*FX: KREE
*FX: KRAK KRAK

*FX WHSSH

*FX: TMP

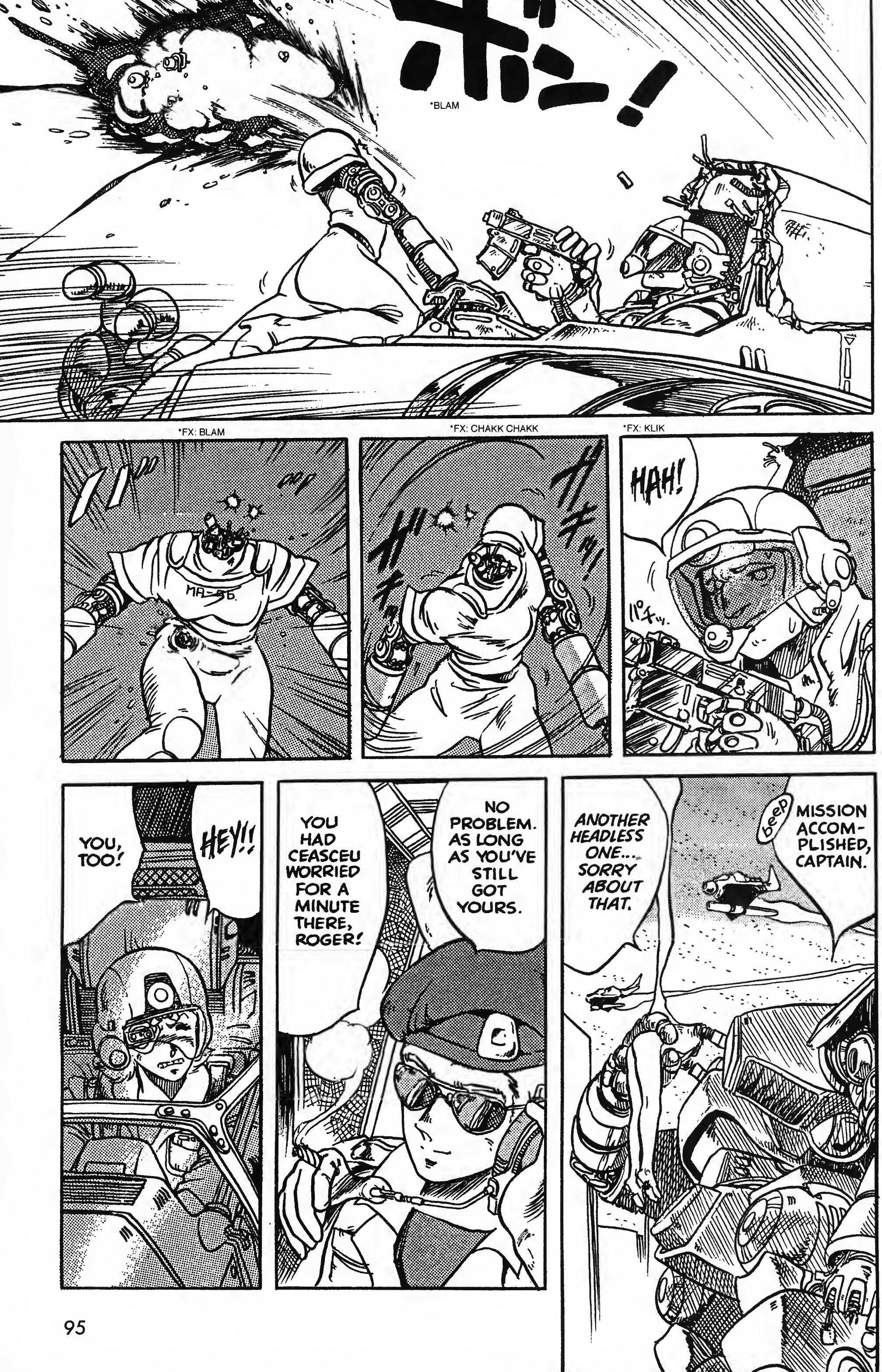
*FX: BEEP

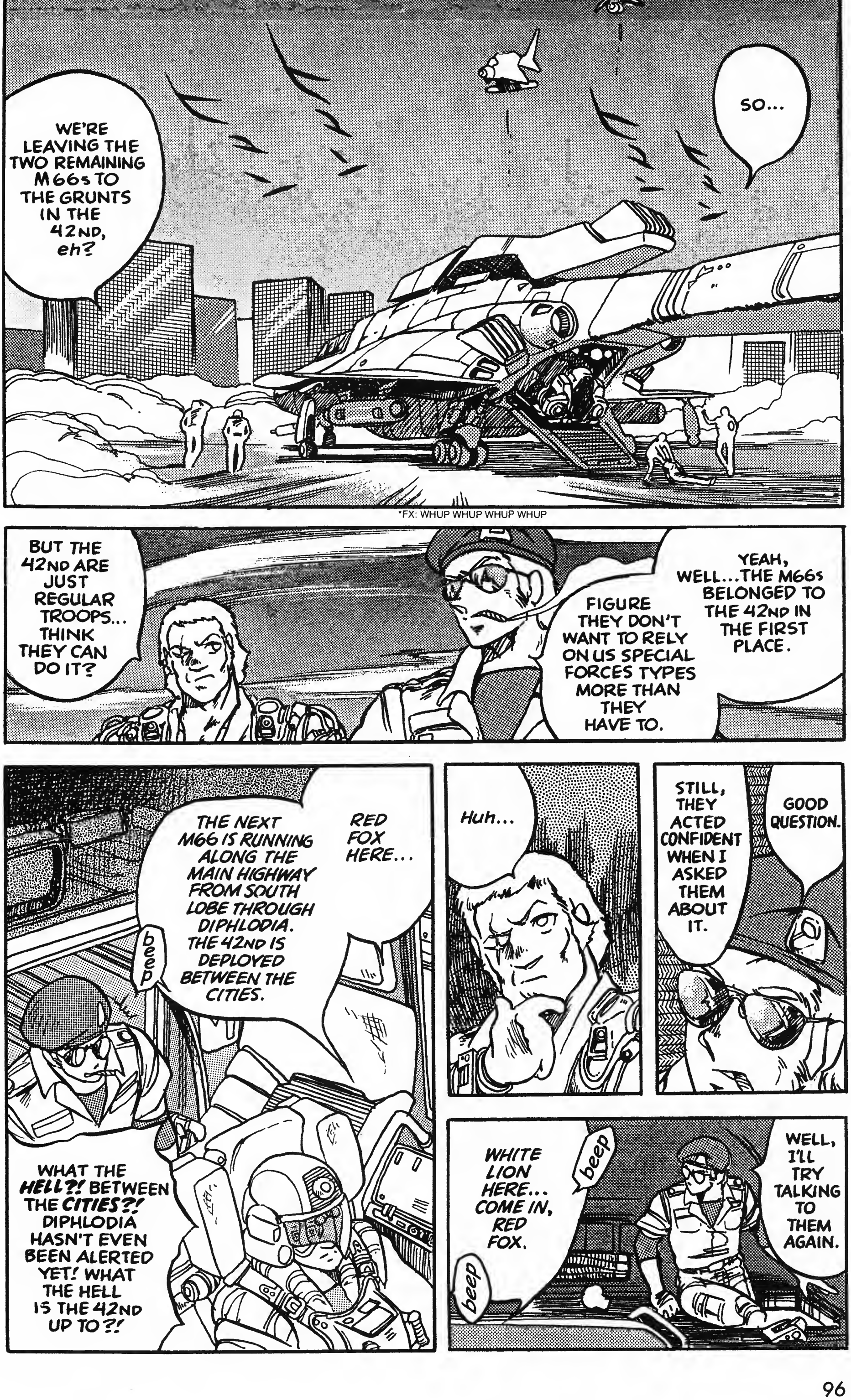
*FX: KSSSHH

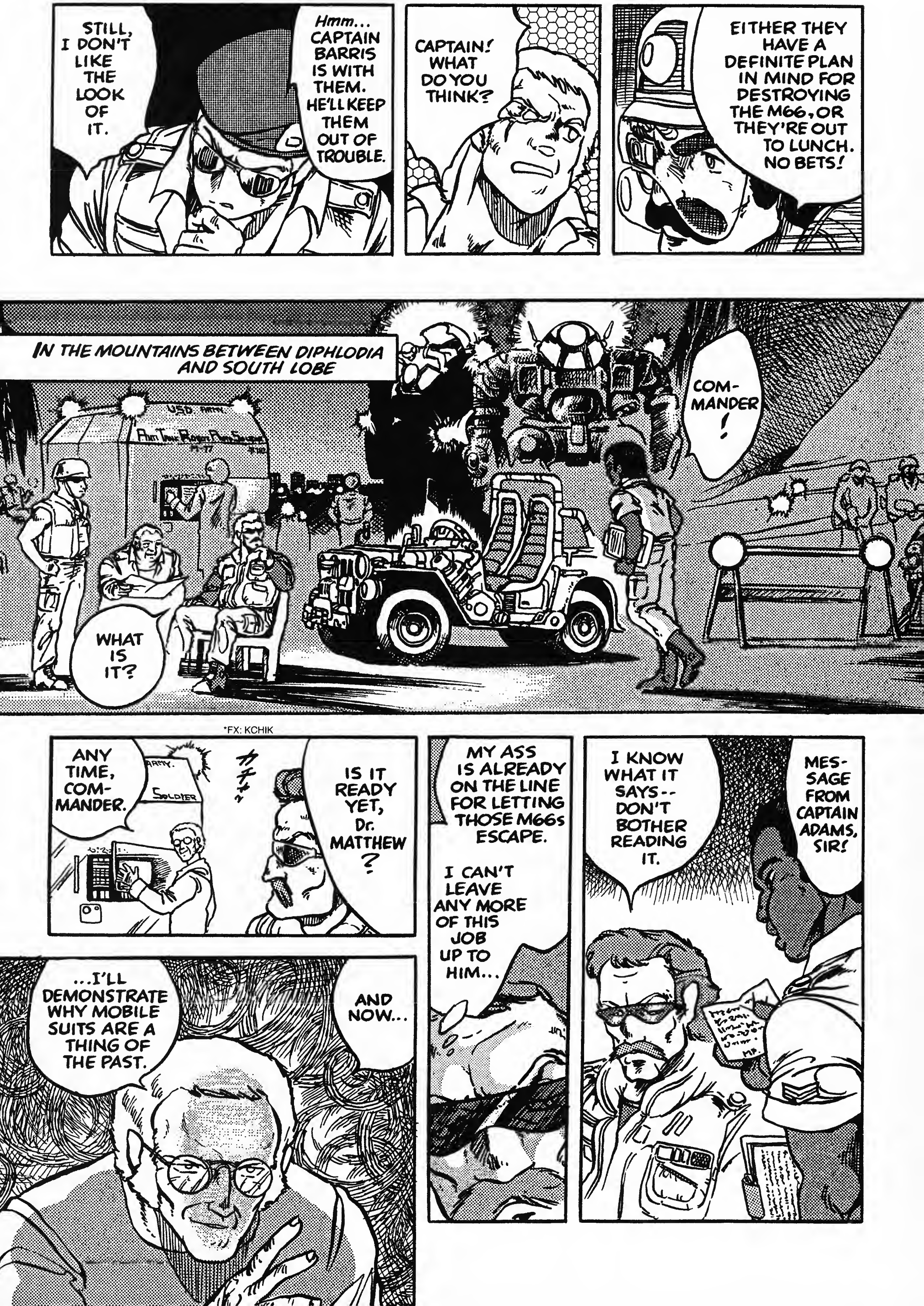

MA-66
KLIK
NOW I GOT YOU !!
DOOR-ROCK
カチャッ

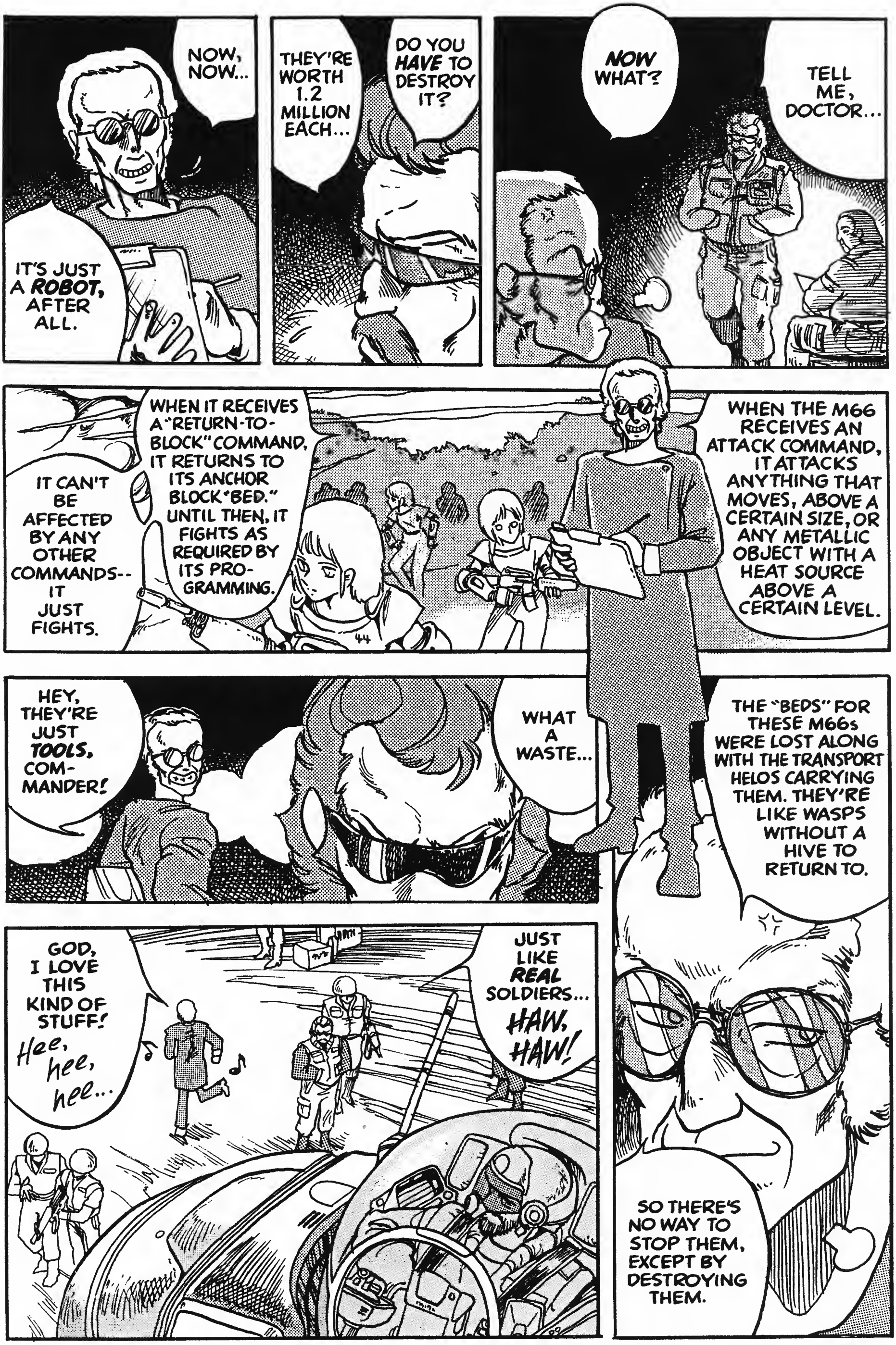
*FX: KCHAK

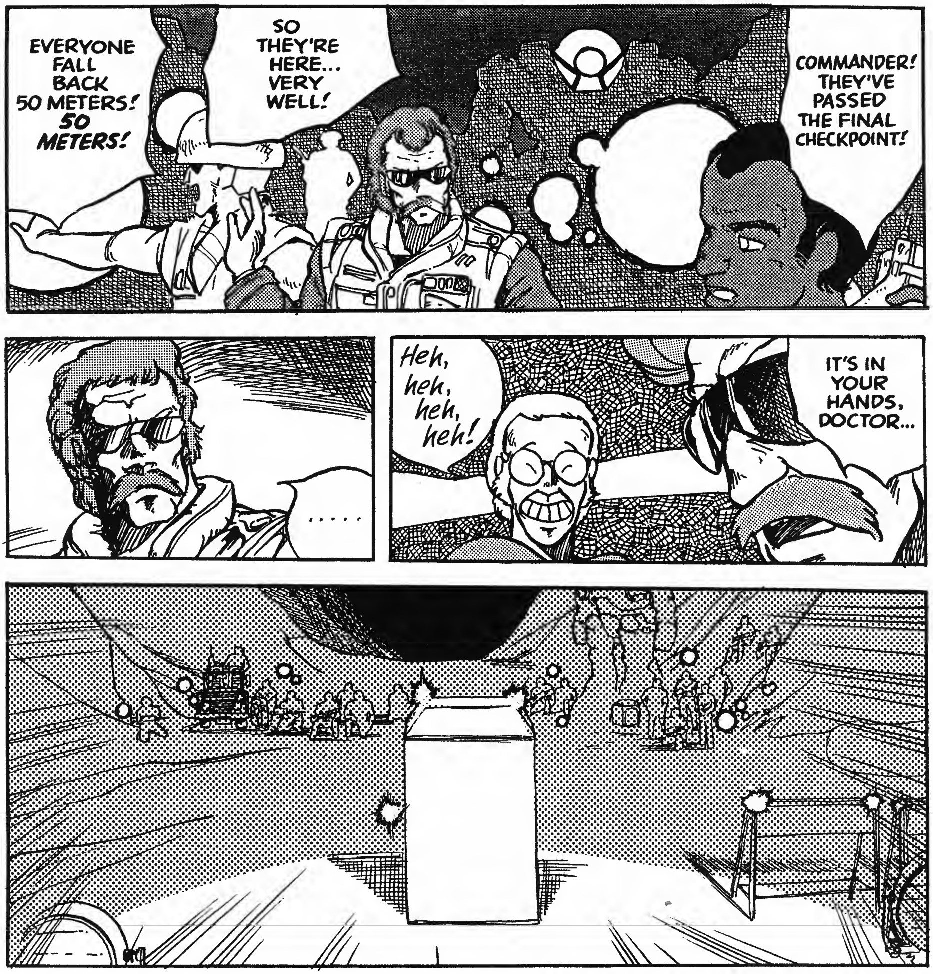
*FX: KLIK


ボンッ!
*BLAM
*FX: KLIK
HAH!
パチッ
*FX: CHAKK CHAKK
*FX: BLAM
MA-56.
beep
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, CAPTAIN.
ANOTHER HEADLESS ONE... SORRY ABOUT THAT.
NO PROBLEM. AS LONG AS YOU'VE STILL GOT YOURS.
YOU HAD CEASCEU WORRIED FOR A MINUTE THERE, ROGER!
HEY!!
YOU, TOO!


SO...
WE'RE LEAVING THE TWO REMAINING M66s TO THE GRUNTS IN THE 42ND, eh?
*FX: WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP
YEAH, WELL...THE M66s BELONGED TO THE 42ND IN THE FIRST PLACE.
FIGURE THEY DON'T WANT TO RELY ON US SPECIAL FORCES TYPES MORE THAN THEY HAVE TO.
BUT THE 42ND ARE JUST REGULAR TROOPS... THINK THEY CAN DO IT?
GOOD QUESTION.
STILL, THEY ACTED CONFIDENT WHEN I ASKED THEM ABOUT IT.
Huh...
WELL, I'LL TRY TALKING TO THEM AGAIN.
beep
WHITE LION HERE... COME IN, RED FOX.
beep
RED FOX HERE...
THE NEXT M66 IS RUNNING ALONG THE MAIN HIGHWAY FROM SOUTH LOBE THROUGH DIPHLODIA. THE 42ND IS DEPLOYED BETWEEN THE CITIES.
beep
WHAT THE HELL?! BETWEEN THE CITIES?! DIPHLODIA HASN'T EVEN BEEN ALERTED YET! WHAT THE HELL IS THE 42ND UP TO?!

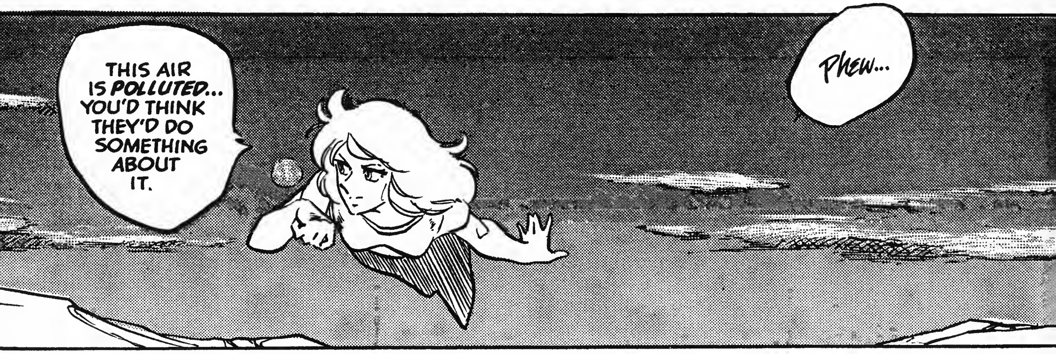
Hmm... CAPTAIN BARRIS IS WITH THEM. HE'LL KEEP THEM OUT OF TROUBLE.
STILL, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF IT.
CAPTAIN! WHAT DO YOU THINK?
EITHER THEY HAVE A DEFINITE PLAN IN MIND FOR DESTROYING THE M66, OR THEY'RE OUT TO LUNCH. NO BETS!
IN THE MOUNTAINS BETWEEN DIPHLODIA AND SOUTH LOBE
USD ARMY
COM-MANDER!
WHAT IS IT?
*FX: KCHIK
IS IT READY YET, Dr. MATTHEW?
ANY TIME, COM-MANDER.
MES-SAGE FROM CAPTAIN ADAMS, SIR!
I KNOW WHAT IT SAYS-- DON'T BOTHER READING IT.
MY ASS IS ALREADY ON THE LINE FOR LETTING THOSE M66s ESCAPE.
I CAN'T LEAVE ANY MORE OF THIS JOB UP TO HIM...
AND NOW...
...I'LL DEMONSTRATE WHY MOBILE SUITS ARE A THING OF THE PAST.

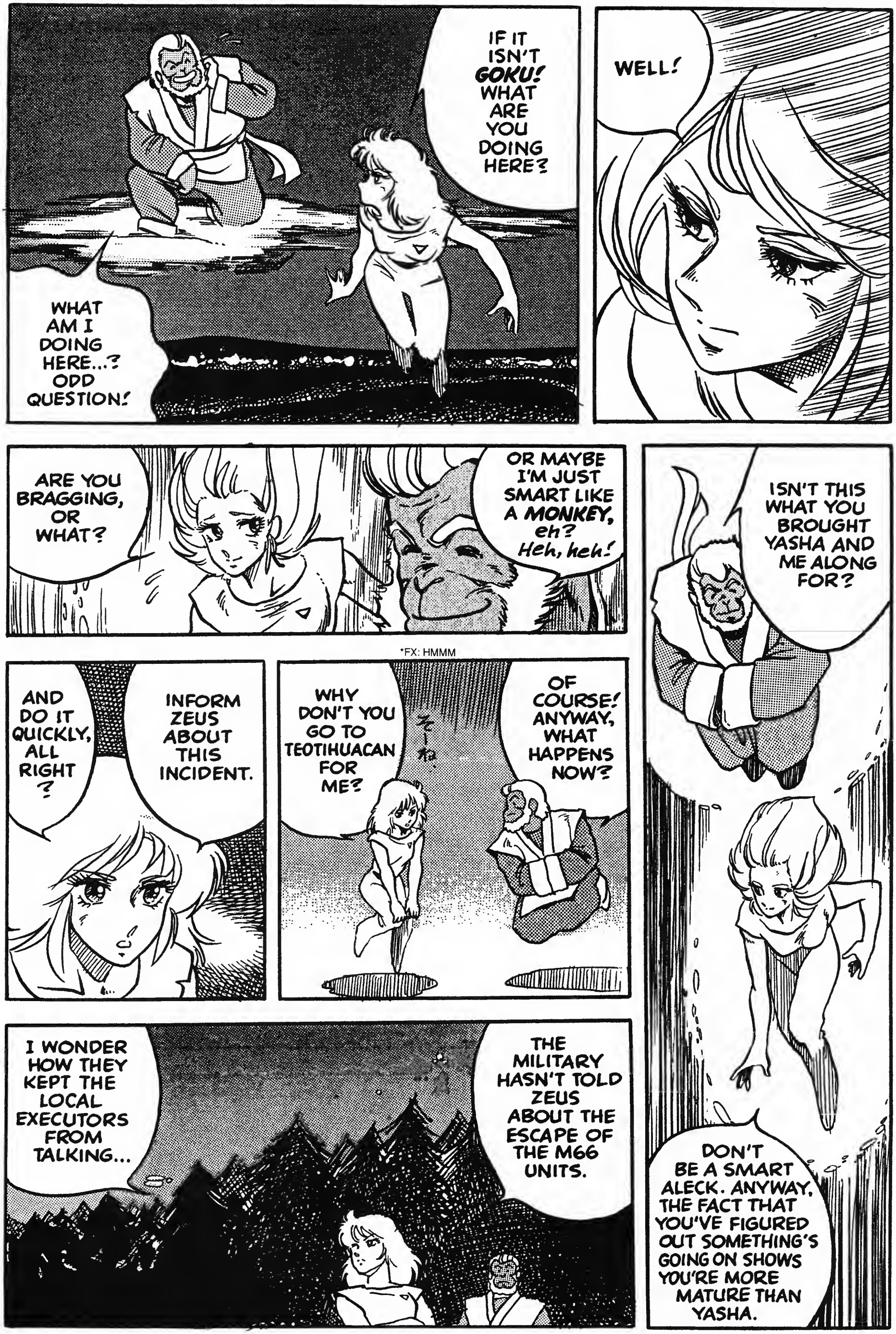

TELL ME, DOCTOR...
NOW WHAT?
DO YOU HAVE TO DESTROY IT?
THEY'RE WORTH 1.2 MILLION EACH...
NOW, NOW...
IT'S JUST A ROBOT, AFTER ALL.
WHEN THE M66 RECEIVES AN ATTACK COMMAND, IT ATTACKS ANYTHING THAT MOVES, ABOVE A CERTAIN SIZE, OR ANY METALLIC OBJECT WITH A HEAT SOURCE ABOVE A CERTAIN LEVEL.
WHEN IT RECEIVES A "RETURN-TO-BLOCK" COMMAND, IT RETURNS TO ITS ANCHOR BLOCK "BED." UNTIL THEN, IT FIGHTS AS REQUIRED BY ITS PROGRAMMING.
IT CAN'T BE AFFECTED BY ANY OTHER COMMANDS-- IT JUST FIGHTS.
THE "BEDS" FOR THESE M66s WERE LOST ALONG WITH THE TRANSPORT HELOS CARRYING THEM. THEY'RE LIKE WASPS WITHOUT A HIVE TO RETURN TO.
SO THERE'S NO WAY TO STOP THEM, EXCEPT BY DESTROYING THEM.
WHAT A WASTE...
HEY, THEY'RE JUST TOOLS, COMMANDER!
JUST LIKE REAL SOLDIERS... HAW, HAW!
GOD, I LOVE THIS KIND OF STUFF! Hee, hee, hee...
44


EVERYONE FALL BACK 50 METERS! **50 METERS!**
SO THEY'RE HERE... VERY WELL!
COMMANDER! THEY'VE PASSED THE FINAL CHECKPOINT!
.....
Heh, heh, heh, heh!
IT'S IN YOUR HANDS, DOCTOR...

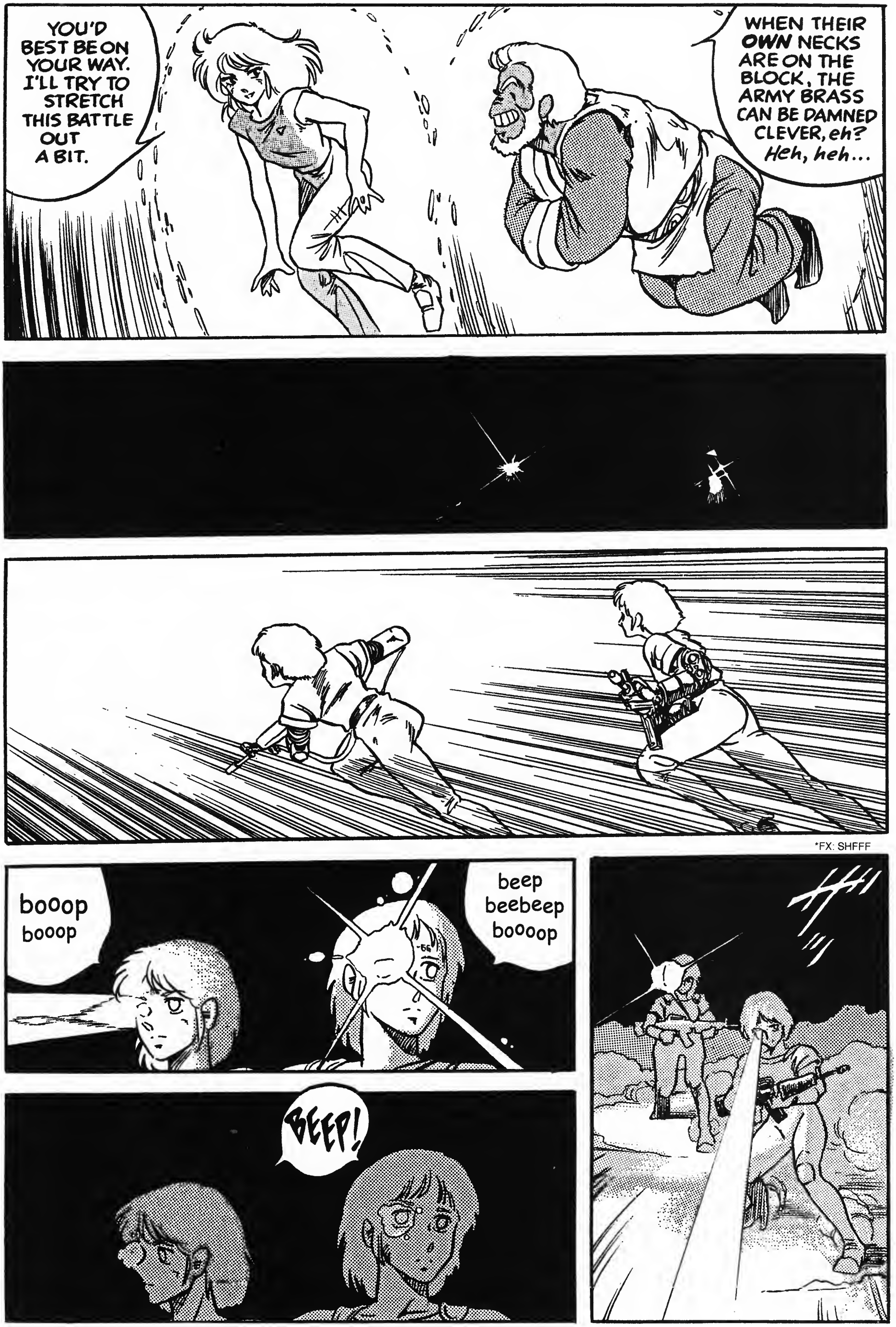
BATTLEFIELD: Part Three

IN THE AIR ABOVE THE NORTH LOBE/ DIPHLODIA MOUNTAINS

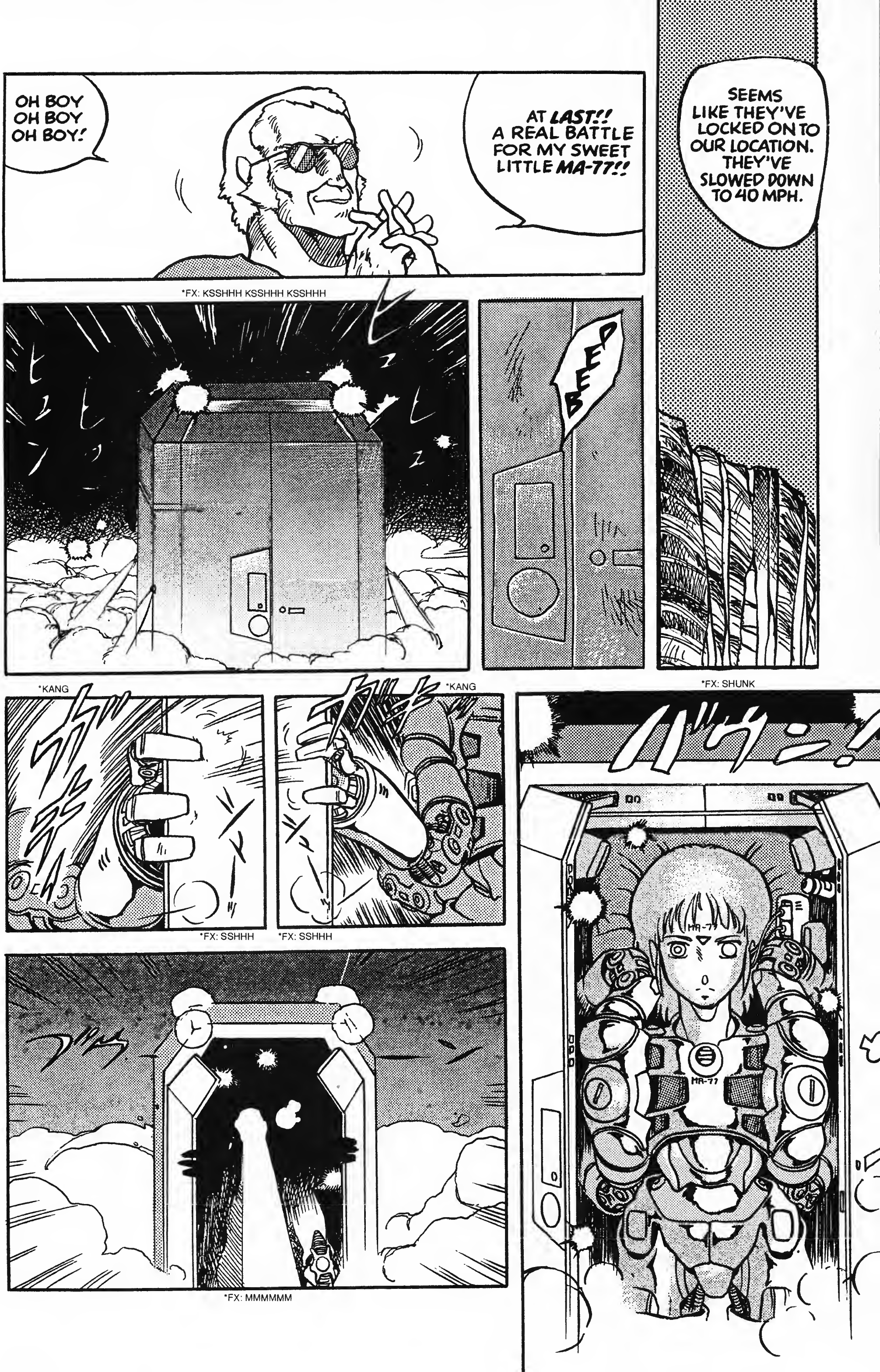

THIS AIR IS ***POLLUTED***... YOU'D THINK THEY'D DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.
Phew...


IF IT ISN'T **GOKU!** WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WHAT AM I DOING HERE...? ODD QUESTION!
WELL!
ISN'T THIS WHAT YOU BROUGHT YASHA AND ME ALONG FOR?
DON'T BE A SMART ALECK. ANYWAY, THE FACT THAT YOU'VE FIGURED OUT SOMETHING'S GOING ON SHOWS YOU'RE MORE MATURE THAN YASHA.
OR MAYBE I'M JUST SMART LIKE A **MONKEY**, *eh? Heh, heh!*
ARE YOU BRAGGING, OR WHAT?
OF COURSE! ANYWAY, WHAT HAPPENS NOW?
WHY DON'T YOU GO TO TEOTIHUACAN FOR ME?
INFORM ZEUS ABOUT THIS INCIDENT.
AND DO IT QUICKLY, ALL RIGHT?
THE MILITARY HASN'T TOLD ZEUS ABOUT THE ESCAPE OF THE M66 UNITS.
I WONDER HOW THEY KEPT THE LOCAL EXECUTORS FROM TALKING...

*FX: HMMM


YOU'D BEST BE ON YOUR WAY. I'LL TRY TO STRETCH THIS BATTLE OUT A BIT.
WHEN THEIR **OWN** NECKS ARE ON THE BLOCK, THE ARMY BRASS CAN BE DAMNED CLEVER, *eh? Heh, heh...*
booop booop
beep beebeep booop
BEEP!

*FX: SHFFF


OH BOY
OH BOY
OH BOY!
AT LAST!! A REAL BATTLE FOR MY SWEET LITTLE MA-77!!
SEEMS LIKE THEY'VE LOCKED ON TO OUR LOCATION. THEY'VE SLOWED DOWN TO 40 MPH.
BEEP
MA-77
MA-77

*FX: KSSHHH KSSHHH KSSHHH

*KANG

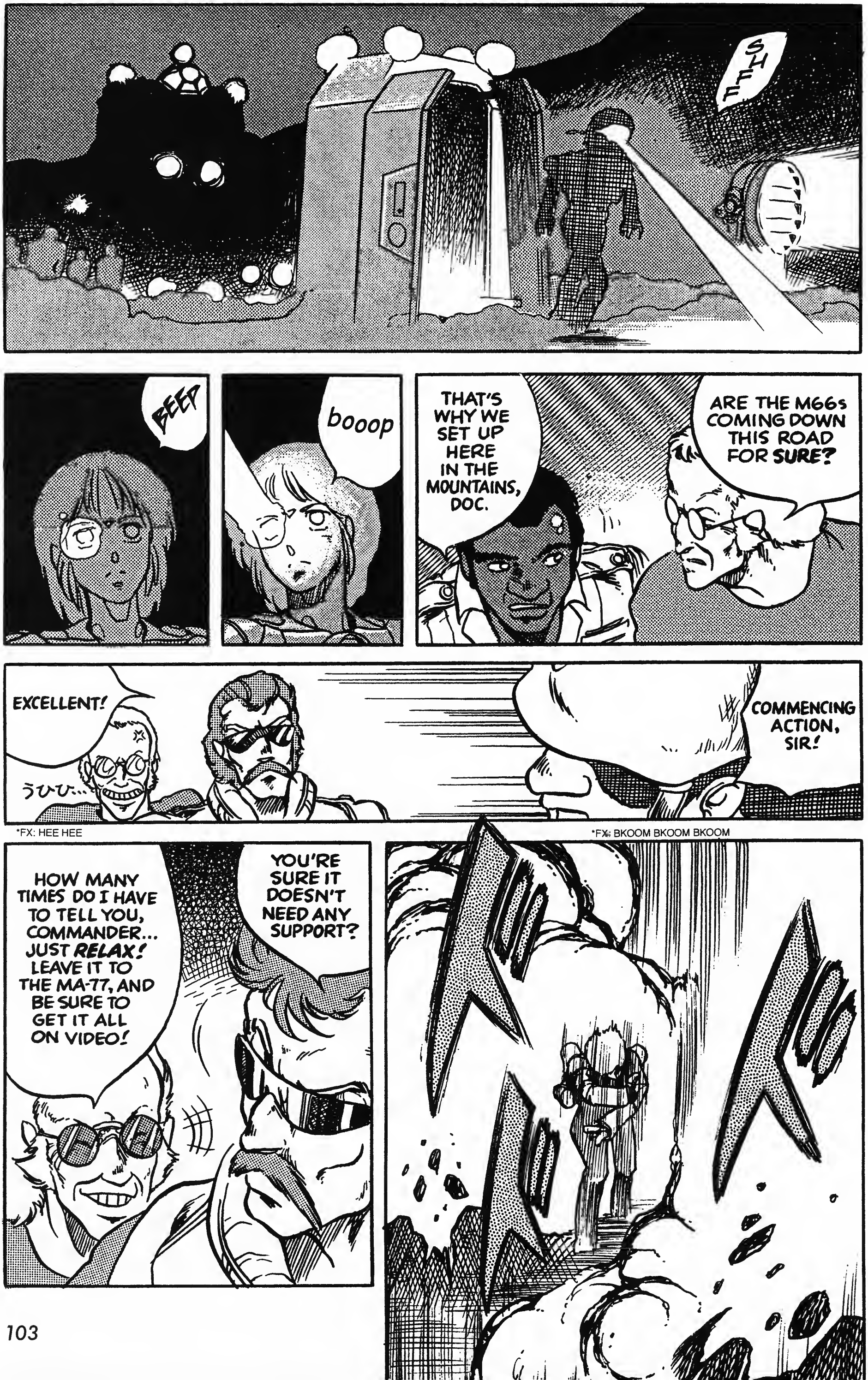
*KANG

*FX: SHUNK

*FX: SSHHH

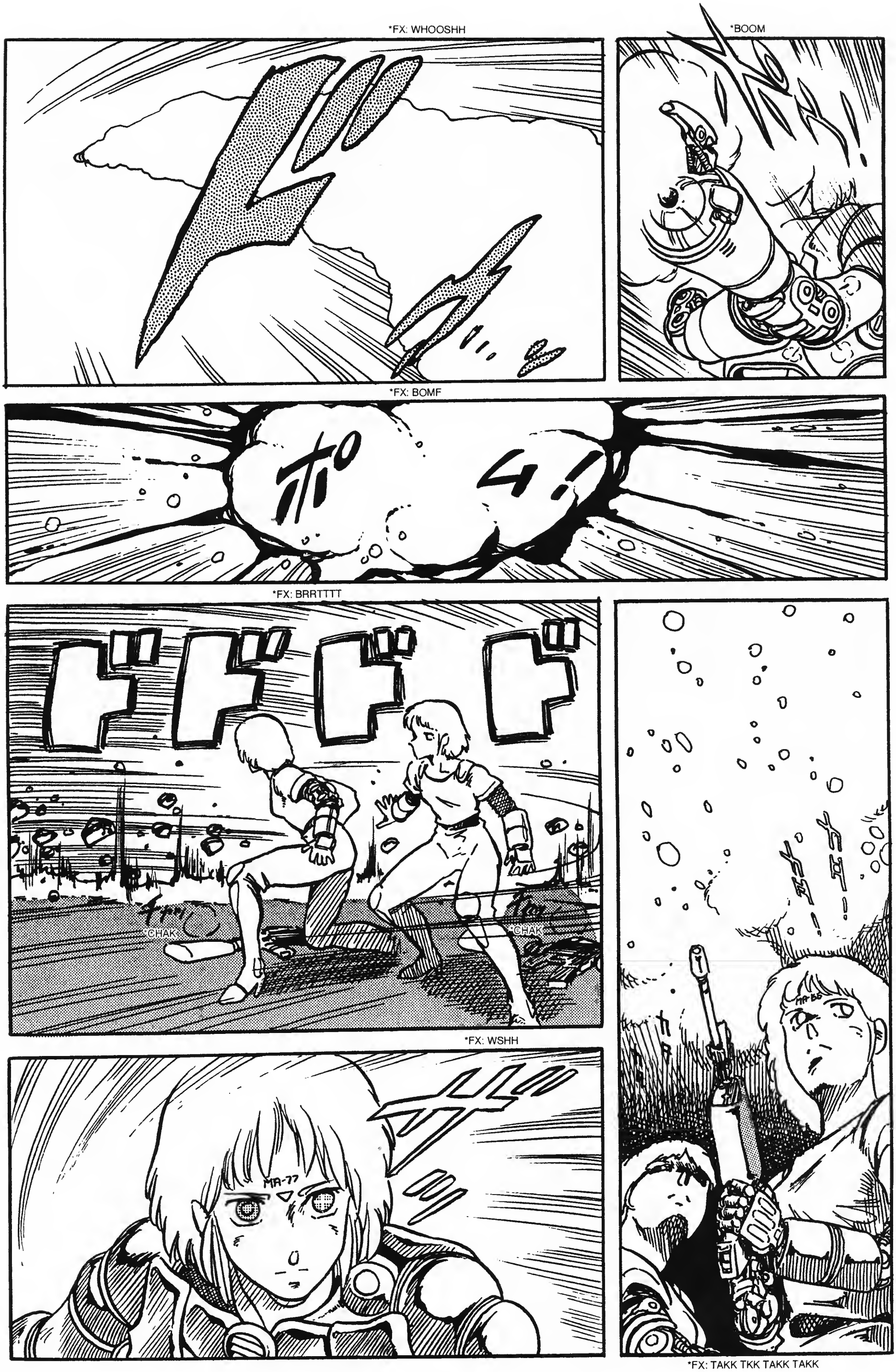
*FX: SSHHH

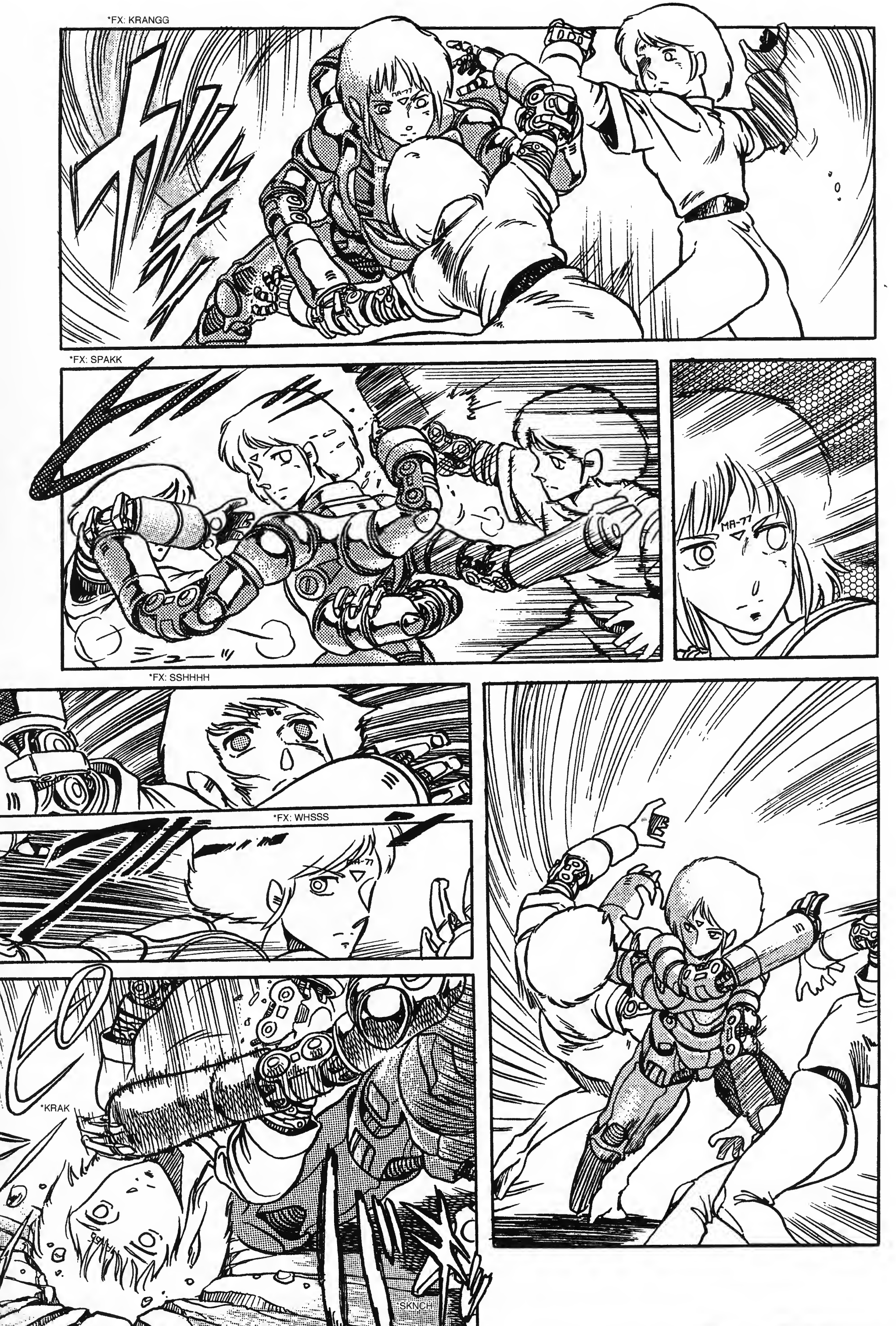
*FX: MMMMMM

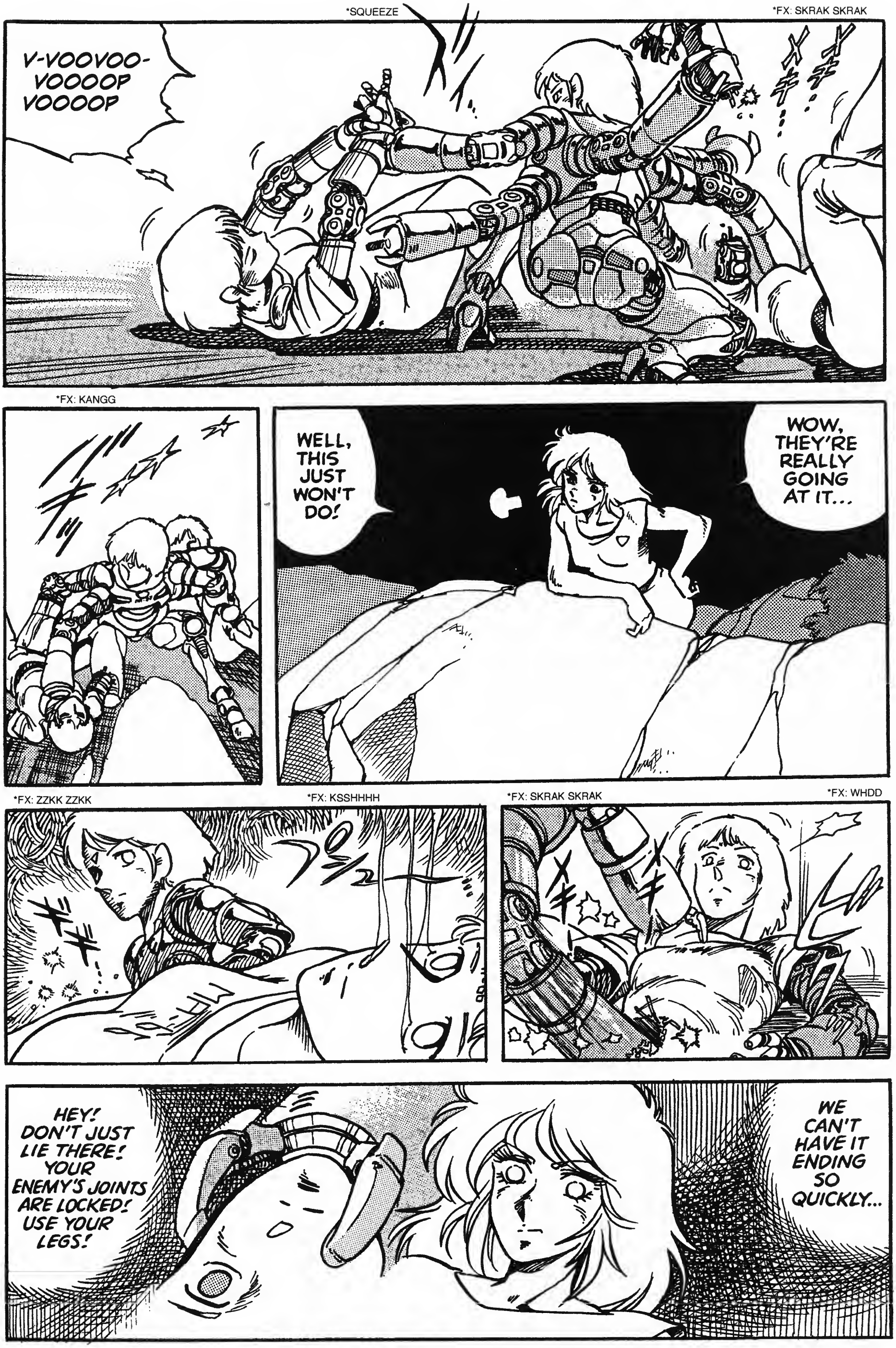

SHFF
ARE THE M66s COMING DOWN THIS ROAD FOR **SURE?**
THAT'S WHY WE SET UP HERE IN THE MOUNTAINS, DOC.
booop
BEEP
COMMENCING ACTION, SIR!
EXCELLENT!
うひひ...
YOU'RE SURE IT DOESN'T NEED ANY SUPPORT?
HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU, COMMANDER... JUST ***RELAX!*** LEAVE IT TO THE MA-77, AND BE SURE TO GET IT ALL ON VIDEO!

*FX: HEE HEE

*FX: BKOOM BKOOM BKOOM


*BOOM
*FX: WHOOSHH
*FX: BOMF
*FX: TAKK TKK TAKK TAKK
*FX: BRRTTTT
ドドドド
*CHAK
*CHAK
*FX: WSHH
MR-77


*FX: KRANGG
MA-77
*FX: SPAKK
MA-77
*FX: SSHHHH
*FX: WHSSS
MA-77
*KRAK
SKNCH



*SQUEEZE

*FX: SKRAK SKRAK

*FX: KANGG

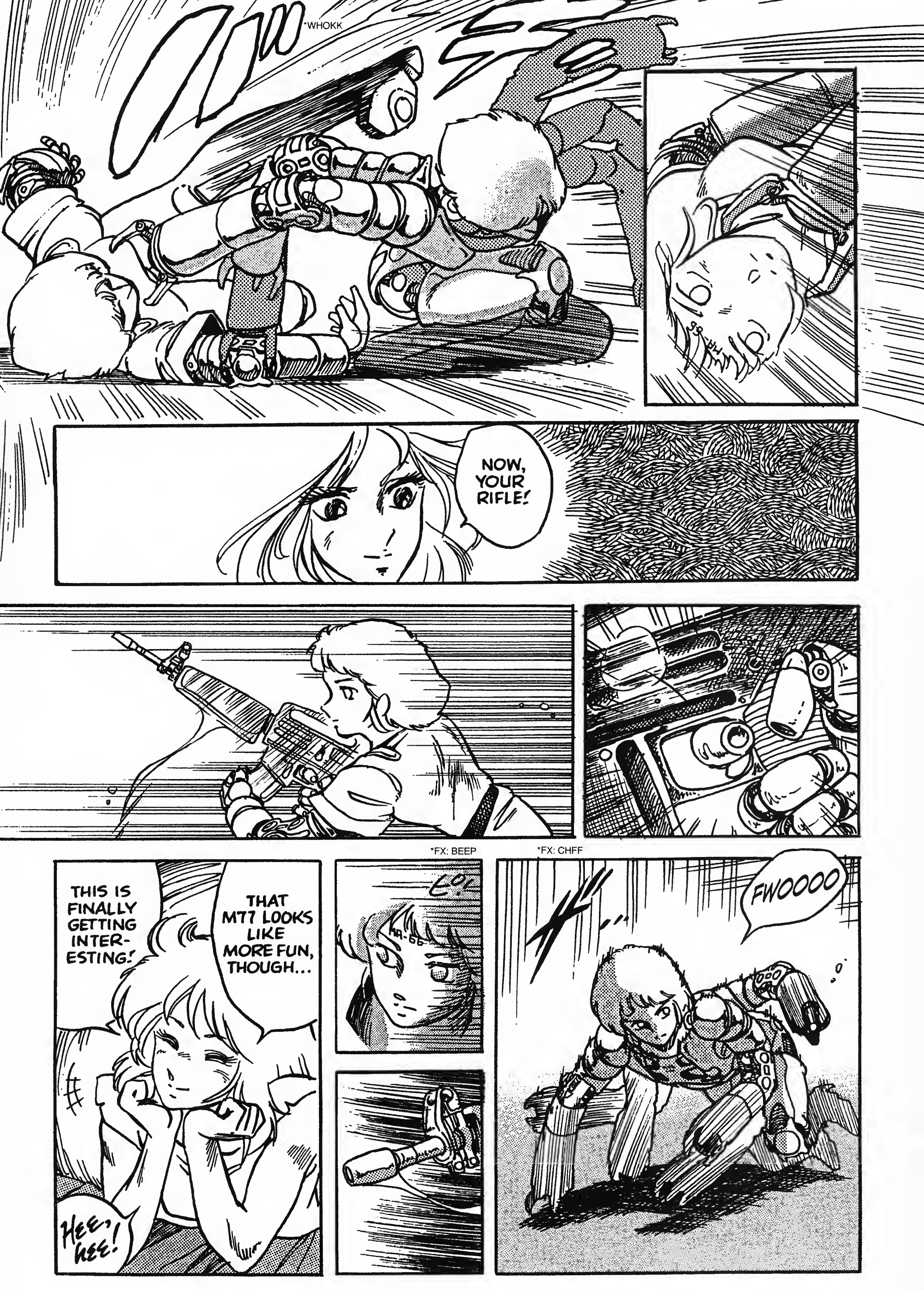
*FX: ZZKK ZZKK

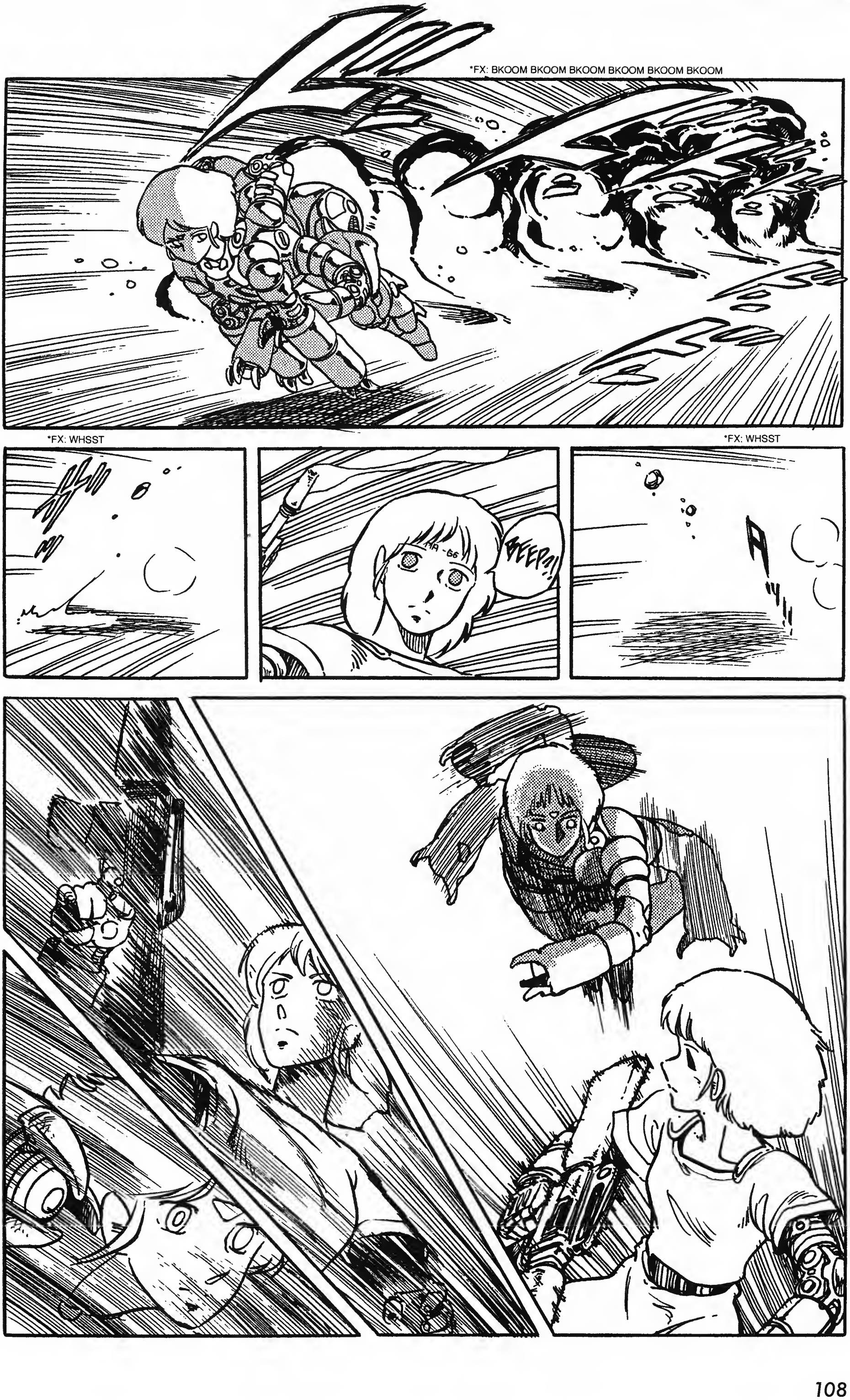
*FX: KSSHHHH

*FX: SKRAK SKRAK

*FX: WHDD

V-VOOVOO-
VOOOOP
VOOOOP
WOW, THEY'RE REALLY GOING AT IT...
WELL, THIS JUST WON'T DO!
WE CAN'T HAVE IT ENDING SO QUICKLY...
HEY! DON'T JUST LIE THERE! YOUR ENEMY'S JOINTS ARE LOCKED! USE YOUR LEGS!

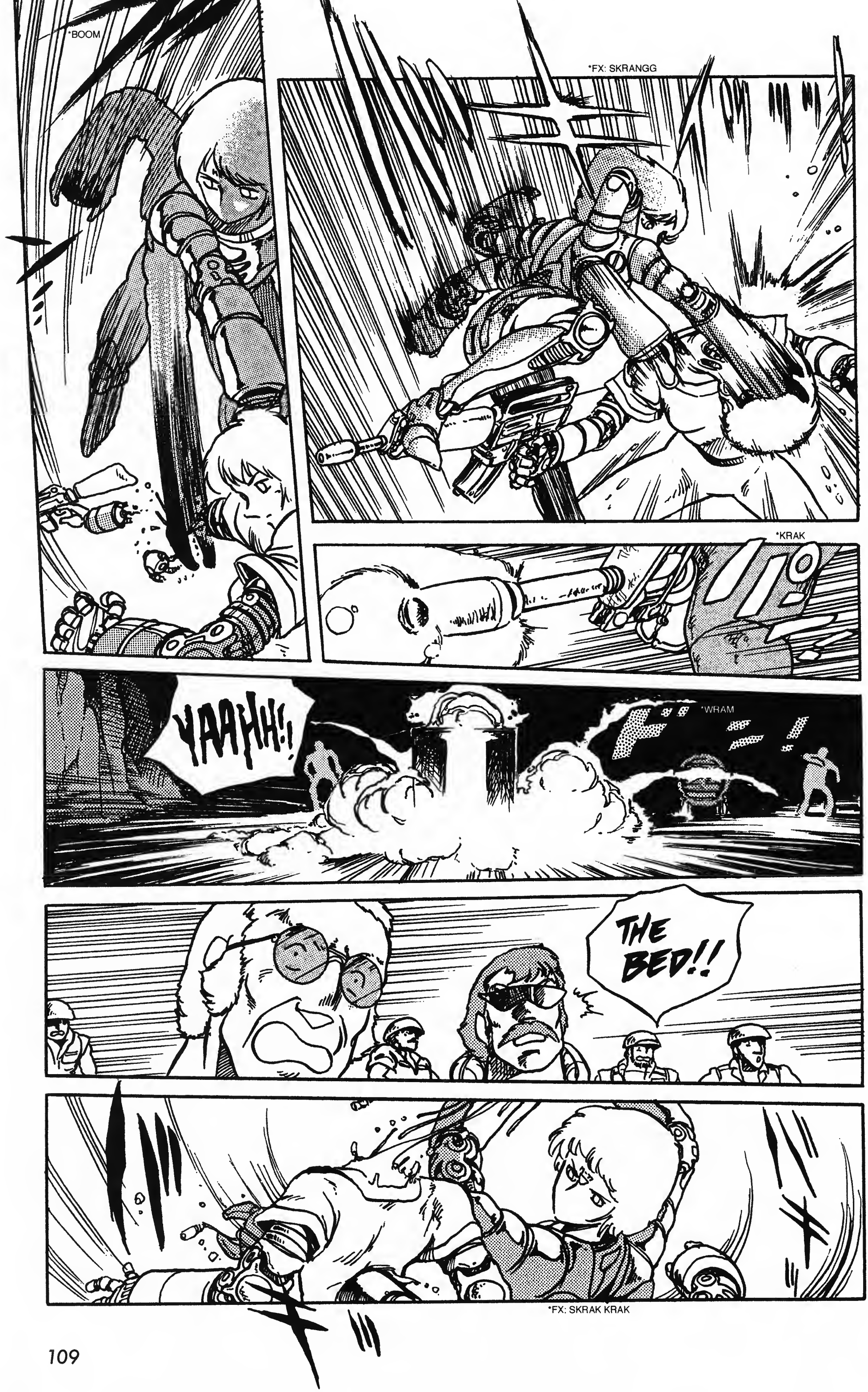

*WHOKK
NOW, YOUR RIFLE!
THIS IS FINALLY GETTING INTERESTING!
THAT M77 LOOKS LIKE MORE FUN, THOUGH...
HEE, HEE!
*FX: BEEP
*FX: CHFF
FWOOOO

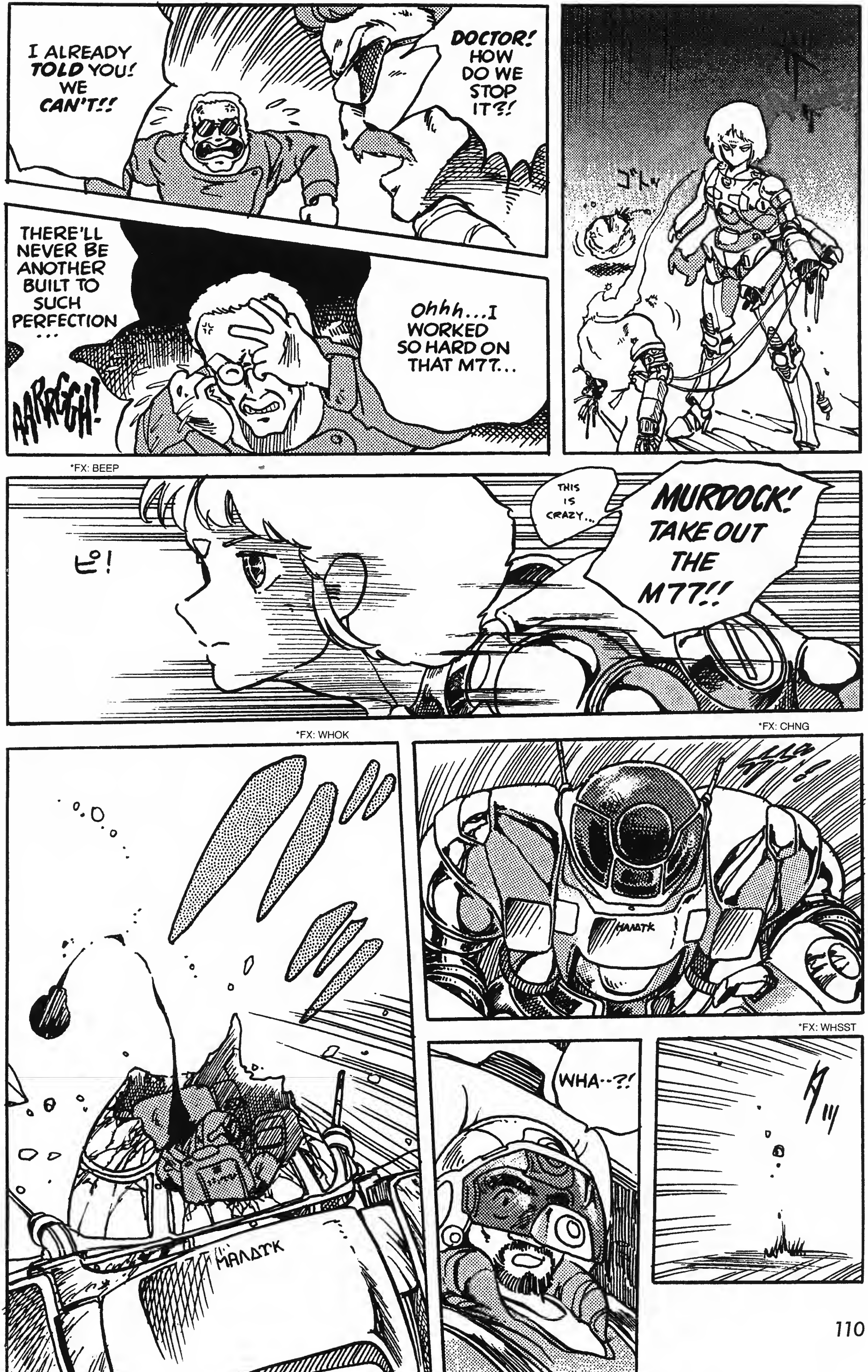


*FX: BKOOM BKOOM BKOOM BKOOM BKOOM BKOOM

*FX: WHSST

*FX: WHSST


*BOOM
*FX: SKRANGG
*KRAK
YAAHH!!
*WRAM
THE BED!!
*FX: SKRAK KRAK



DOCTOR! HOW DO WE STOP IT?!
I ALREADY TOLD YOU! WE CAN'T!!
THERE'LL NEVER BE ANOTHER BUILT TO SUCH PERFECTION...
Ohhh...I WORKED SO HARD ON THAT M77...
AARRGGH!
ゴトッ
ピ!
THIS IS CRAZY...
MURDOCK! TAKE OUT THE M77!!
MANATK
MANATK
WHA--?!

*FX: FMP

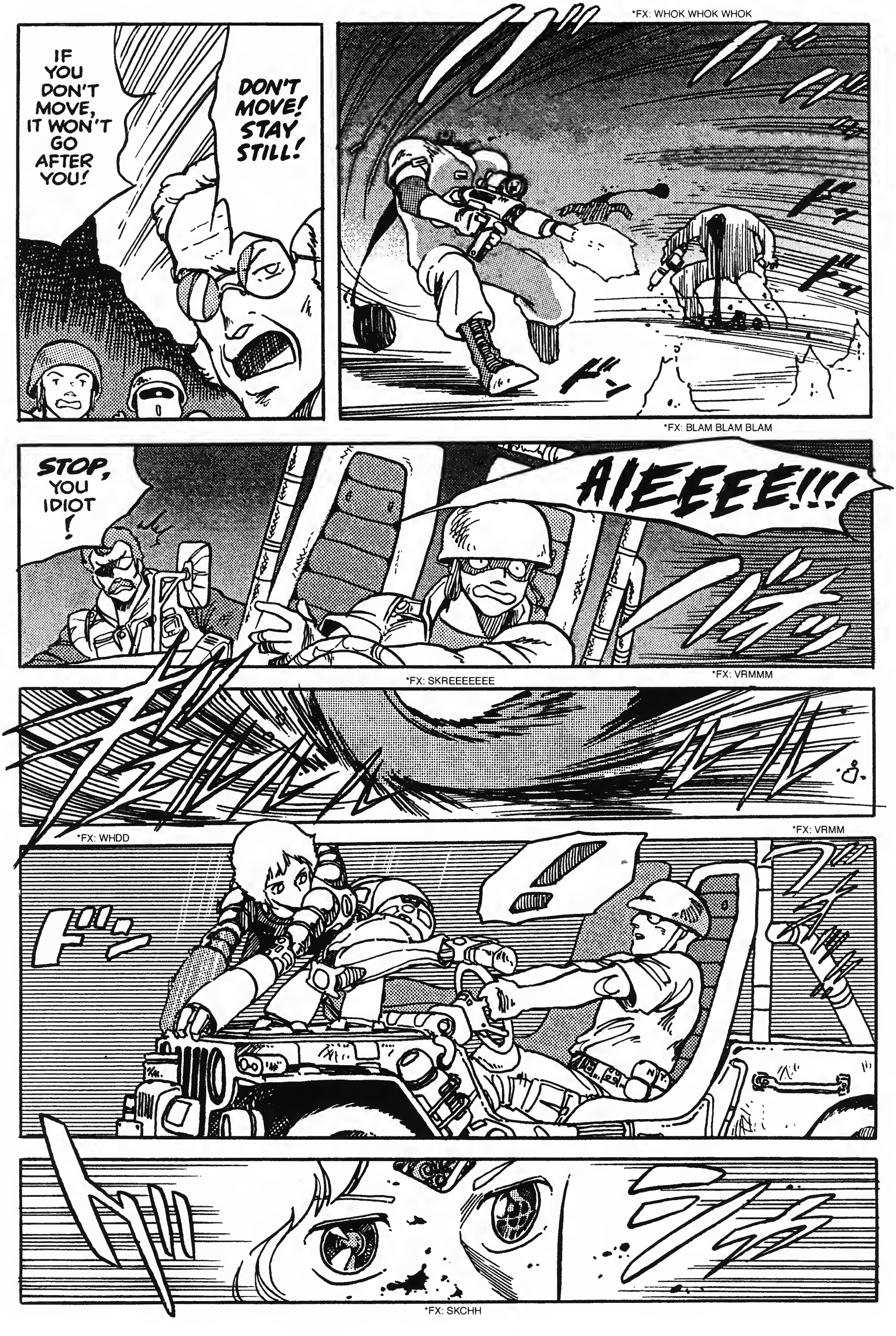
*FX: SHFF

*FX: BEEP

*FX: WHOK

*FX: CHNG

*FX: WHSST


DON'T MOVE! STAY STILL!
IF YOU DON'T MOVE, IT WON'T GO AFTER YOU!
AIEEEE!!!
STOP, YOU IDIOT!

*FX: WHOK WHOK WHOK

*FX: BLAM BLAM BLAM

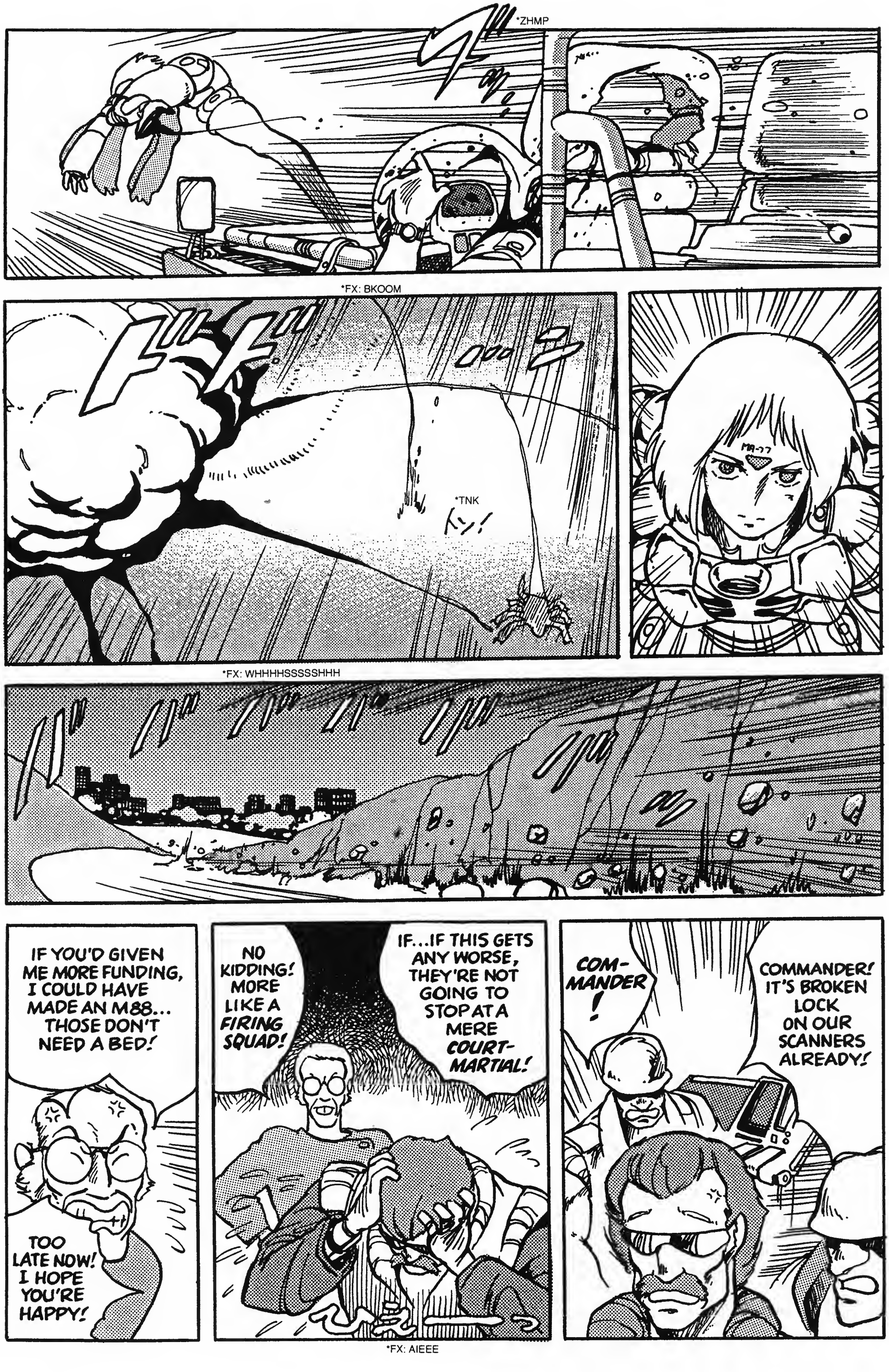
*FX: SKREEEEEEEE

*FX: VRMMM

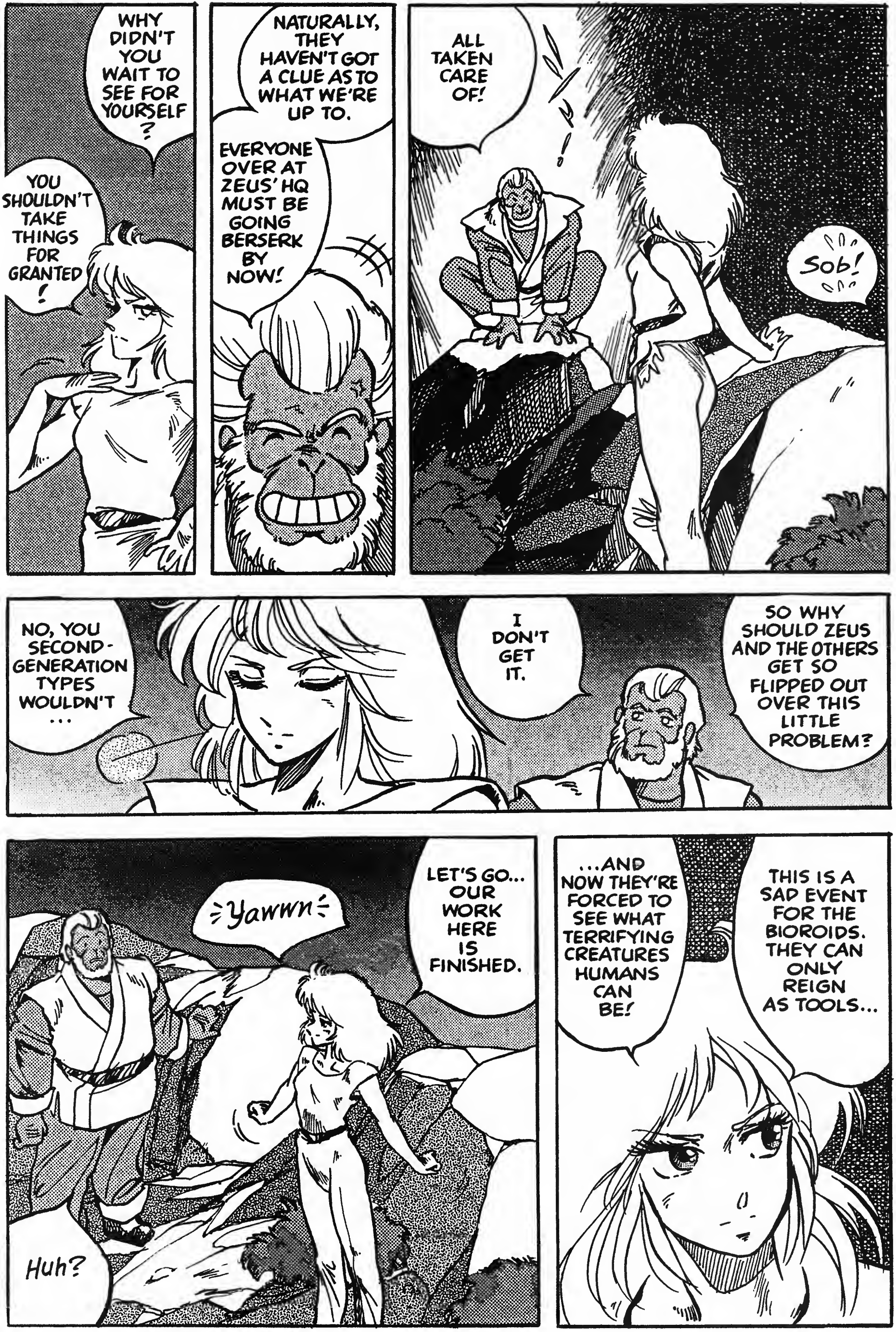
*FX: WHDD

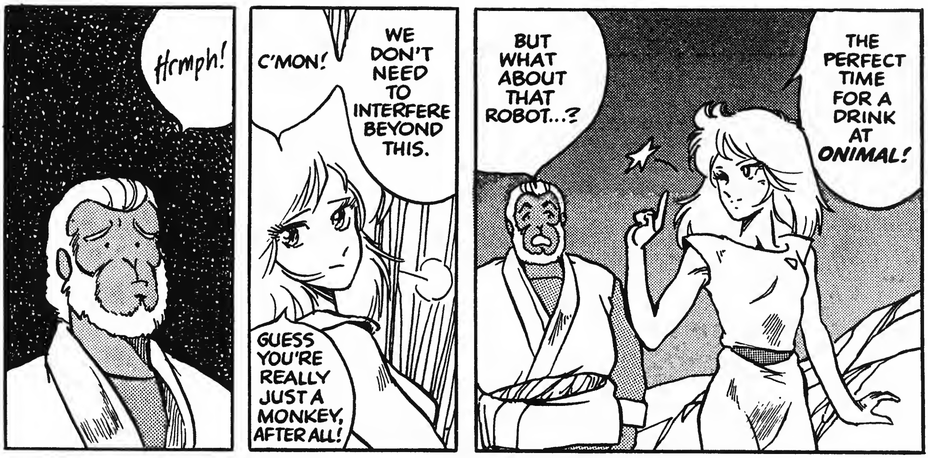
*FX: VRMM

*FX: SKCHH

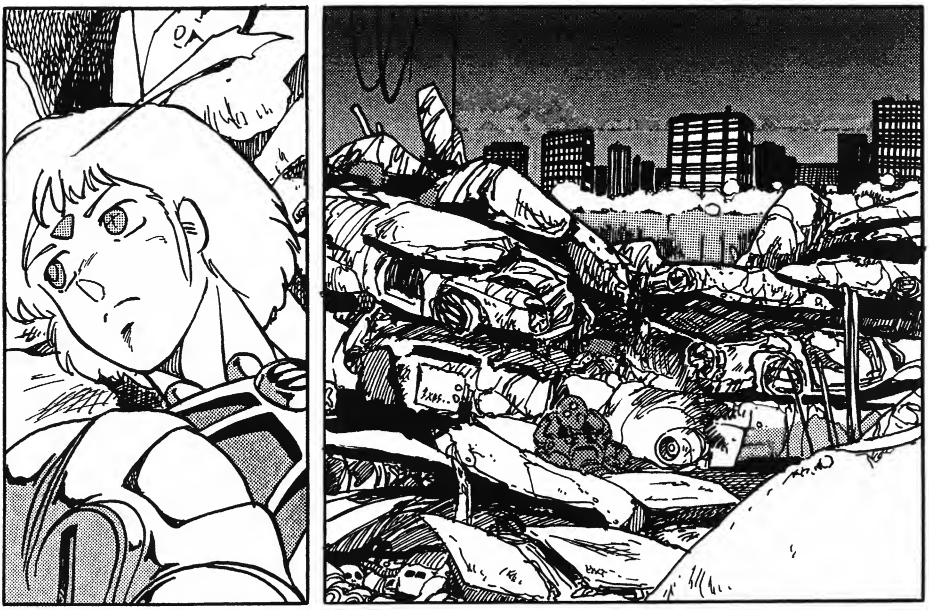

*ZHMP
*FX: BKOOM
*TNK
*FX: WHHHHSSSSSHHH
COMMANDER! IT'S BROKEN LOCK ON OUR SCANNERS ALREADY!
COM-MANDER!
IF...IF THIS GETS ANY WORSE, THEY'RE NOT GOING TO STOP AT A MERE *COURT-MARTIAL!*
NO KIDDING! MORE LIKE A *FIRING SQUAD!*
*FX: AIEEE
IF YOU'D GIVEN ME MORE FUNDING, I COULD HAVE MADE AN M88... THOSE DON'T NEED A BED!
TOO LATE NOW! I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY!

*FX: WHSST

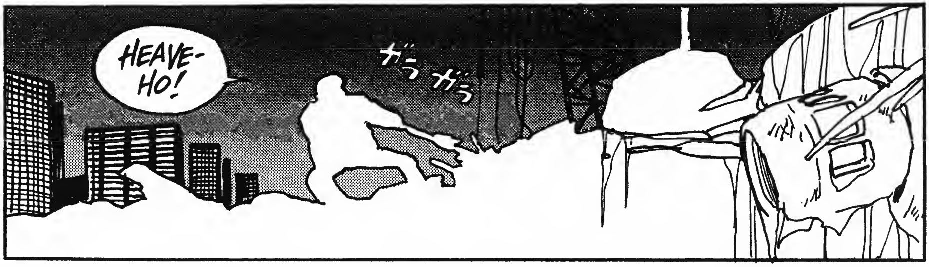

ALL TAKEN CARE OF!
Sob!
NATURALLY, THEY HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE AS TO WHAT WE'RE UP TO.
EVERYONE OVER AT ZEUS' HQ MUST BE GOING BERSERK BY NOW!
WHY DIDN'T YOU WAIT TO SEE FOR YOURSELF?
YOU SHOULDN'T TAKE THINGS FOR GRANTED!
SO WHY SHOULD ZEUS AND THE OTHERS GET SO FLIPPED OUT OVER THIS LITTLE PROBLEM?
I DON'T GET IT.
NO, YOU SECOND-GENERATION TYPES WOULDN'T...
THIS IS A SAD EVENT FOR THE BIOROIDS. THEY CAN ONLY REIGN AS TOOLS...
...AND NOW THEY'RE FORCED TO SEE WHAT TERRIFYING CREATURES HUMANS CAN BE!
LET'S GO... OUR WORK HERE IS FINISHED.
Yawwn
Huh?

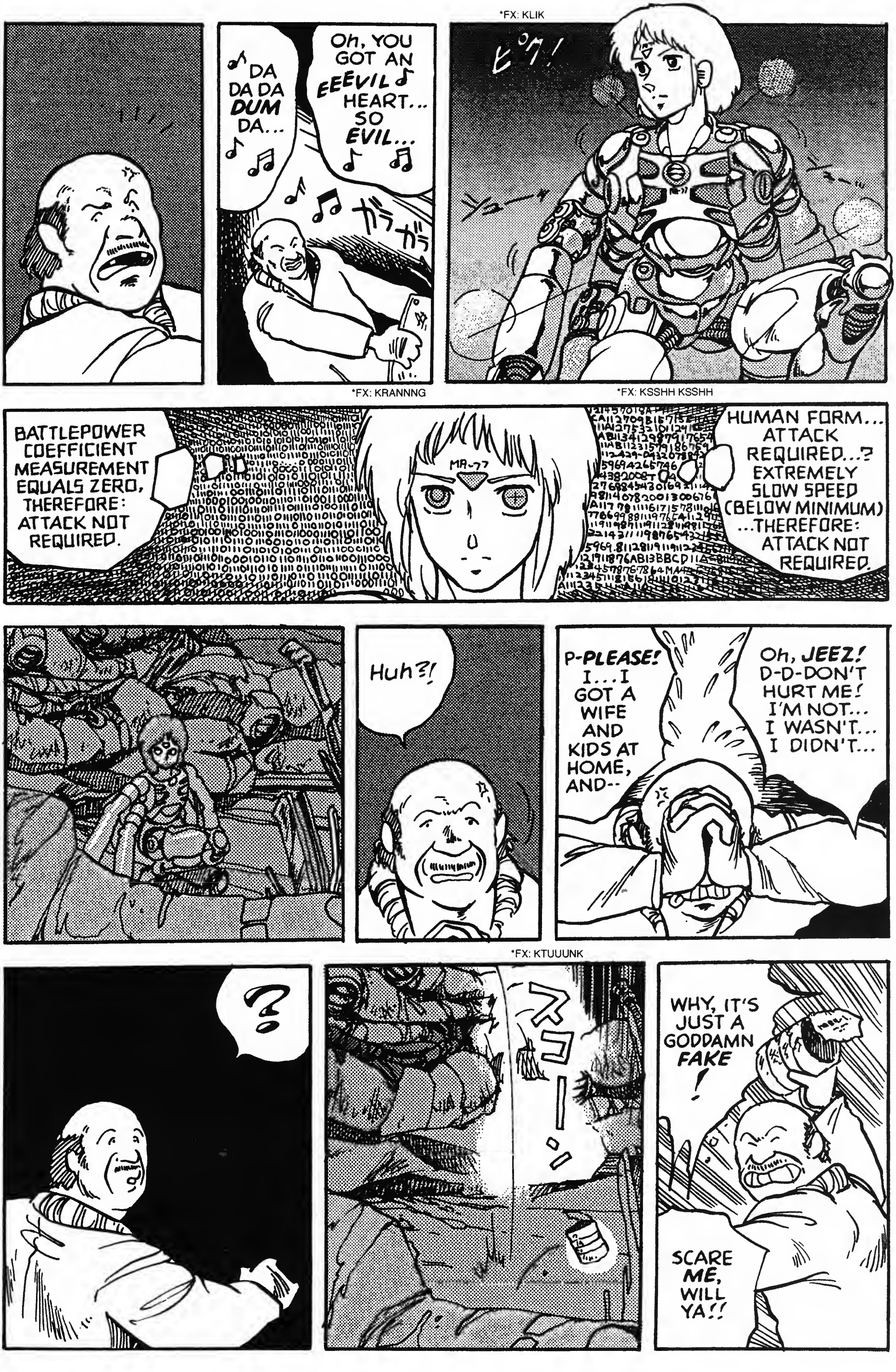

Hrmph!
C'MON!
WE DON'T NEED TO INTERFERE BEYOND THIS.
GUESS YOU'RE REALLY JUST A MONKEY, AFTER ALL!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT ROBOT...?
THE PERFECT TIME FOR A DRINK AT ONIMAL!

BATTLEFIELD: Part Four



*FX: SKRAKK


HEAVE-HO!
ガラ ガラ

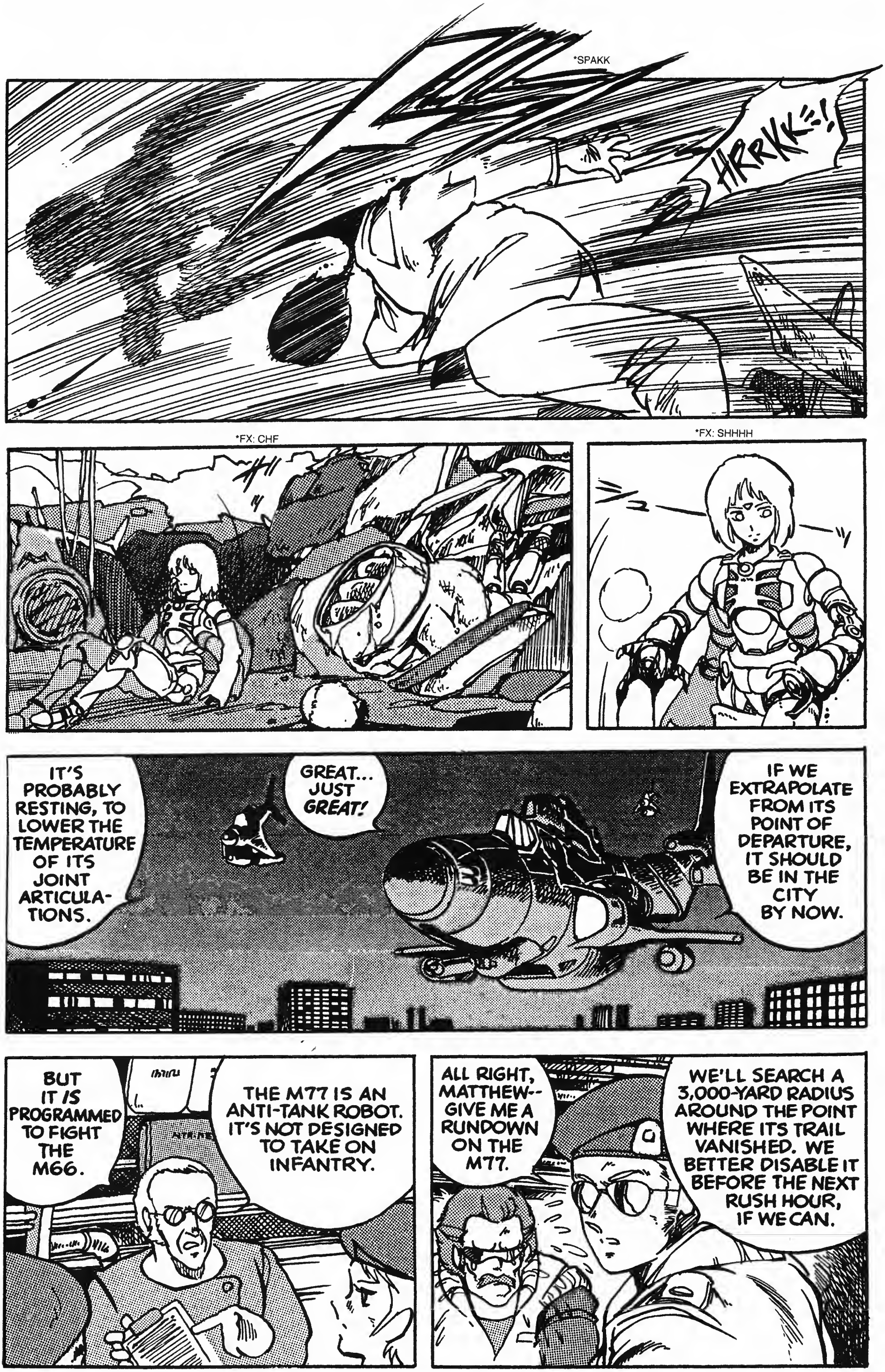

♪ DA DA DA DUM DA... ♪ ♫
Oh, YOU GOT AN EEEVIL ♪ HEART... SO EVIL... ♪ ♫
ガラガラ
ピク!
MA-77
BATTLEPOWER COEFFICIENT MEASUREMENT EQUALS ZERO, THEREFORE: ATTACK NOT REQUIRED.
HUMAN FORM... ATTACK REQUIRED...? EXTREMELY SLOW SPEED (BELOW MINIMUM) ...THEREFORE: ATTACK NOT REQUIRED.
Huh?!
P-PLEASE! I...I GOT A WIFE AND KIDS AT HOME, AND--
Oh, JEEZ! D-D-DON'T HURT ME! I'M NOT... I WASN'T... I DIDN'T...
?
スコーン
WHY, IT'S JUST A GODDAMN FAKE!
SCARE ME, WILL YA!!

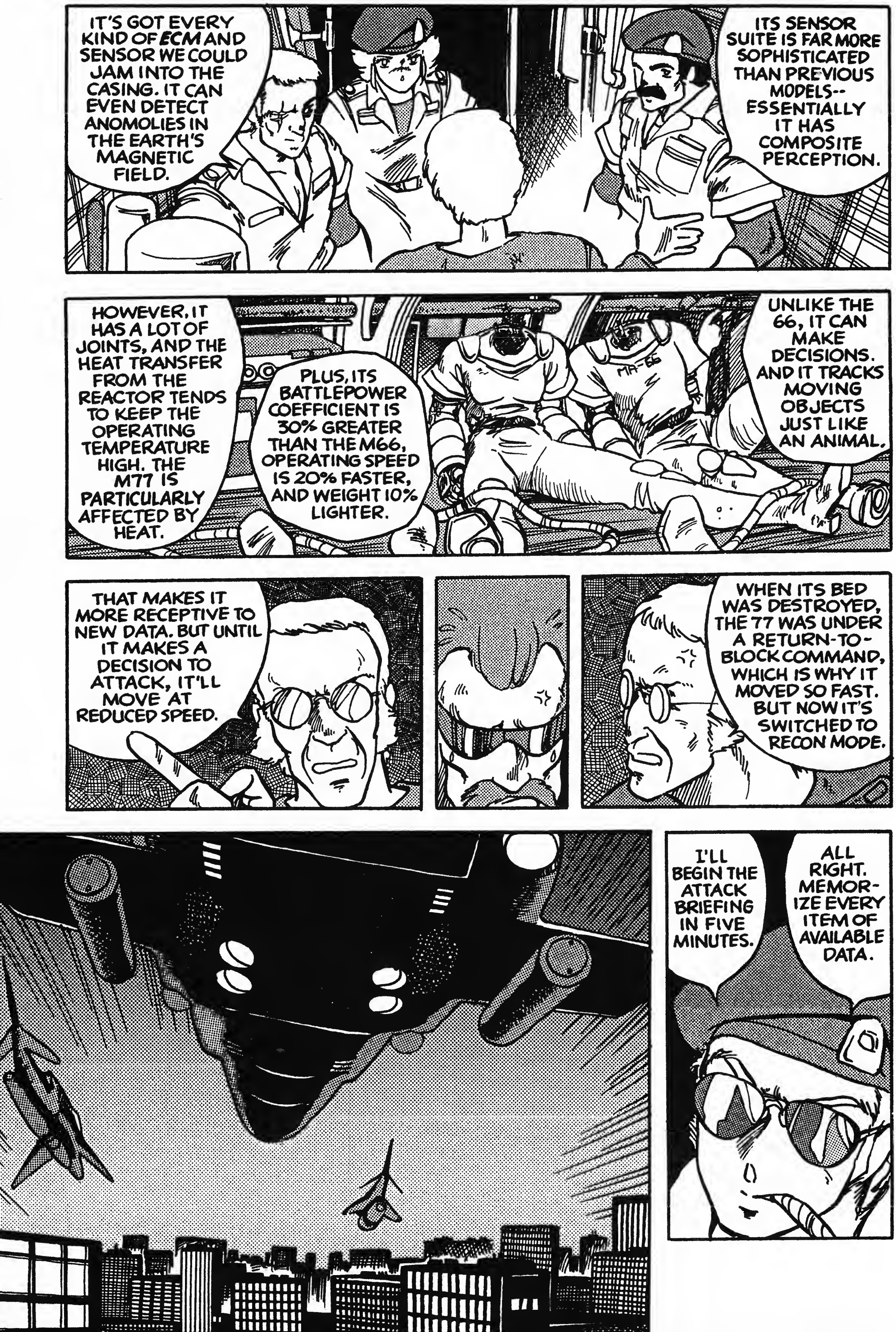
*FX: KLIK

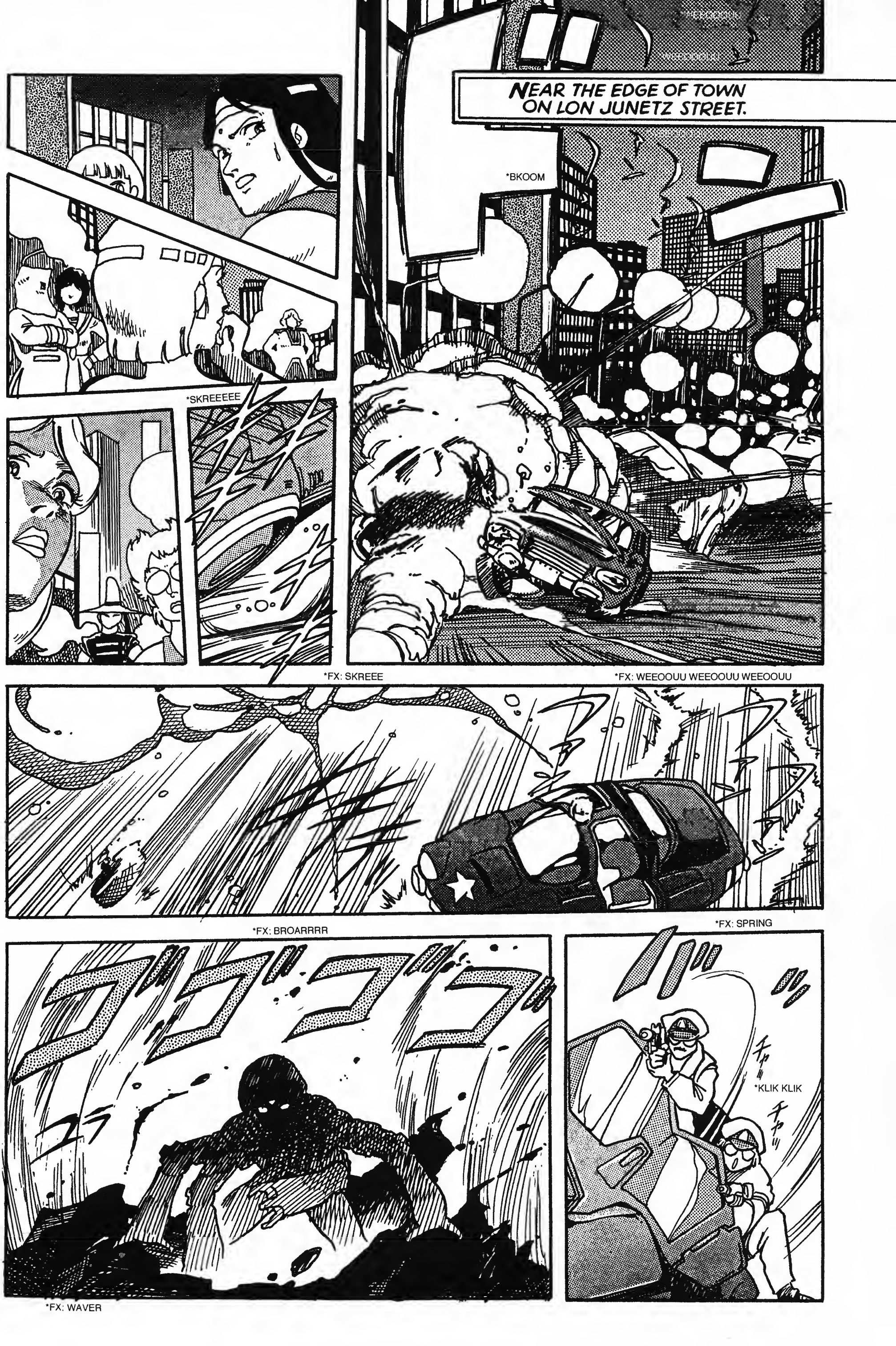
*FX: KRANNNG

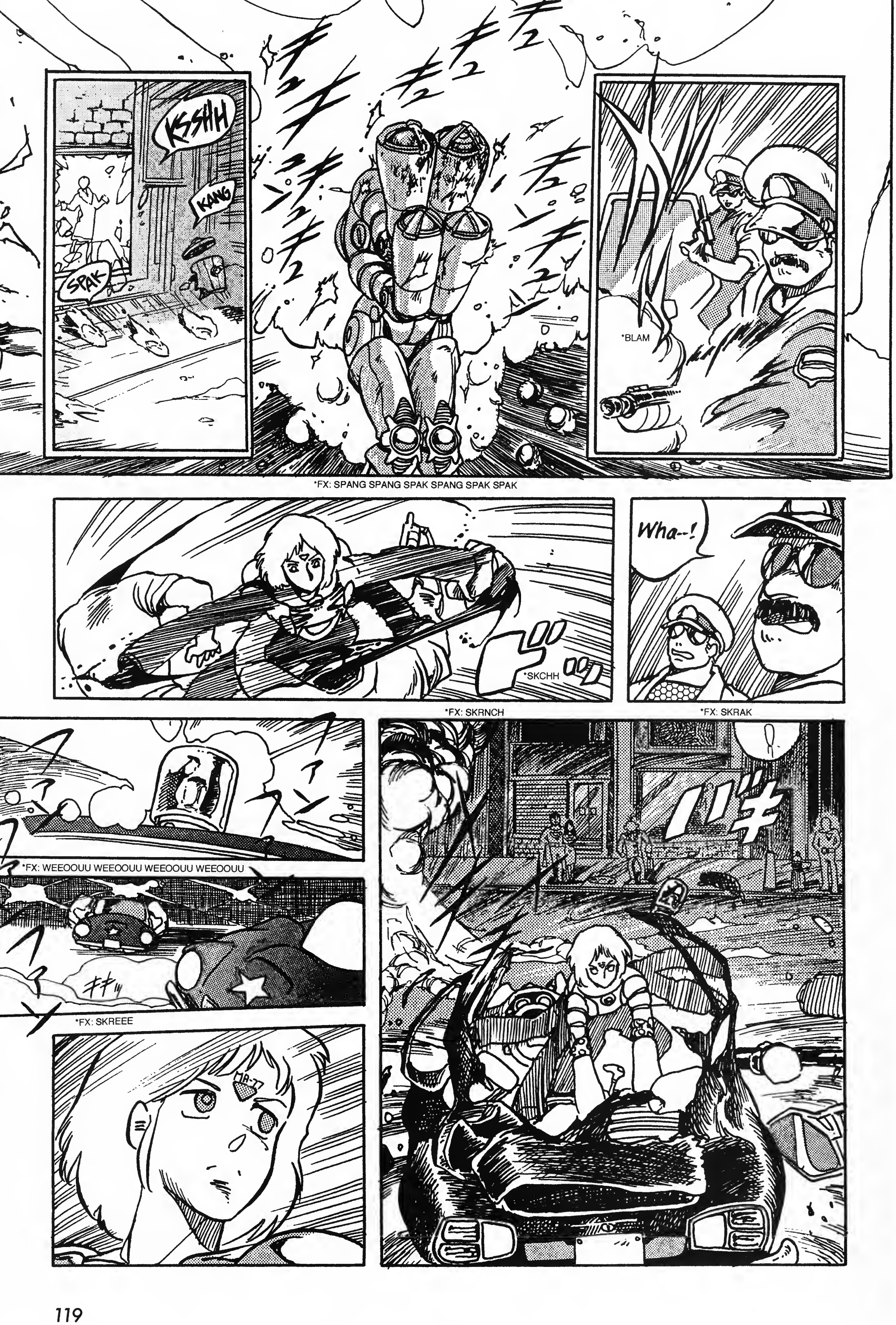
*FX: KSSHH KSSHH

*FX: KTUUUNK


*SPAKK
HRRKK!
*FX: SHHHH
*FX: CHF
IF WE EXTRAPOLATE FROM ITS POINT OF DEPARTURE, IT SHOULD BE IN THE CITY BY NOW.
GREAT... JUST *GREAT!*
IT'S PROBABLY RESTING, TO LOWER THE TEMPERATURE OF ITS JOINT ARTICULATIONS.
WE'LL SEARCH A 3,000-YARD RADIUS AROUND THE POINT WHERE ITS TRAIL VANISHED. WE BETTER DISABLE IT BEFORE THE NEXT RUSH HOUR, IF WE CAN.
ALL RIGHT, MATTHEW-- GIVE ME A RUNDOWN ON THE M77.
THE M77 IS AN ANTI-TANK ROBOT. IT'S NOT DESIGNED TO TAKE ON INFANTRY.
BUT IT *IS* PROGRAMMED TO FIGHT THE M66.


IT'S GOT EVERY KIND OF ECM AND SENSOR WE COULD JAM INTO THE CASING. IT CAN EVEN DETECT ANOMOLIES IN THE EARTH'S MAGNETIC FIELD.
ITS SENSOR SUITE IS FAR MORE SOPHISTICATED THAN PREVIOUS MODELS-- ESSENTIALLY IT HAS COMPOSITE PERCEPTION.
HOWEVER, IT HAS A LOT OF JOINTS, AND THE HEAT TRANSFER FROM THE REACTOR TENDS TO KEEP THE OPERATING TEMPERATURE HIGH. THE M77 IS PARTICULARLY AFFECTED BY HEAT.
PLUS, ITS BATTLEPOWER COEFFICIENT IS 30% GREATER THAN THE M66, OPERATING SPEED IS 20% FASTER, AND WEIGHT 10% LIGHTER.
MA-66
UNLIKE THE 66, IT CAN MAKE DECISIONS. AND IT TRACKS MOVING OBJECTS JUST LIKE AN ANIMAL.
THAT MAKES IT MORE RECEPTIVE TO NEW DATA. BUT UNTIL IT MAKES A DECISION TO ATTACK, IT'LL MOVE AT REDUCED SPEED.
WHEN ITS BED WAS DESTROYED, THE 77 WAS UNDER A RETURN-TO-BLOCK COMMAND, WHICH IS WHY IT MOVED SO FAST. BUT NOW IT'S SWITCHED TO RECON MODE.
ALL RIGHT. MEMORIZE EVERY ITEM OF AVAILABLE DATA.
I'LL BEGIN THE ATTACK BRIEFING IN FIVE MINUTES.


*WEEOOOU
WEEOOOUU
NEAR THE EDGE OF TOWN ON LON JUNETZ STREET.
*BKOOM
*SKREEEEE
*FX: WEEOOUU WEEOOUU WEEOOUU
*FX: SKREEE
*FX: SPRING
*KLIK KLIK
*FX: BROARRRR
*FX: WAVER



*BLAM
KSSHH
KANG
SPAK
Wha--!
*SKCHH
MR-77

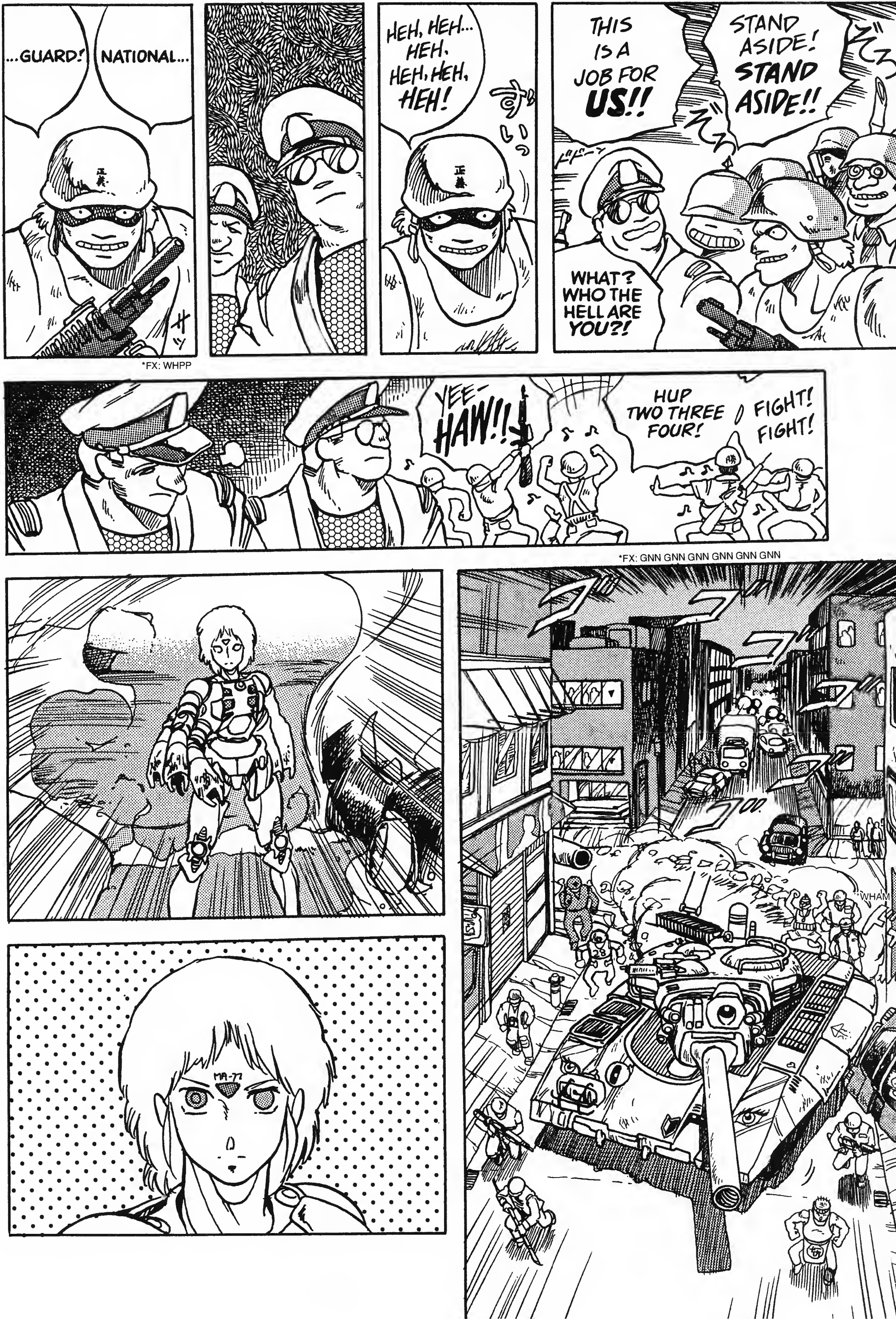
*FX: SPANG SPANG SPAK SPANG SPAK SPAK

*FX: SKRAK

*FX: SKRNCH

*FX: WEEOOUU WEEOOUU WEEOOUU WEEOOUU

*FX: SKREEE


STAND ASIDE! STAND ASIDE!!
THIS IS A JOB FOR US!!
WHAT? WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!
HEH, HEH... HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH!
すいっ
NATIONAL...
...GUARD!
FIGHT! FIGHT!
HUP TWO THREE FOUR!
YEE-HAW!!
MA-77
WHAM

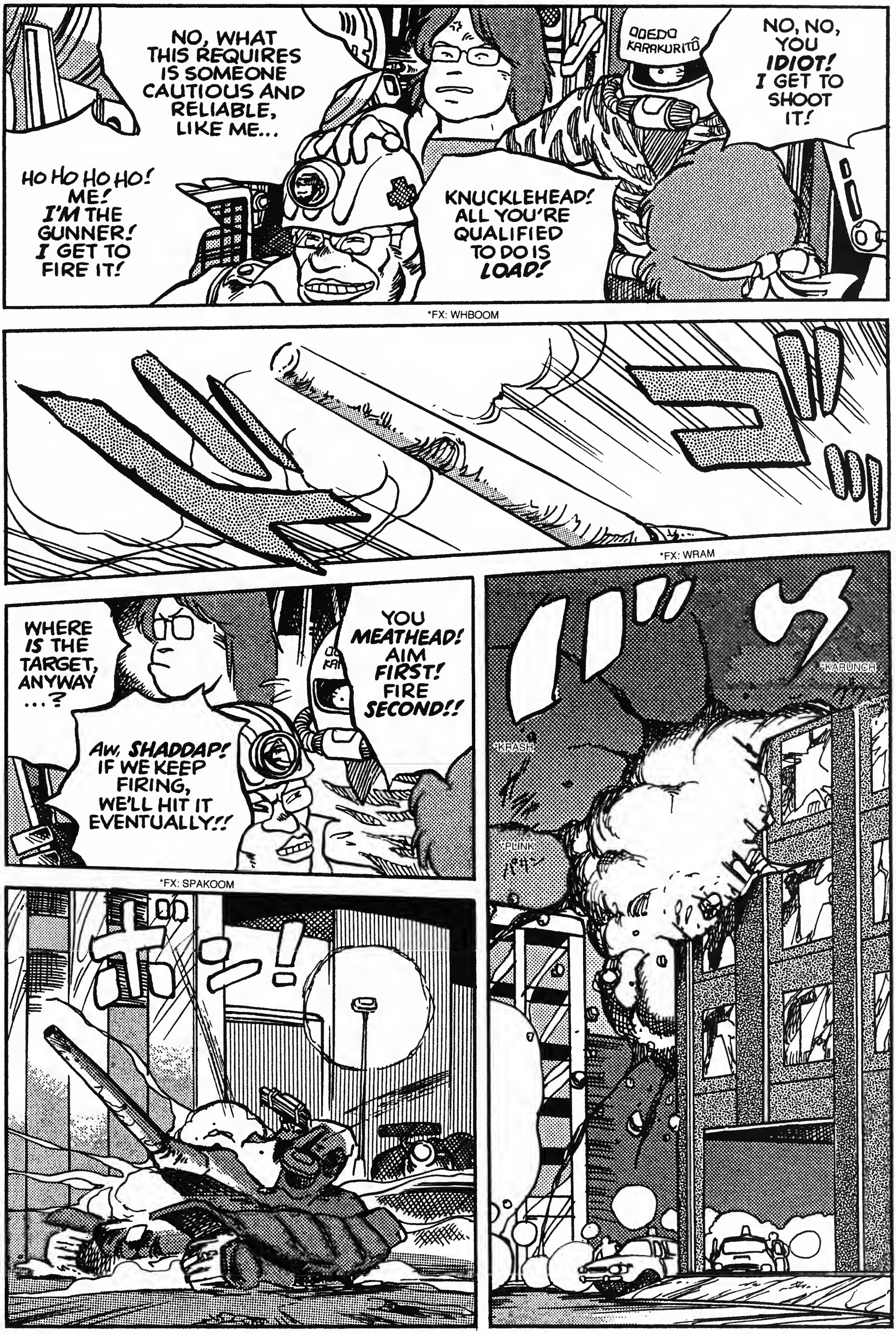
*FX: (crowd noise)

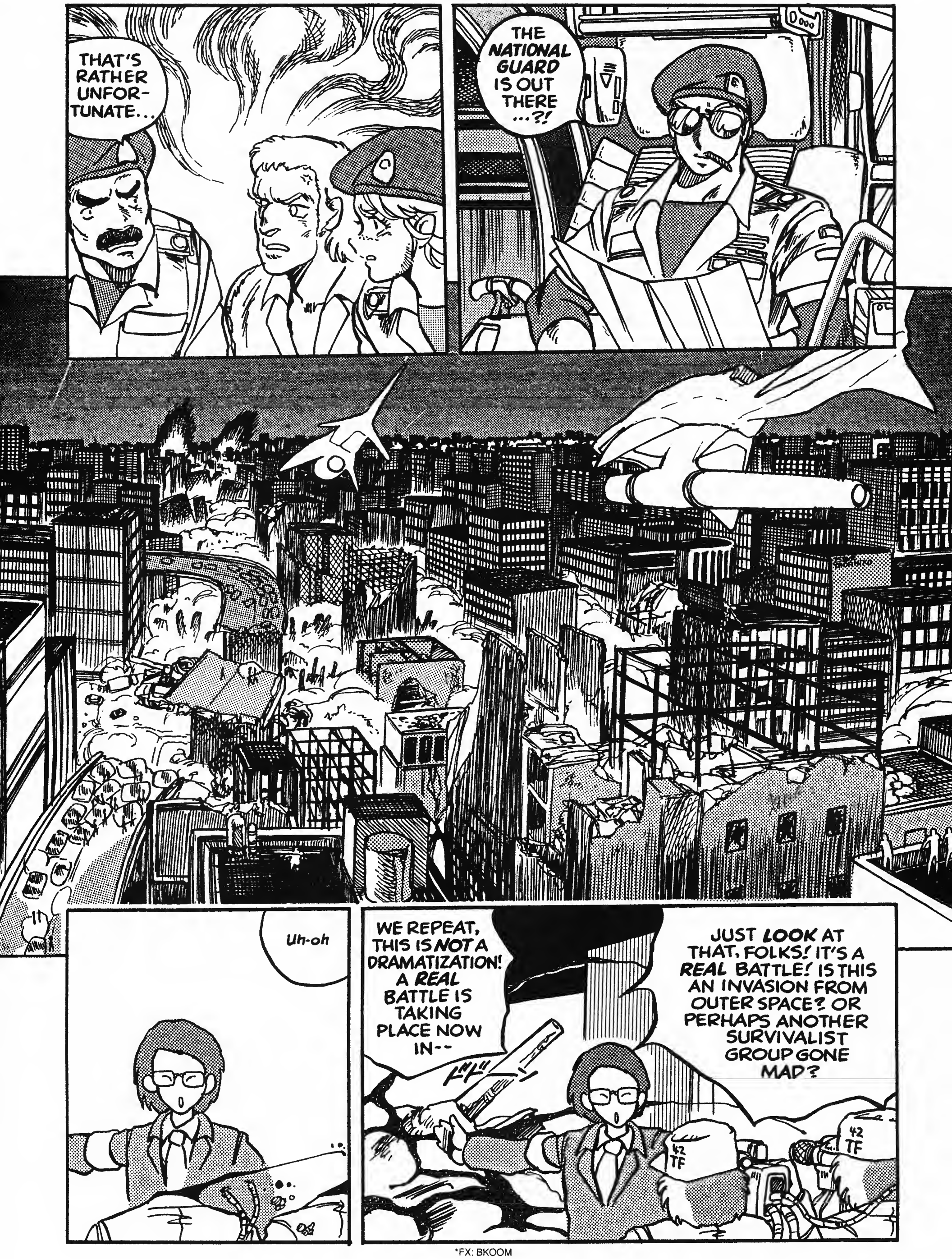
*FX: (surprise)

*FX: ZHOOP

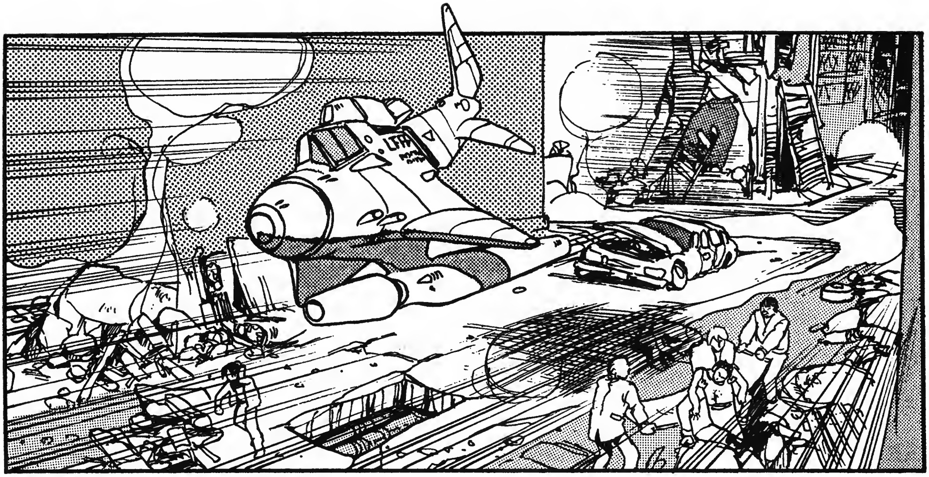
*FX: WHPP

*FX: GNN GNN GNN GNN GNN GNN

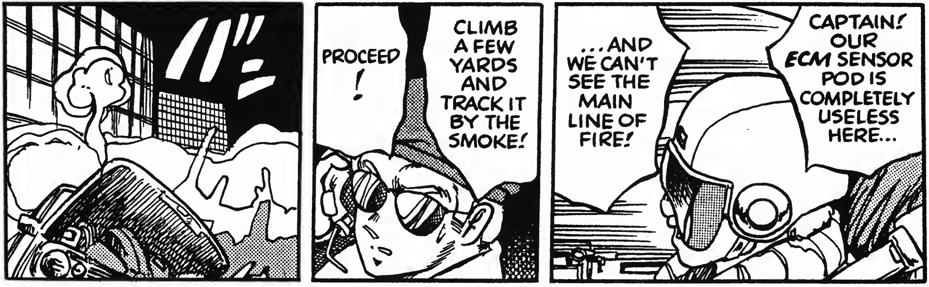

NO, NO, YOU IDIOT! I GET TO SHOOT IT!
OOEDO KARAKURITÔ
NO, WHAT THIS REQUIRES IS SOMEONE CAUTIOUS AND RELIABLE, LIKE ME...
KNUCKLEHEAD! ALL YOU'RE QUALIFIED TO DO IS LOAD!
HO HO HO HO! ME! I'M THE GUNNER! I GET TO FIRE IT!
*FX: WHBOOM
*FX: WRAM
*KARUNCH
*KRASH
*PLINK
YOU MEATHEAD! AIM FIRST! FIRE SECOND!!
WHERE IS THE TARGET, ANYWAY...?
Aw, SHADDAP! IF WE KEEP FIRING, WE'LL HIT IT EVENTUALLY!!
*FX: SPAKOOM


THE *NATIONAL GUARD* IS OUT THERE ...?!
THAT'S RATHER UNFORTUNATE...
JUST *LOOK* AT THAT, FOLKS! IT'S A *REAL* BATTLE! IS THIS AN INVASION FROM OUTER SPACE? OR PERHAPS ANOTHER SURVIVALIST GROUP GONE MAD?
WE REPEAT, THIS IS *NOT* A DRAMATIZATION! A *REAL* BATTLE IS TAKING PLACE NOW IN--
ドド
42 TF
42 TF
Uh-oh

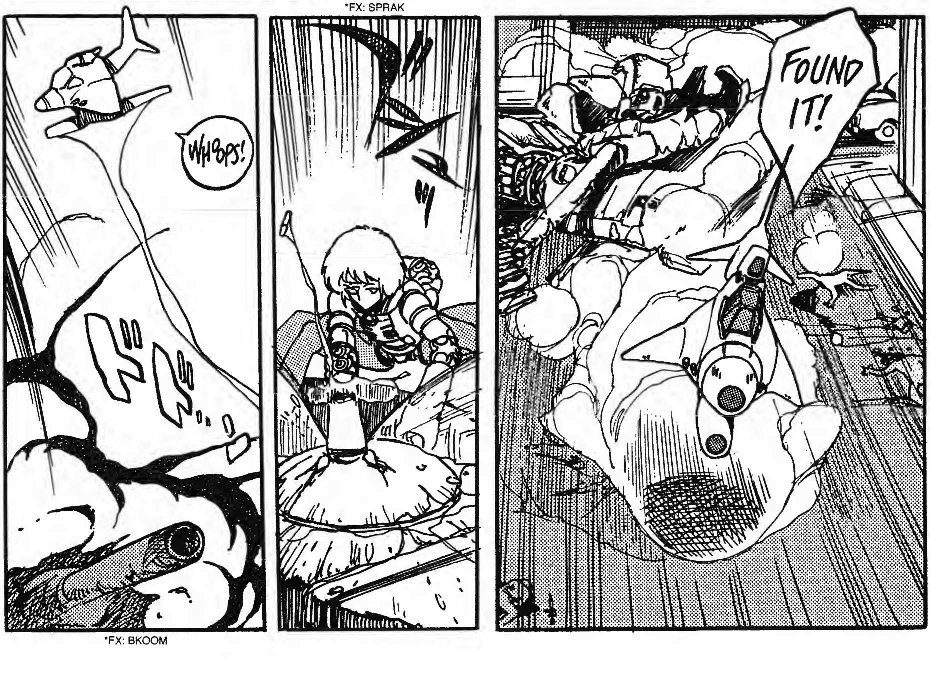
*FX: BKOOM



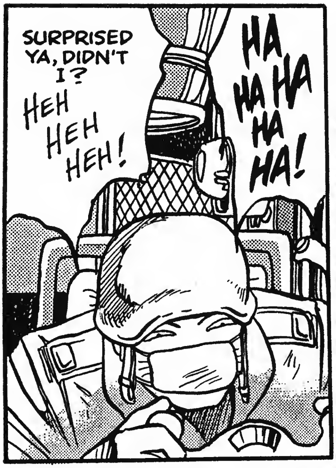
*FX: BAM


CAPTAIN! OUR *ECM* SENSOR POD IS COMPLETELY USELESS HERE...
...AND WE CAN'T SEE THE MAIN LINE OF FIRE!
CLIMB A FEW YARDS AND TRACK IT BY THE SMOKE!
PROCEED!

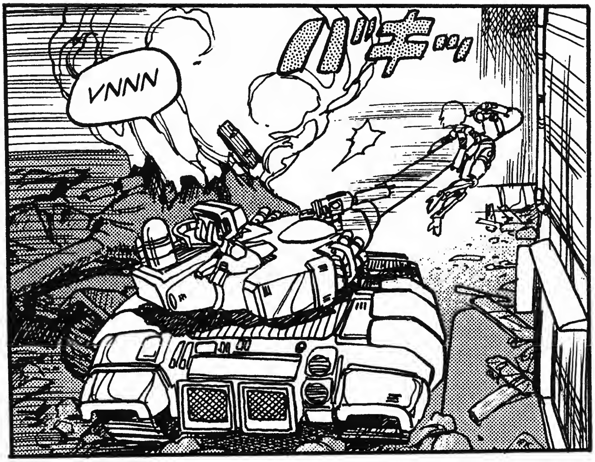
*FX: SPRAK


FOUND IT!
WHOOPS!

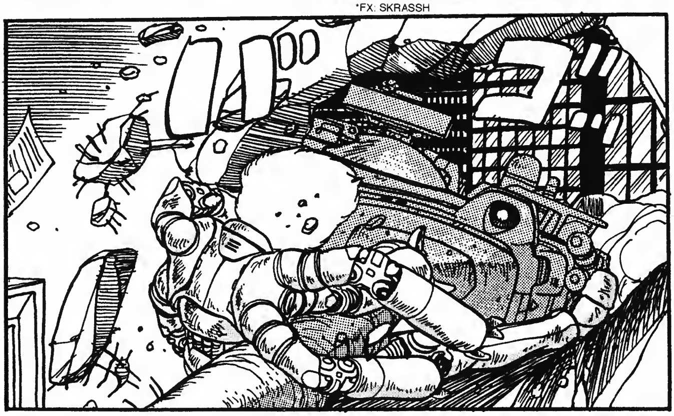
*FX: BKOOM


SURPRISED YA, DIDN'T I?
HEH HEH HEH!
HA HA HA HA HA!

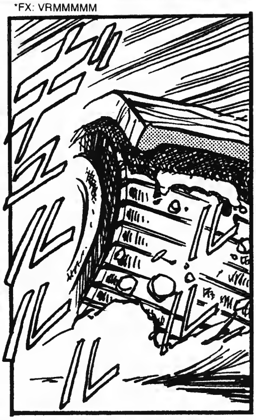
*FX: WHOK

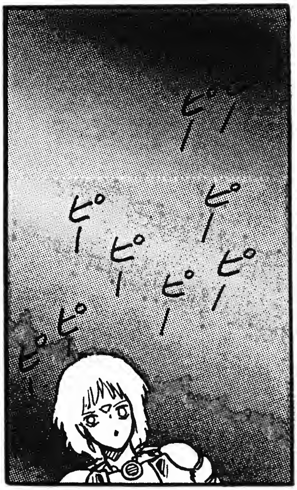


*FX: SKRASSH



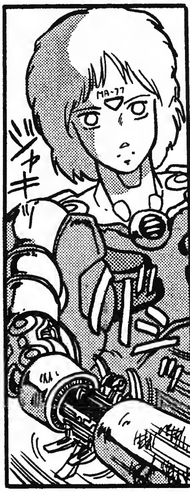
*FX: VRMMMMM



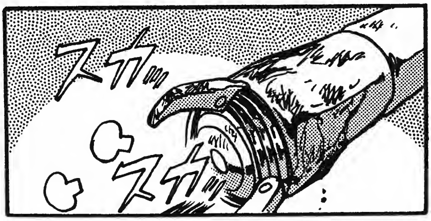

ピーピーピーピーピーピー

*FX: BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

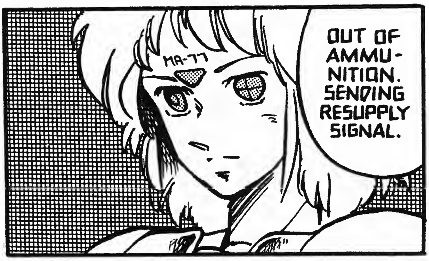
*FX: JIKK



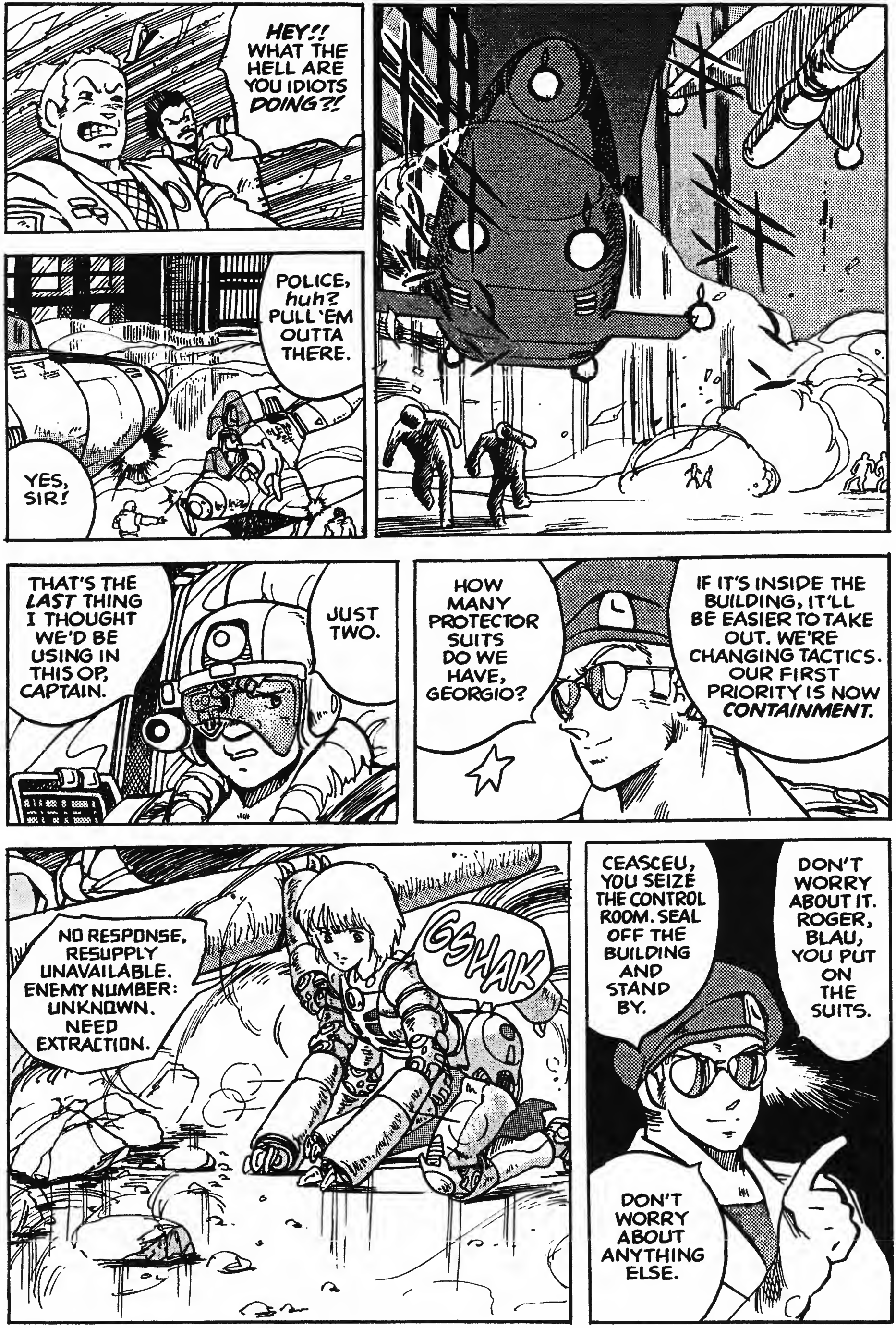
*FX: KCHAK

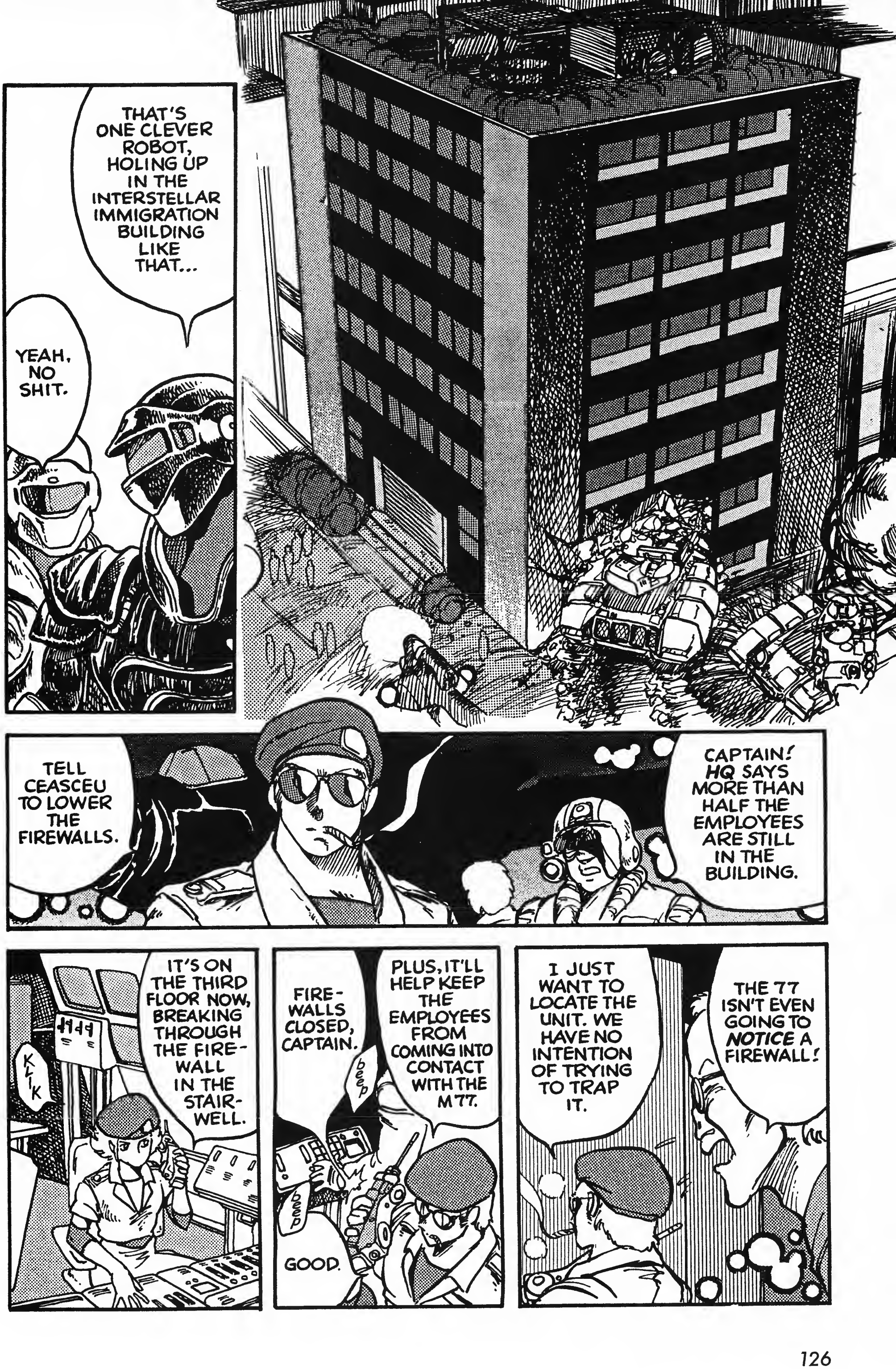


*FX: KLIK KLIK

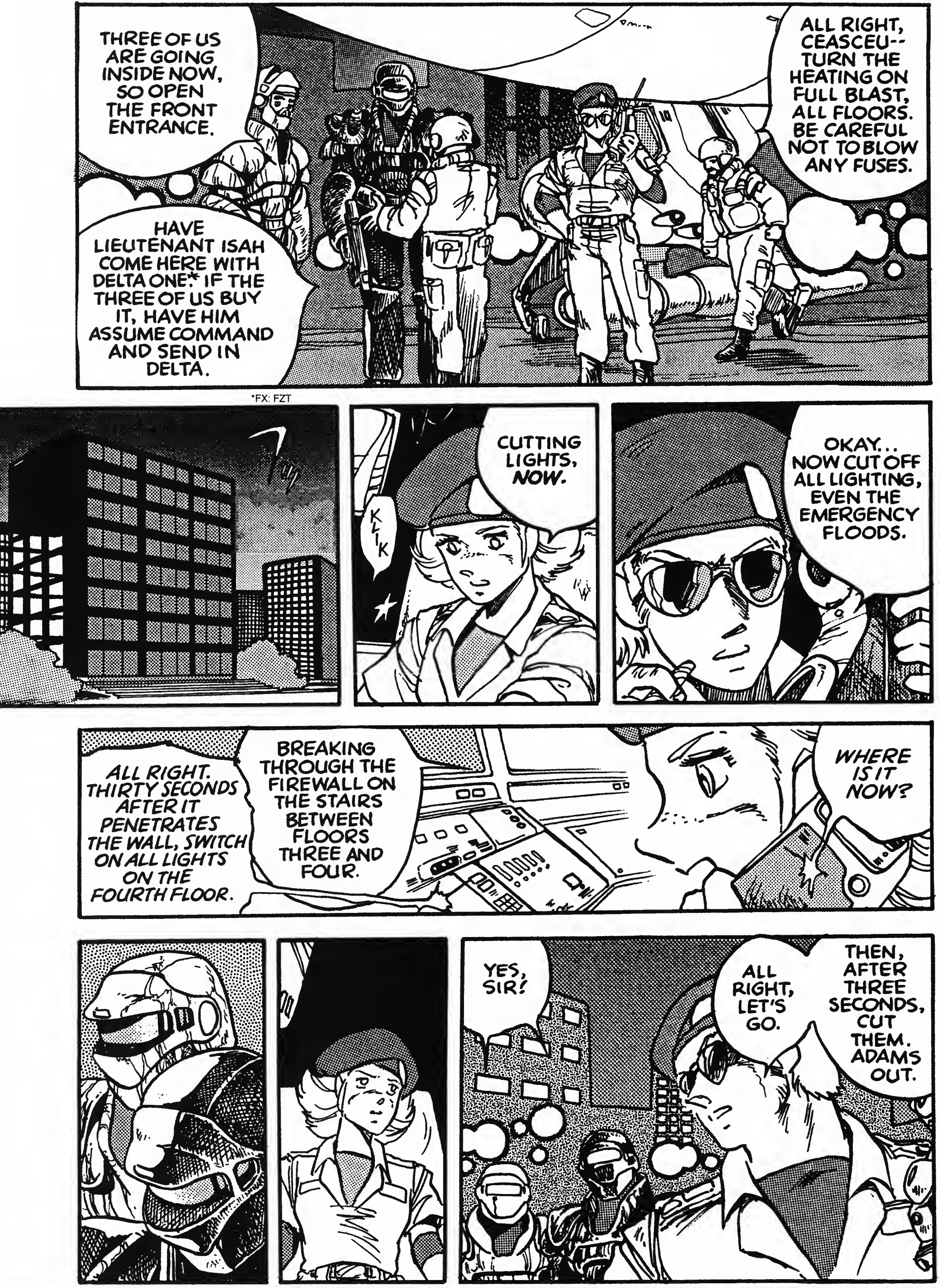

OUT OF AMMUNITION. SENDING RESUPPLY SIGNAL.

*FX: KSHHH KSHHH KSHHH KSHHH

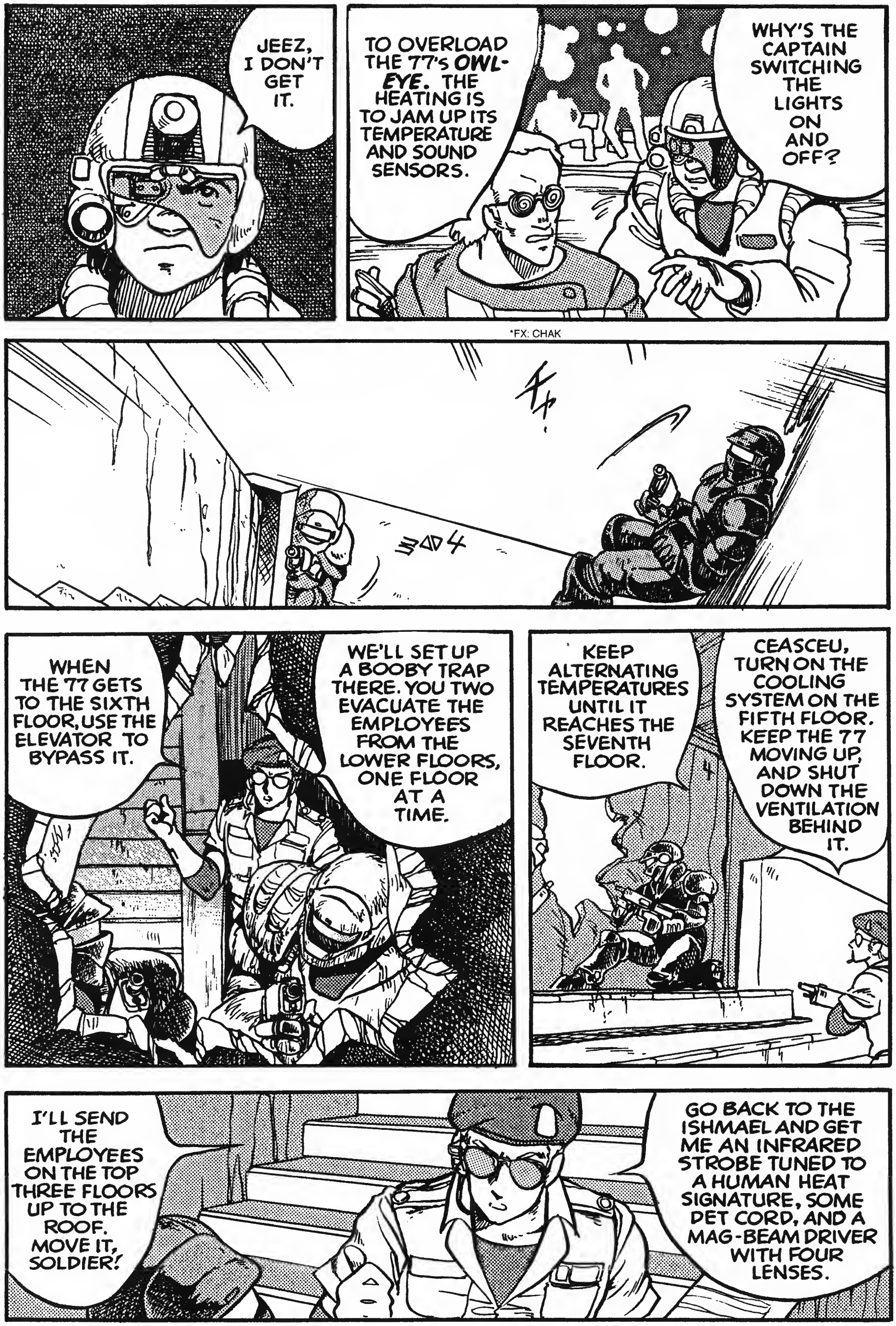

HEY!! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU IDIOTS *DOING?!*
POLICE, *huh?* PULL 'EM OUTTA THERE.
YES, SIR!
IF IT'S INSIDE THE BUILDING, IT'LL BE EASIER TO TAKE OUT. WE'RE CHANGING TACTICS. OUR FIRST PRIORITY IS NOW *CONTAINMENT.*
HOW MANY PROTECTOR SUITS DO WE HAVE, GEORGIO?
JUST TWO.
THAT'S THE *LAST* THING I THOUGHT WE'D BE USING IN THIS OP, CAPTAIN.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. ROGER, BLAU, YOU PUT ON THE SUITS.
CEASCEU, YOU SEIZE THE CONTROL ROOM. SEAL OFF THE BUILDING AND STAND BY.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE.
GSHAK
NO RESPONSE. RESUPPLY UNAVAILABLE. ENEMY NUMBER: UNKNOWN. NEED EXTRACTION.


THAT'S ONE CLEVER ROBOT, HOLING UP IN THE INTERSTELLAR IMMIGRATION BUILDING LIKE THAT...
YEAH. NO SHIT.
TELL CEASCEU TO LOWER THE FIREWALLS.
CAPTAIN! **HQ** SAYS MORE THAN HALF THE EMPLOYEES ARE STILL IN THE BUILDING.
KLIK
IT'S ON THE THIRD FLOOR NOW, BREAKING THROUGH THE FIREWALL IN THE STAIRWELL.
FIREWALLS CLOSED, CAPTAIN.
beep
PLUS, IT'LL HELP KEEP THE EMPLOYEES FROM COMING INTO CONTACT WITH THE M77.
beep
GOOD.
I JUST WANT TO LOCATE THE UNIT. WE HAVE NO INTENTION OF TRYING TO TRAP IT.
THE 77 ISN'T EVEN GOING TO *NOTICE* A FIREWALL!

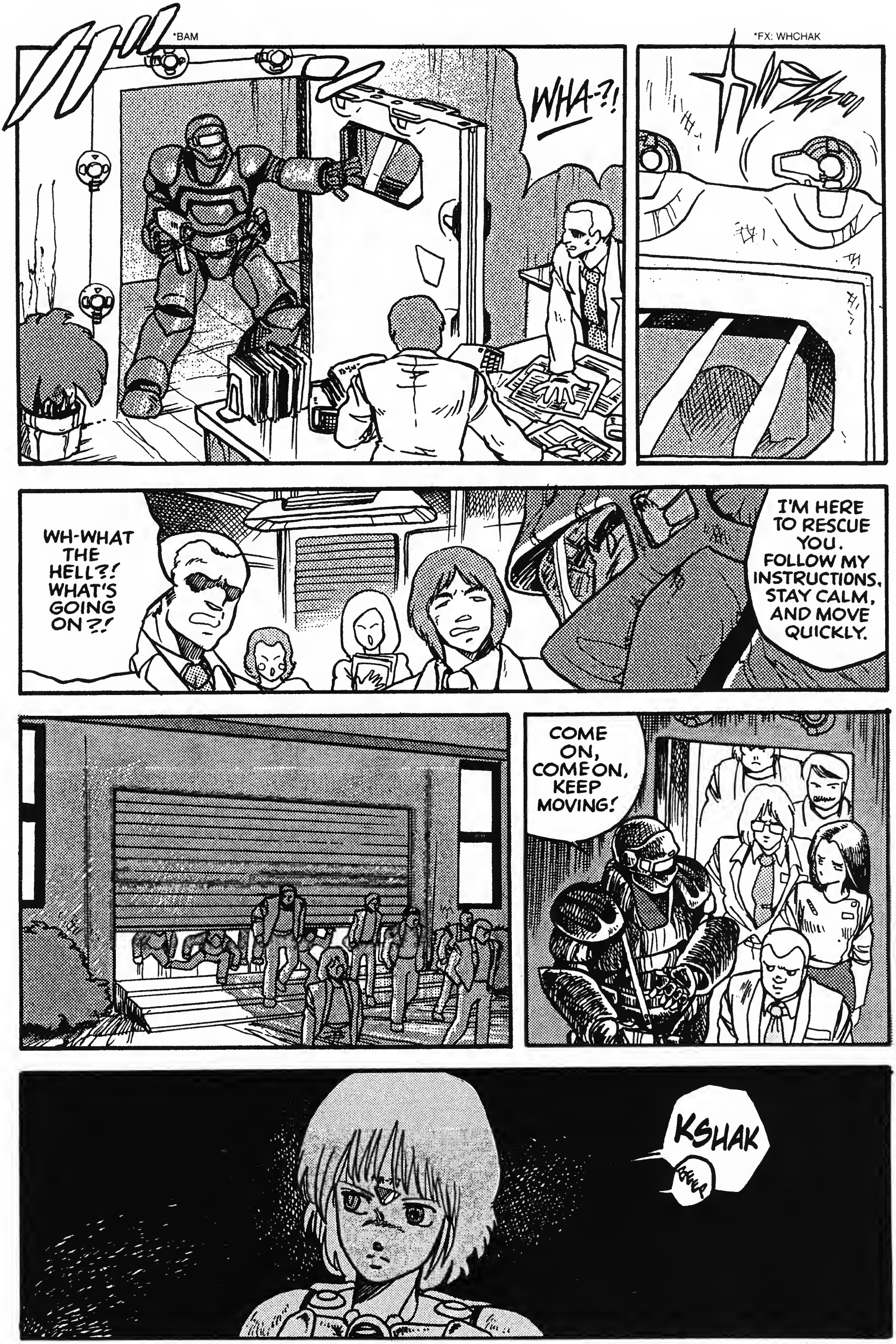
*Delta One: A fortress infiltration combat unit composed of one assault team and one recon team.

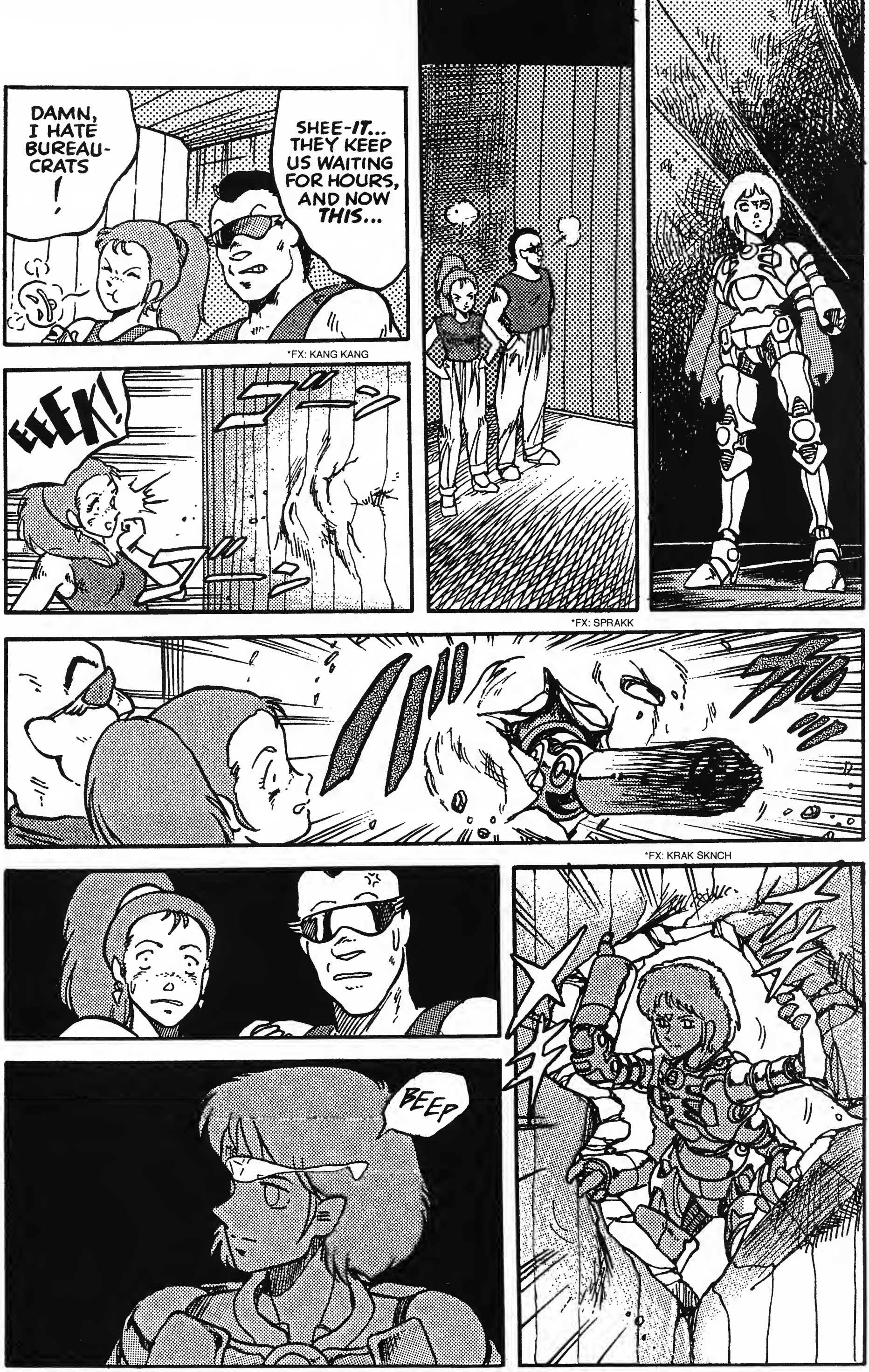

ALL RIGHT, CEASCEU-- TURN THE HEATING ON FULL BLAST, ALL FLOORS. BE CAREFUL NOT TO BLOW ANY FUSES.
THREE OF US ARE GOING INSIDE NOW, SO OPEN THE FRONT ENTRANCE.
HAVE LIEUTENANT ISAH COME HERE WITH DELTA ONE* IF THE THREE OF US BUY IT, HAVE HIM ASSUME COMMAND AND SEND IN DELTA.
OKAY... NOW CUT OFF ALL LIGHTING, EVEN THE EMERGENCY FLOODS.
CUTTING LIGHTS, *NOW.*
KLIK
WHERE IS IT NOW?
BREAKING THROUGH THE FIREWALL ON THE STAIRS BETWEEN FLOORS THREE AND FOUR.
ALL RIGHT. THIRTY SECONDS AFTER IT PENETRATES THE WALL, SWITCH ON ALL LIGHTS ON THE FOURTH FLOOR.
THEN, AFTER THREE SECONDS, CUT THEM. ADAMS OUT.
ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO.
YES, SIR!

*FX: FZT


JEEZ, I DON'T GET IT.
WHY'S THE CAPTAIN SWITCHING THE LIGHTS ON AND OFF?
TO OVERLOAD THE 77's **OWL-EYE.** THE HEATING IS TO JAM UP ITS TEMPERATURE AND SOUND SENSORS.
チャ
CEASCEU, TURN ON THE COOLING SYSTEM ON THE FIFTH FLOOR. KEEP THE 77 MOVING UP, AND SHUT DOWN THE VENTILATION BEHIND IT.
KEEP ALTERNATING TEMPERATURES UNTIL IT REACHES THE SEVENTH FLOOR.
WE'LL SET UP A BOOBY TRAP THERE. YOU TWO EVACUATE THE EMPLOYEES FROM THE LOWER FLOORS, ONE FLOOR AT A TIME.
WHEN THE 77 GETS TO THE SIXTH FLOOR, USE THE ELEVATOR TO BYPASS IT.
GO BACK TO THE ISHMAEL AND GET ME AN INFRARED STROBE TUNED TO A HUMAN HEAT SIGNATURE, SOME DET CORD, AND A MAG-BEAM DRIVER WITH FOUR LENSES.
I'LL SEND THE EMPLOYEES ON THE TOP THREE FLOORS UP TO THE ROOF. MOVE IT, SOLDIER!

*FX: CHAK

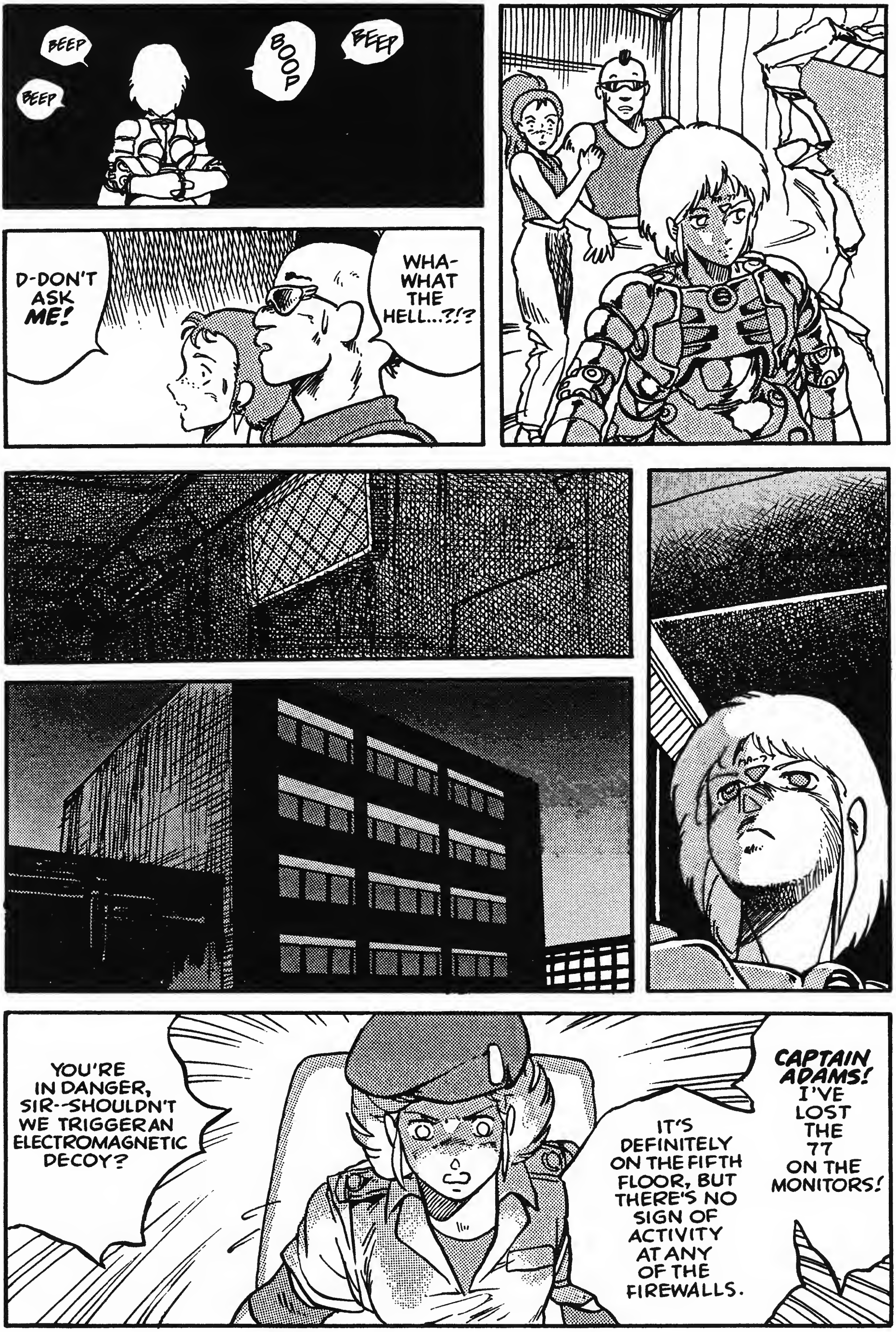

*BAM
WHA-?!
*FX: WHCHAK
WH-WHAT THE HELL?! WHAT'S GOING ON?!
I'M HERE TO RESCUE YOU. FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS, STAY CALM, AND MOVE QUICKLY.
COME ON, COME ON, KEEP MOVING!
KSHAK

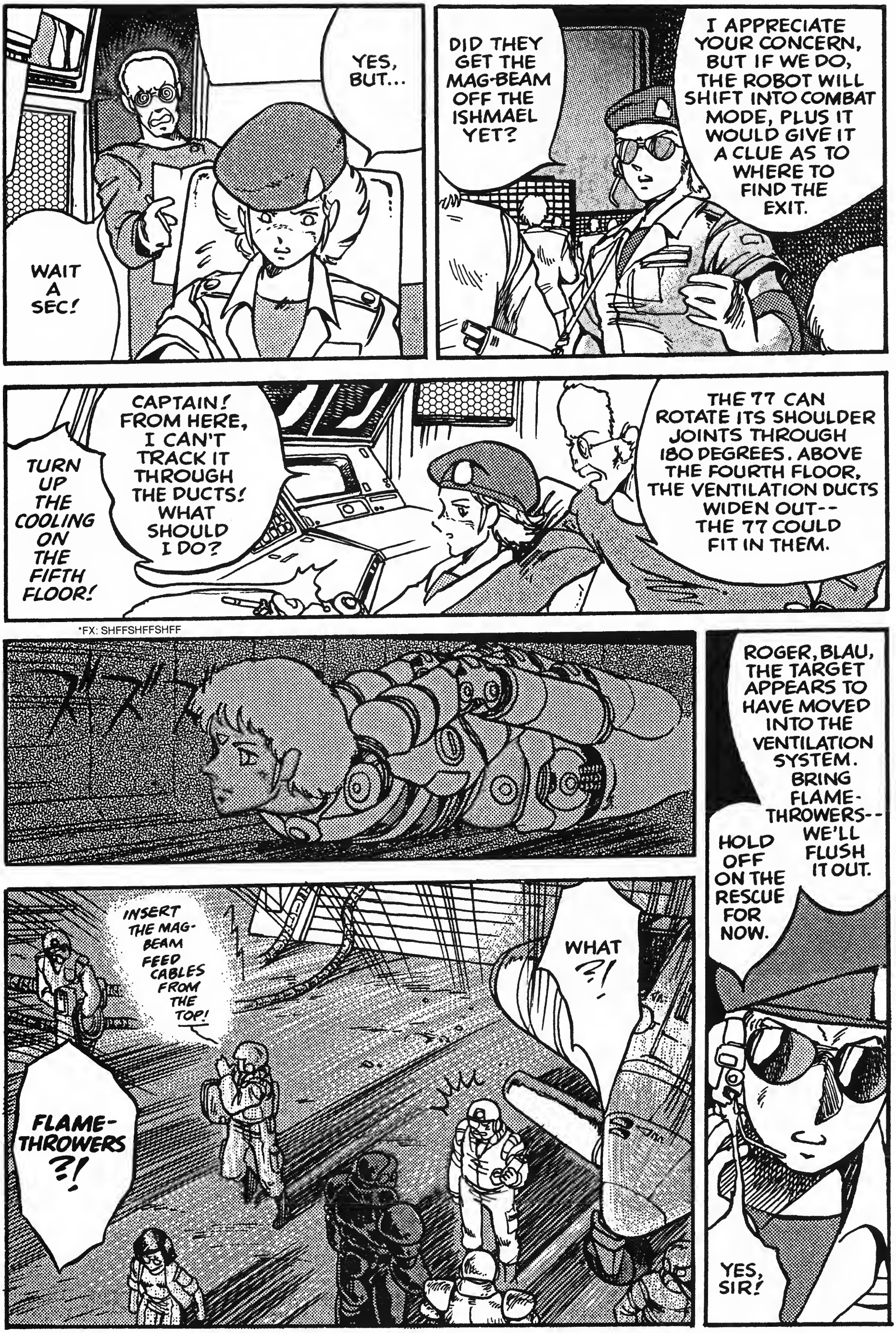

DAMN, I HATE BUREAUCRATS!
SHEE-*IT*... THEY KEEP US WAITING FOR HOURS, AND NOW **THIS**...
EEEK!
BEEP

*FX: KANG KANG

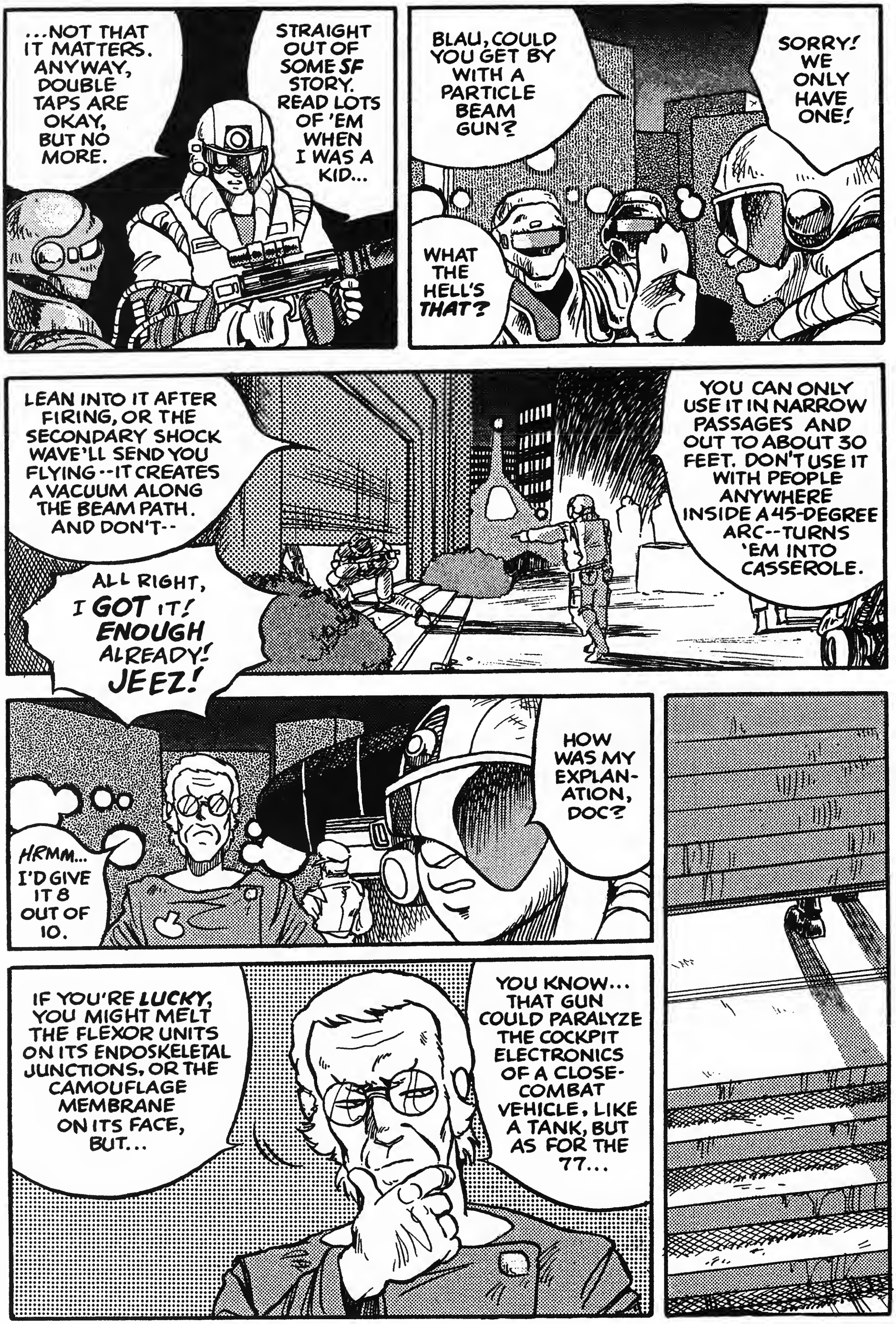
*FX: SPRAKK

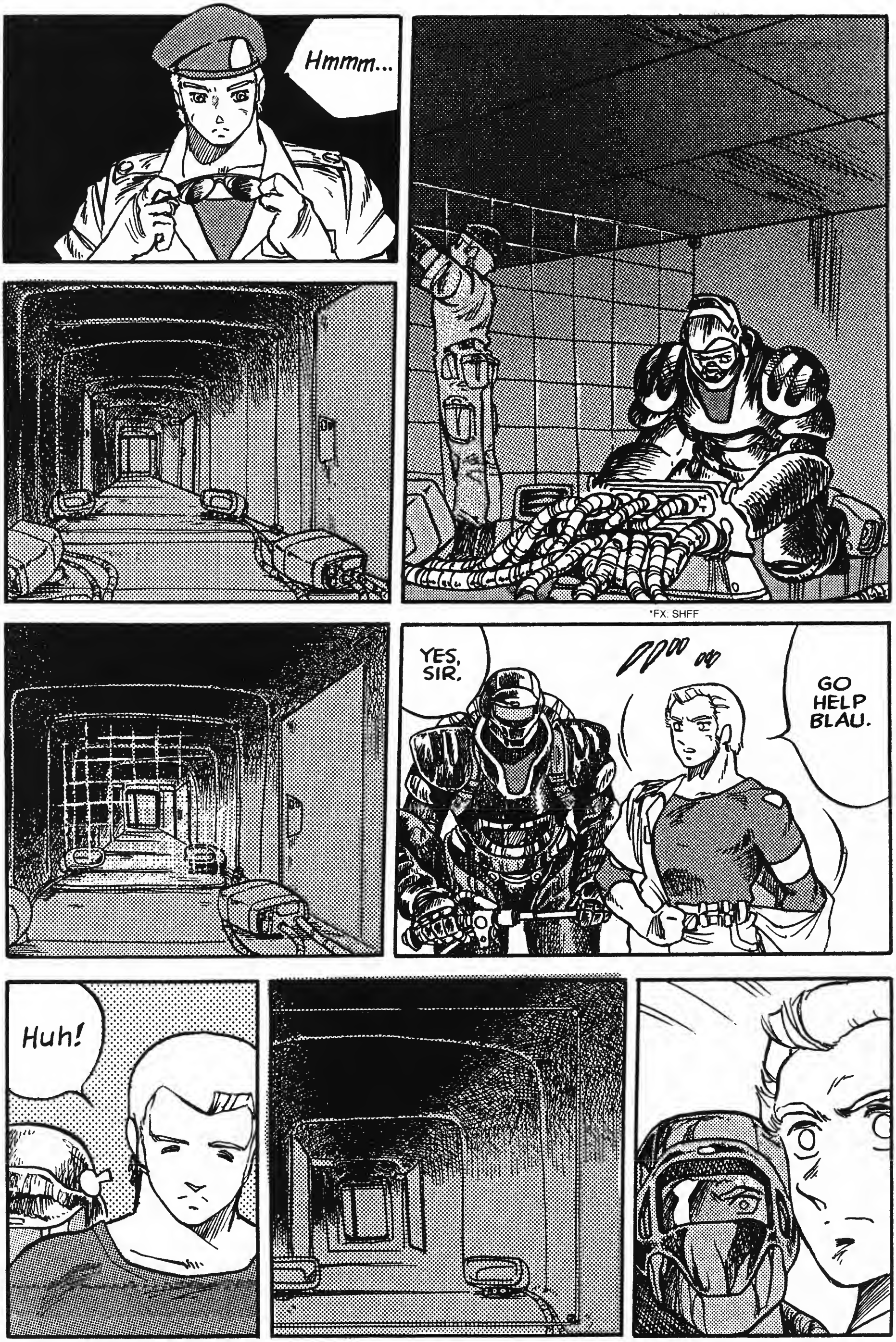
*FX: KRAK SKNCH


BEEP
BOOP
BEEP
BEEP
WHA-WHAT THE HELL...?!?
D-DON'T ASK **ME!**
CAPTAIN ADAMS! I'VE LOST THE 77 ON THE MONITORS!
IT'S DEFINITELY ON THE FIFTH FLOOR, BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF ACTIVITY AT ANY OF THE FIREWALLS.
YOU'RE IN DANGER, SIR--SHOULDN'T WE TRIGGER AN ELECTROMAGNETIC DECOY?

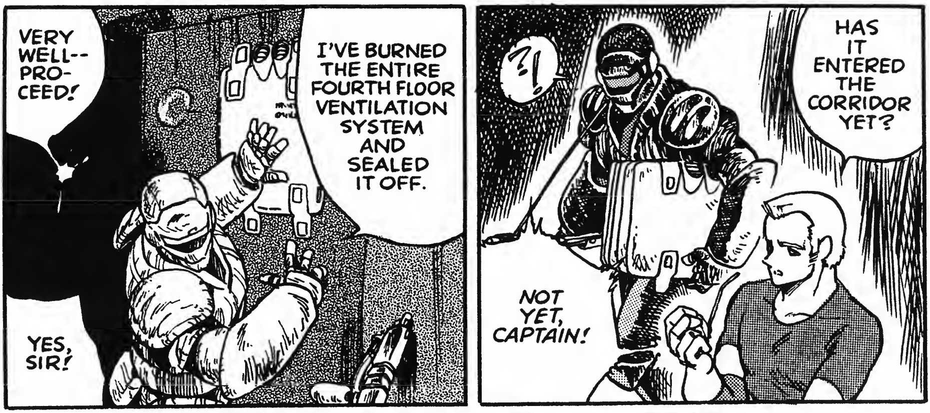

YES, BUT...
WAIT A SEC!
DID THEY GET THE MAG-BEAM OFF THE ISHMAEL YET?
I APPRECIATE YOUR CONCERN, BUT IF WE DO, THE ROBOT WILL SHIFT INTO COMBAT MODE, PLUS IT WOULD GIVE IT A CLUE AS TO WHERE TO FIND THE EXIT.
TURN UP THE COOLING ON THE FIFTH FLOOR!
CAPTAIN! FROM HERE, I CAN'T TRACK IT THROUGH THE DUCTS! WHAT SHOULD I DO?
THE 77 CAN ROTATE ITS SHOULDER JOINTS THROUGH 180 DEGREES. ABOVE THE FOURTH FLOOR, THE VENTILATION DUCTS WIDEN OUT-- THE 77 COULD FIT IN THEM.
ROGER, BLAU, THE TARGET APPEARS TO HAVE MOVED INTO THE VENTILATION SYSTEM. BRING FLAME-THROWERS-- WE'LL FLUSH IT OUT.
HOLD OFF ON THE RESCUE FOR NOW.
YES, SIR!
INSERT THE MAG-BEAM FEED CABLES FROM THE TOP!
WHAT ?!
FLAME-THROWERS ?!

*FX: SHFFSHFFSHFF

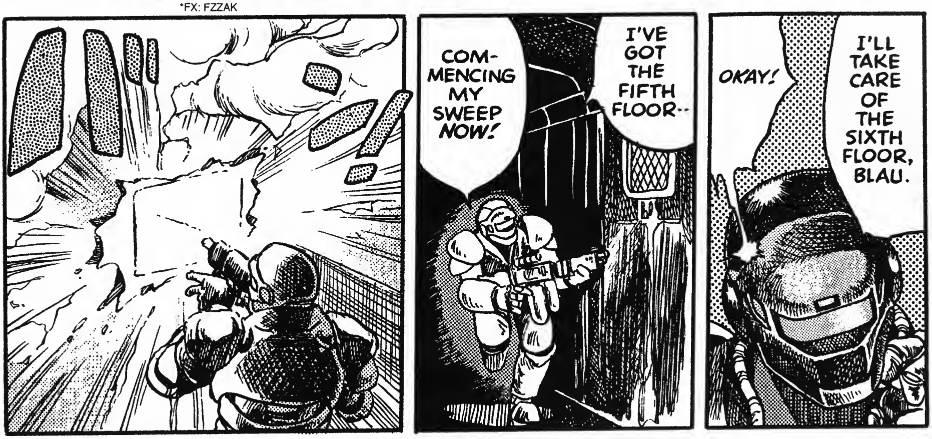

...NOT THAT IT MATTERS. ANYWAY, DOUBLE TAPS ARE OKAY, BUT NO MORE.
STRAIGHT OUT OF SOME *SF* STORY. READ LOTS OF 'EM WHEN I WAS A KID...
BLAU, COULD YOU GET BY WITH A PARTICLE BEAM GUN?
SORRY! WE ONLY HAVE ONE!
WHAT THE HELL'S *THAT?*
LEAN INTO IT AFTER FIRING, OR THE SECONDARY SHOCK WAVE'LL SEND YOU FLYING--IT CREATES A VACUUM ALONG THE BEAM PATH. AND DON'T--
YOU CAN ONLY USE IT IN NARROW PASSAGES AND OUT TO ABOUT 30 FEET. DON'T USE IT WITH PEOPLE ANYWHERE INSIDE A 45-DEGREE ARC--TURNS 'EM INTO CASSEROLE.
ALL RIGHT, I **GOT** IT! **ENOUGH** ALREADY! **JEEZ!**
HOW WAS MY EXPLANATION, DOC?
HRMM... I'D GIVE IT 8 OUT OF 10.
IF YOU'RE ***LUCKY,*** YOU MIGHT MELT THE FLEXOR UNITS ON ITS ENDOSKELETAL JUNCTIONS, OR THE CAMOUFLAGE MEMBRANE ON ITS FACE, BUT...
YOU KNOW... THAT GUN COULD PARALYZE THE COCKPIT ELECTRONICS OF A CLOSE-COMBAT VEHICLE, LIKE A TANK, BUT AS FOR THE 77...


Hmmm...
GO HELP BLAU.
YES, SIR.
Huh!

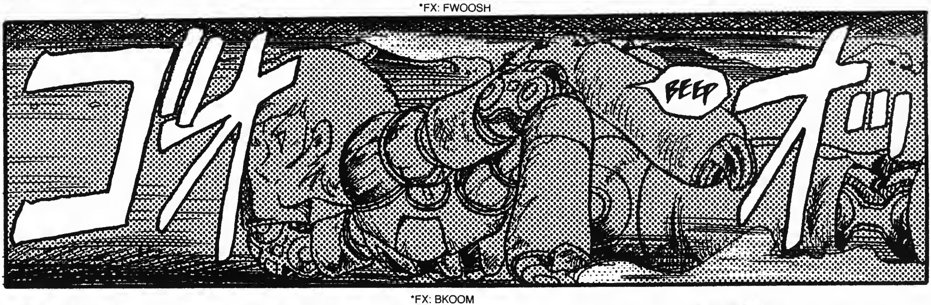
*FX: SHFF


HAS IT ENTERED THE CORRIDOR YET?
?!
NOT YET, CAPTAIN!
I'VE BURNED THE ENTIRE FOURTH FLOOR VENTILATION SYSTEM AND SEALED IT OFF.
VERY WELL-- PROCEED!
YES, SIR!

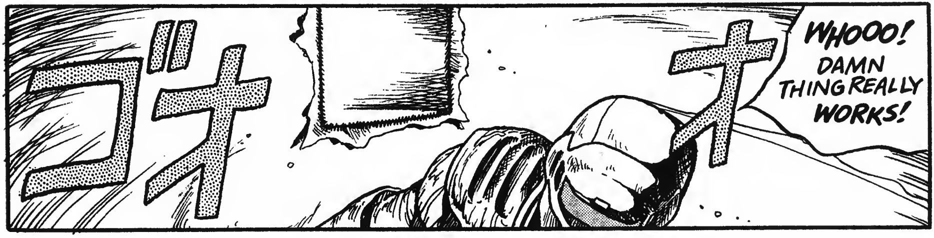
*FX: FZZAK

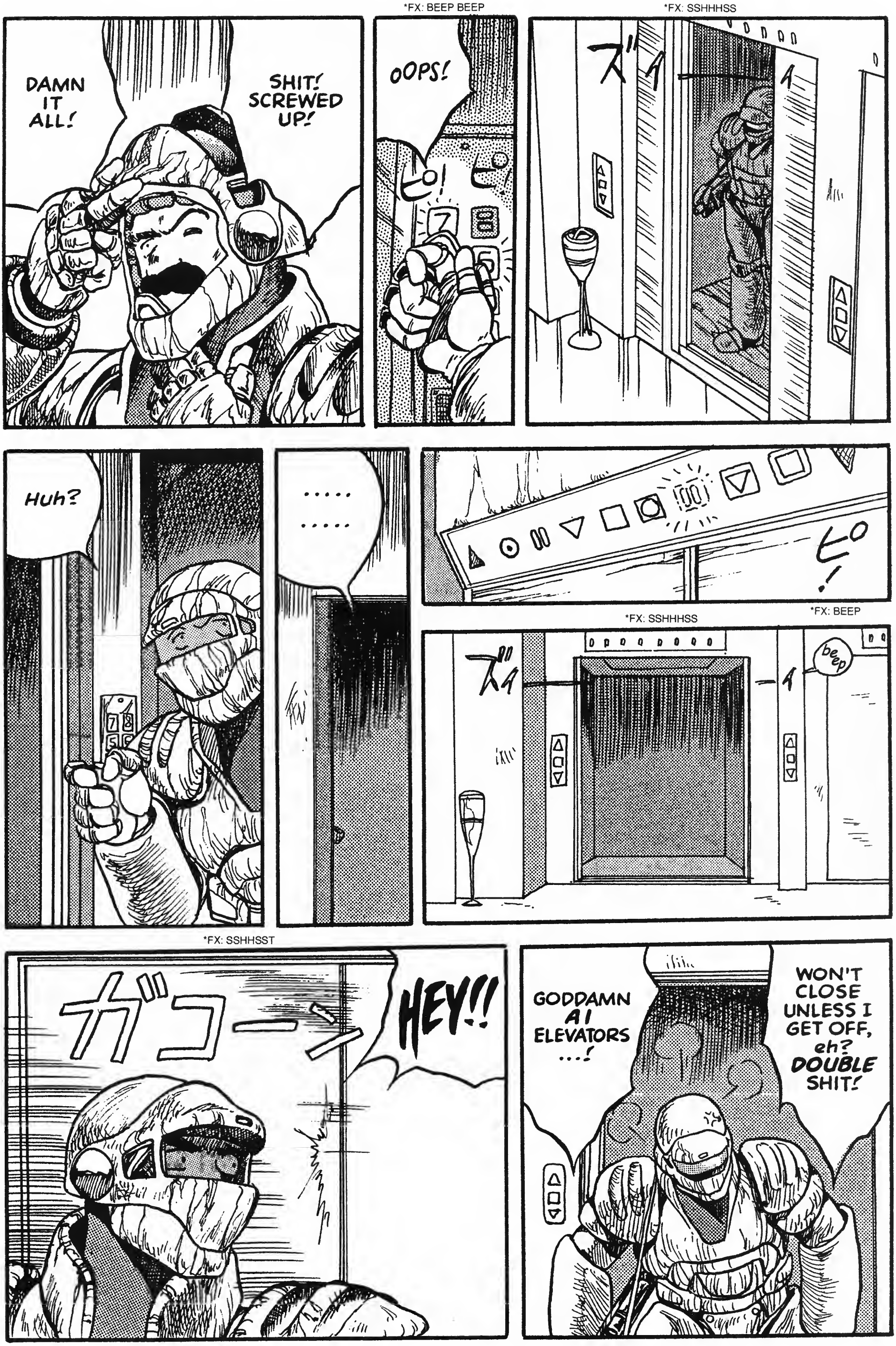

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE SIXTH FLOOR, BLAU.
OKAY!
I'VE GOT THE FIFTH FLOOR--
COMMENCING MY SWEEP *NOW!*

*FX: FWOOSH



*FX: BKOOM


ゴオーオ
WHOOO! DAMN THING REALLY *WORKS!*


*FX: BEEP BEEP

*FX: SSHHHSS

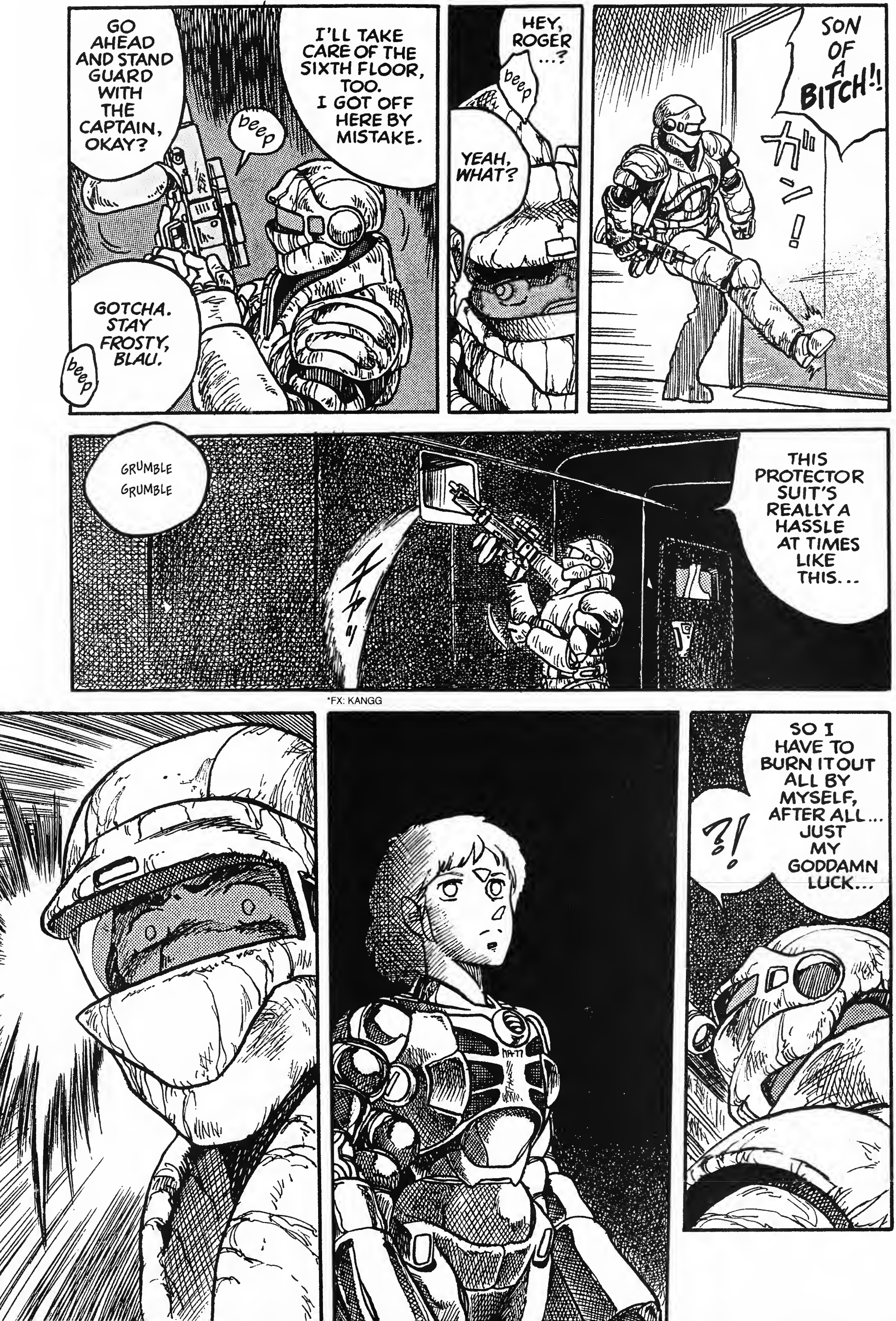
*FX: SSHHHSS

*FX: BEEP

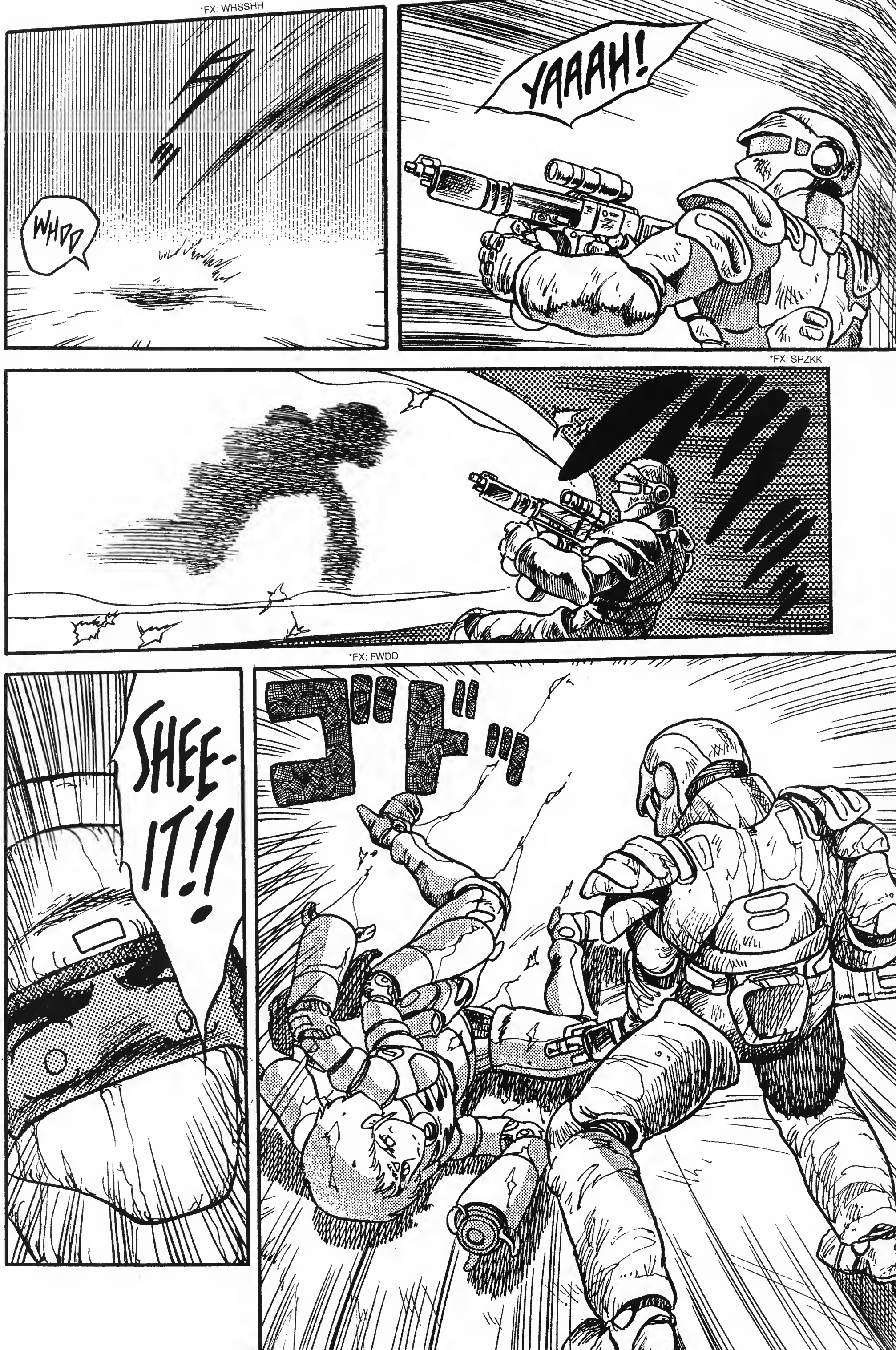
*FX: SSHHSST

DAMN IT ALL!
SHIT! SCREWED UP!
OOPS!
ピ! ピ!
ズイーー
Huh?
.....
.....
ピ!
ズィー
beep
ガゴーン
HEY!!
GODDAMN AI ELEVATORS ...!
WON'T CLOSE UNLESS I GET OFF, eh? DOUBLE SHIT!

*FX: KANG


SON OF A BITCH!!
ガン!
HEY, ROGER...?
beep
YEAH, WHAT?
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE SIXTH FLOOR, TOO. I GOT OFF HERE BY MISTAKE.
beep
GO AHEAD AND STAND GUARD WITH THE CAPTAIN, OKAY?
GOTCHA. STAY FROSTY, BLAU.
beep
THIS PROTECTOR SUIT'S REALLY A HASSLE AT TIMES LIKE THIS...
GRUMBLE GRUMBLE
SO I HAVE TO BURN IT OUT ALL BY MYSELF, AFTER ALL... JUST MY GODDAMN LUCK...
?!
MA-77

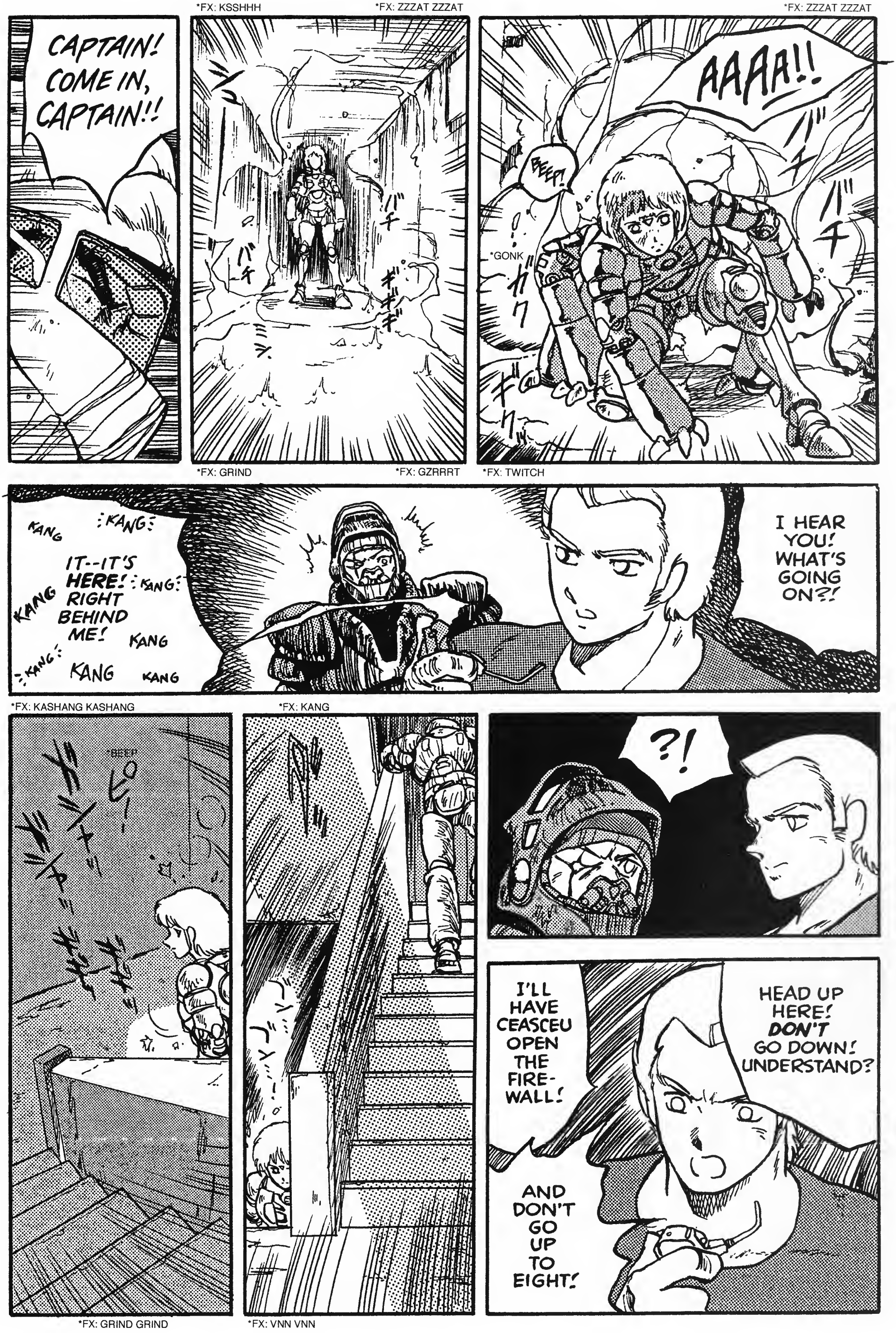
*FX: KANGG

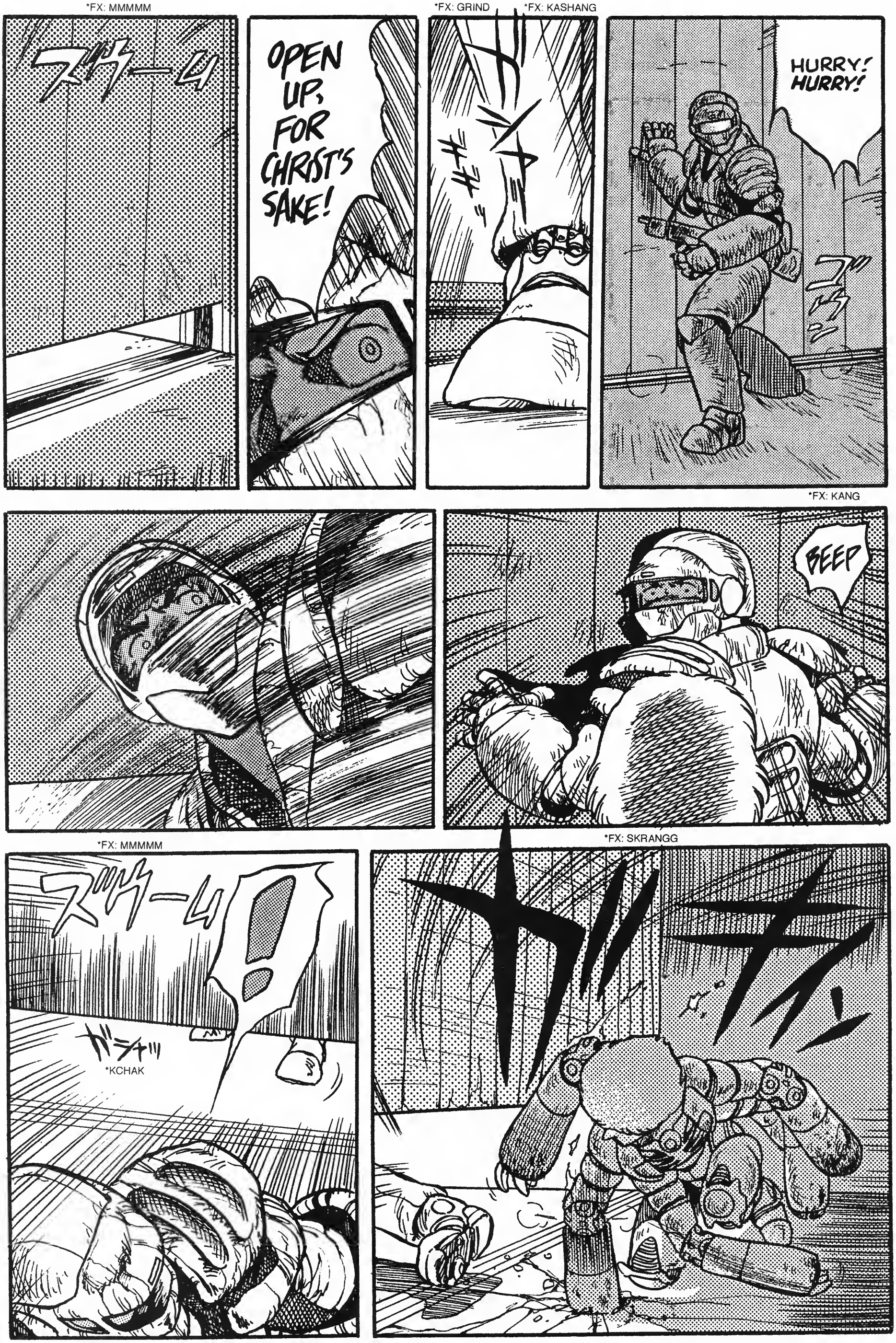

*FX: WHSSHH

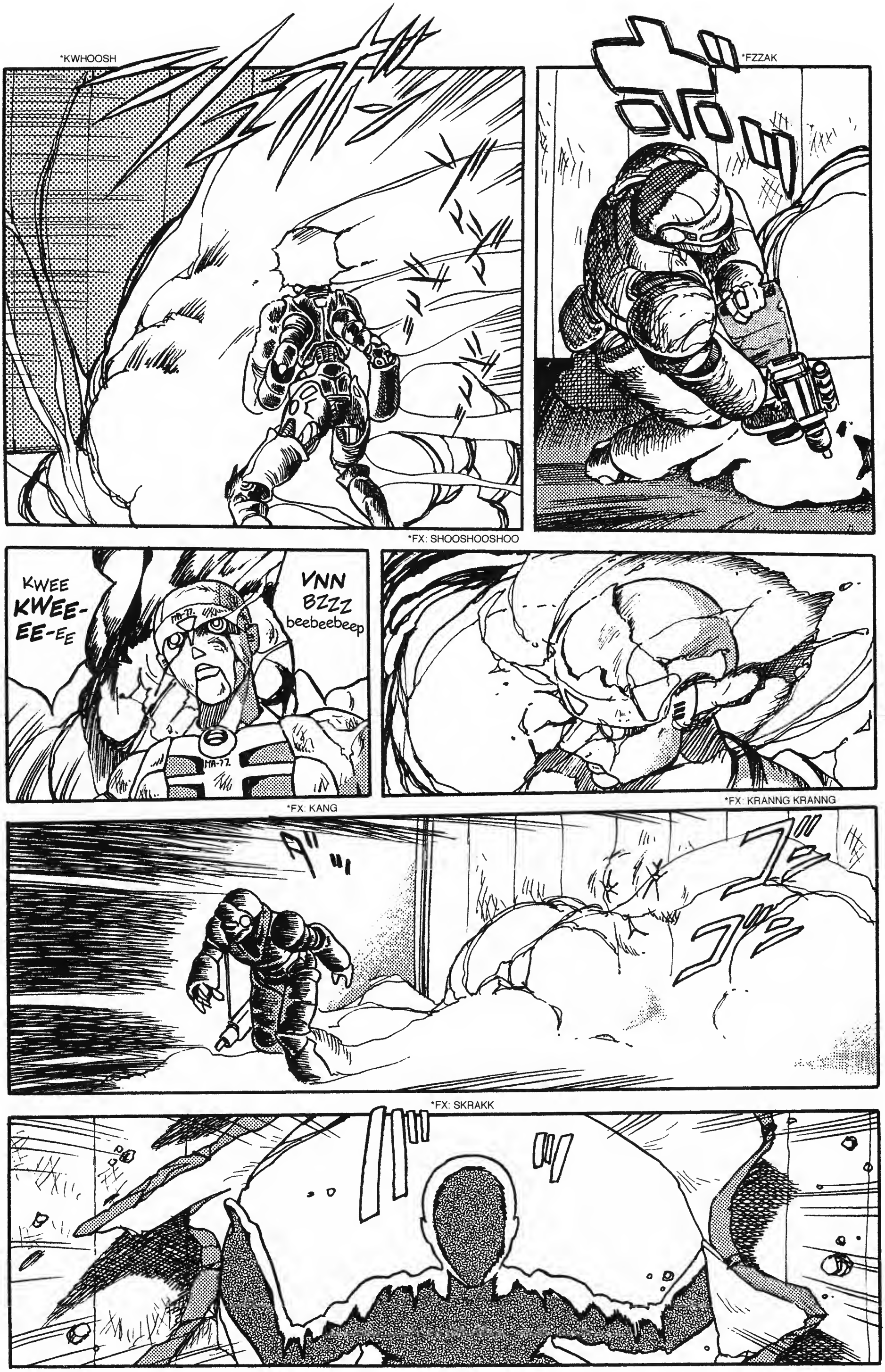
*FX: SPZKK

*FX: FWDD

WHOO
YAAAH!
ゴド
SHEE-IT!!


*FX: ZZZAT ZZZAT
AAAA!!
BEEP!
*GONK
*FX: TWITCH
*FX: ZZZAT ZZZAT
*FX: KSSHHH
*FX: GRIND
*FX: GZRRRT
CAPTAIN! COME IN, CAPTAIN!!
I HEAR YOU! WHAT'S GOING ON?!
IT--IT'S HERE! RIGHT BEHIND ME!
KANG KANG KANG KANG KANG KANG KANG KANG
?!
HEAD UP HERE! ***DON'T*** GO DOWN! UNDERSTAND?
I'LL HAVE CEASCEU OPEN THE FIRE-WALL!
AND DON'T GO UP TO EIGHT!
*FX: KANG
*FX: VNN VNN
*FX: KASHANG KASHANG
*BEEP
*FX: GRIND GRIND


*FX: MMMMM
OPEN UP, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!
*FX: GRIND
*FX: KASHANG
HURRY! HURRY!
*FX: KANG
BEEP
*FX: MMMMM
*KCHAK
*FX: SKRANGG



KWEE
KWEE-EE-EE
VNN
BZZZ
beebeebeep

*KWHOOSH

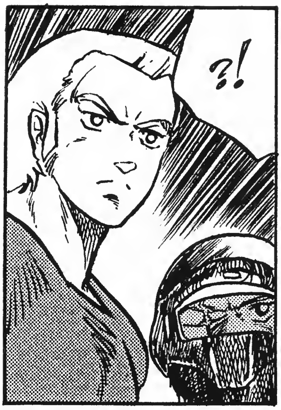
*FZZAK

*FX: SHOOSHOOSHOO

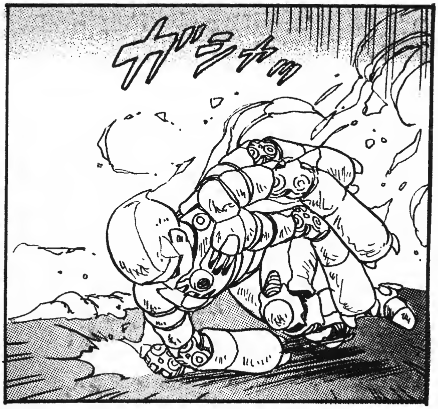
*FX: KANG

*FX: KRANNG KRANNG

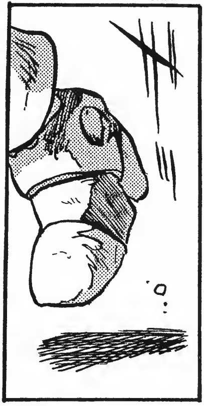
*FX: SKRAKK



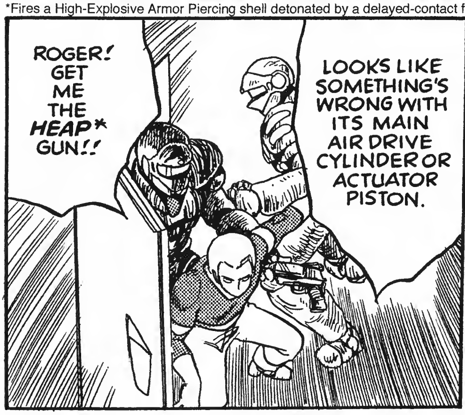
*FX: FWDD

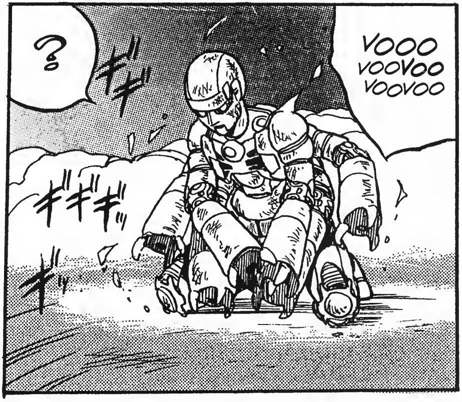


*FX: SHFF

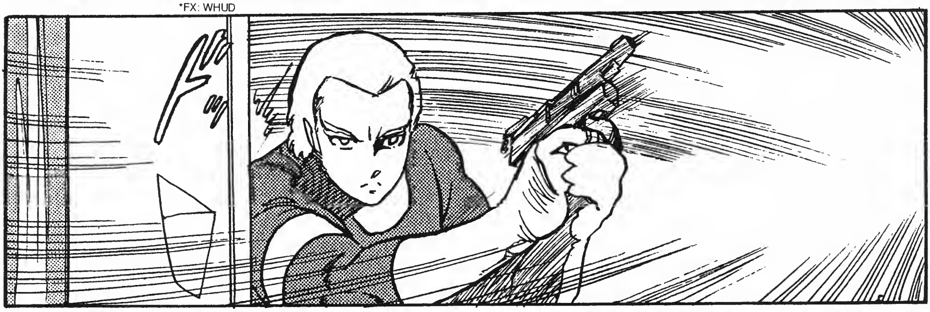


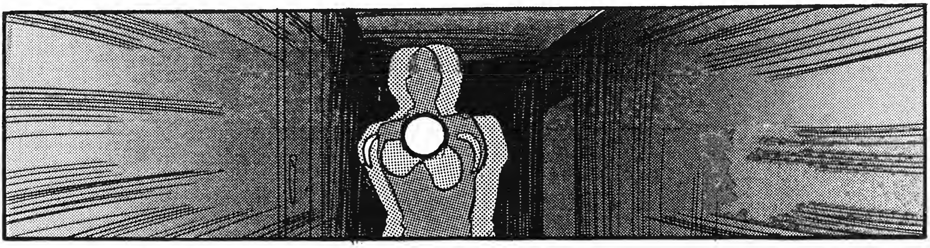
*FX: SKREEK KRAK KRKK


ROGER! GET ME THE *HEAP** GUN!!
LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH ITS MAIN AIR DRIVE CYLINDER OR ACTUATOR PISTON.


?
VOOO VOOVOO VOOVOO

*FX: WHUD





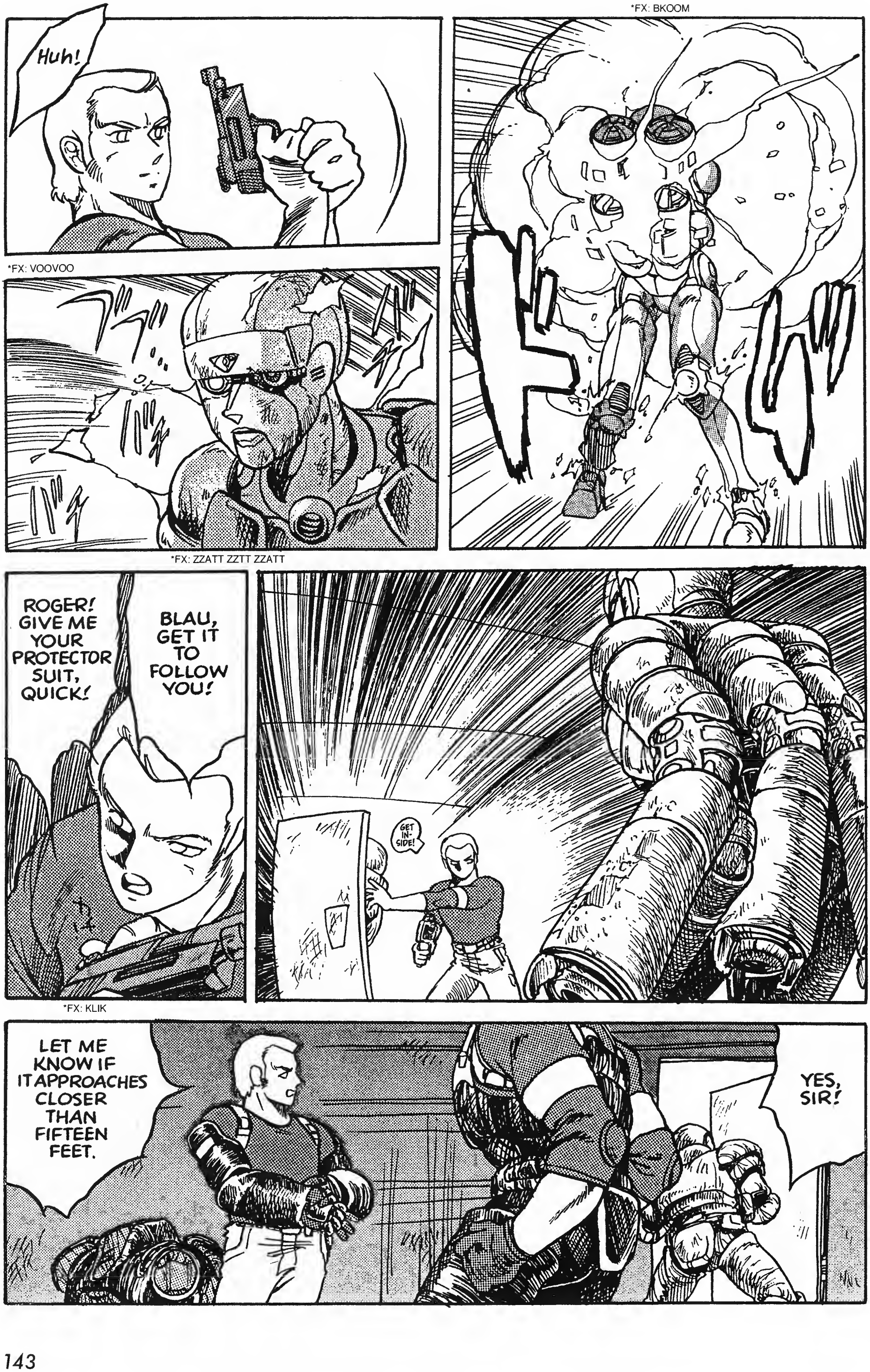
*Fires a High-Explosive Armor Piercing shell detonated by a delayed-contact fuse.

*FX: BKOOM

*FX: VOOVOO

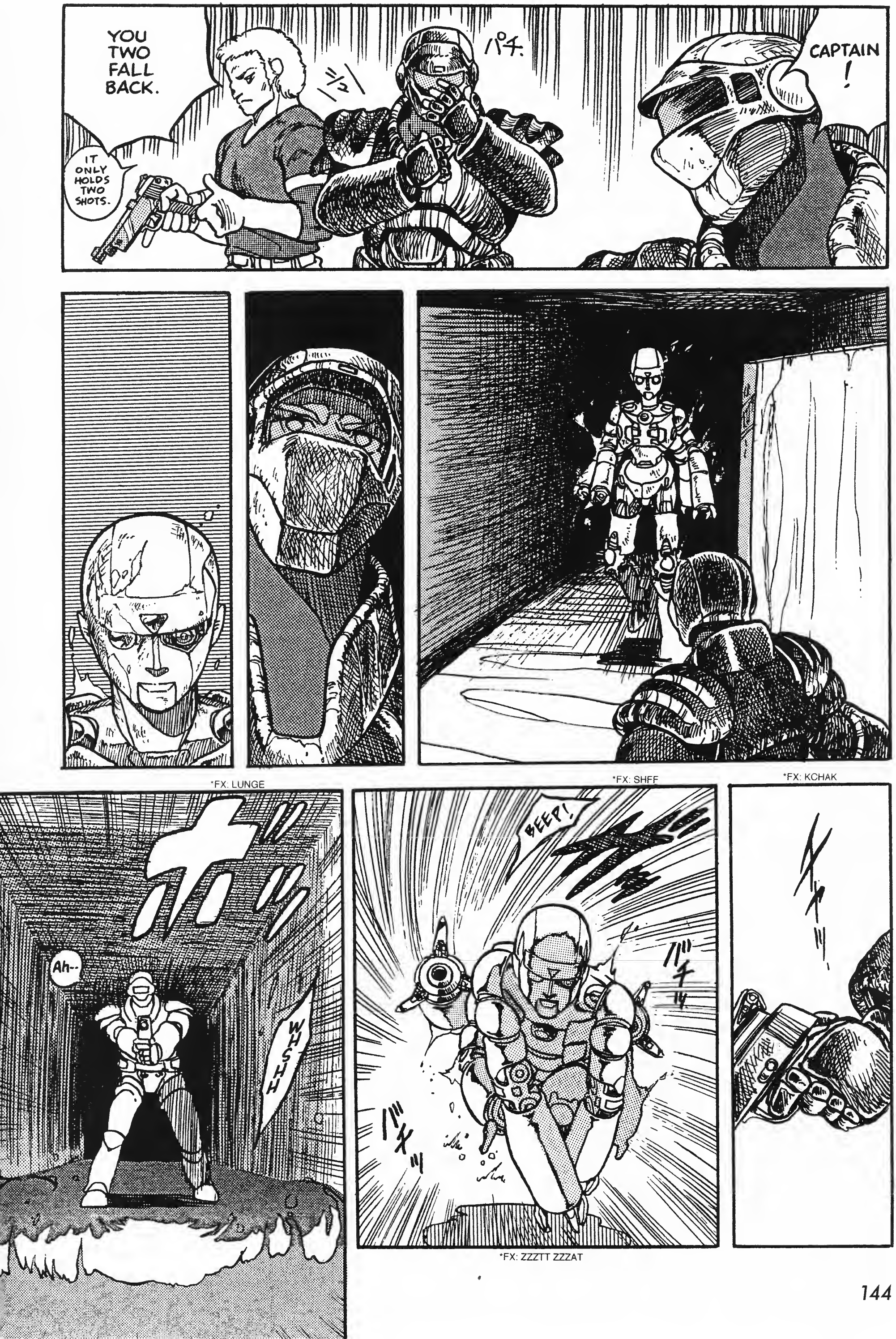
*FX: ZZATT ZZTT ZZATT

*FX: KLIK


Huh!
GET IN-SIDE!
ROGER! GIVE ME YOUR PROTECTOR SUIT, QUICK!
BLAU, GET IT TO FOLLOW YOU!
LET ME KNOW IF IT APPROACHES CLOSER THAN FIFTEEN FEET.
YES, SIR!

*FX: KLAK

*FX: KLIK

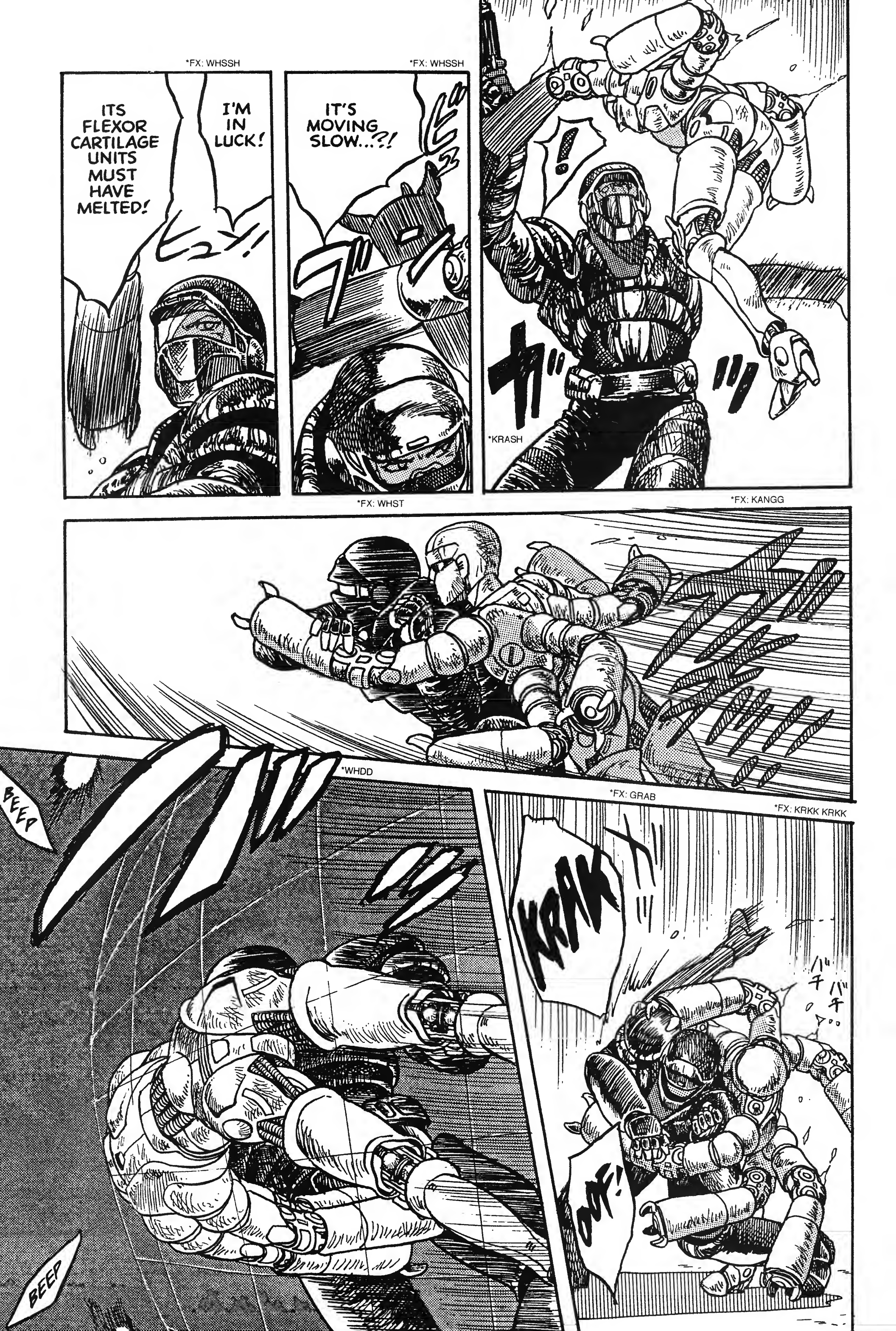

CAPTAIN!
パチ
YOU TWO FALL BACK.
IT ONLY HOLDS TWO SHOTS.
BEEP!
Ah--
WHSHH

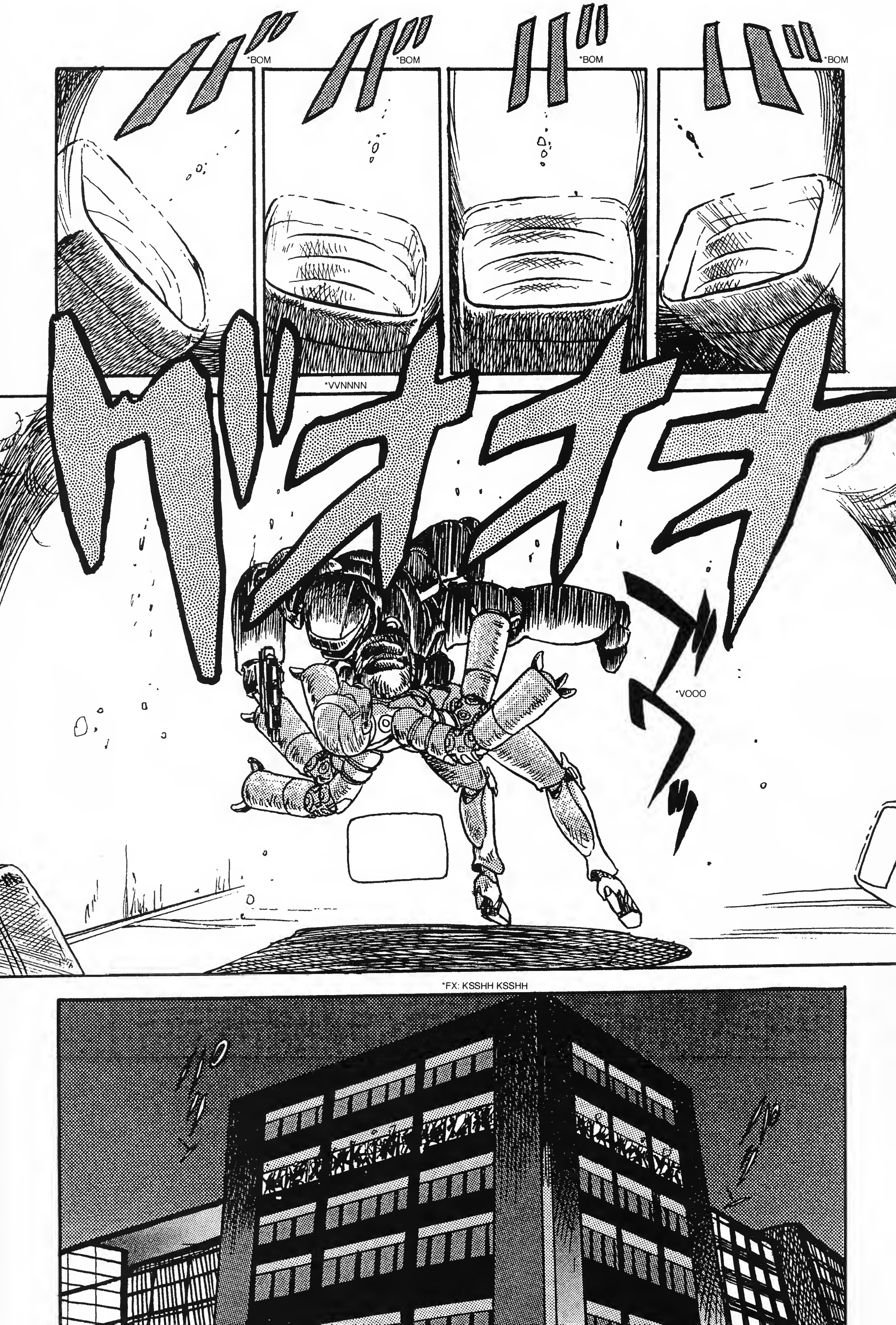
*FX: KCHAK

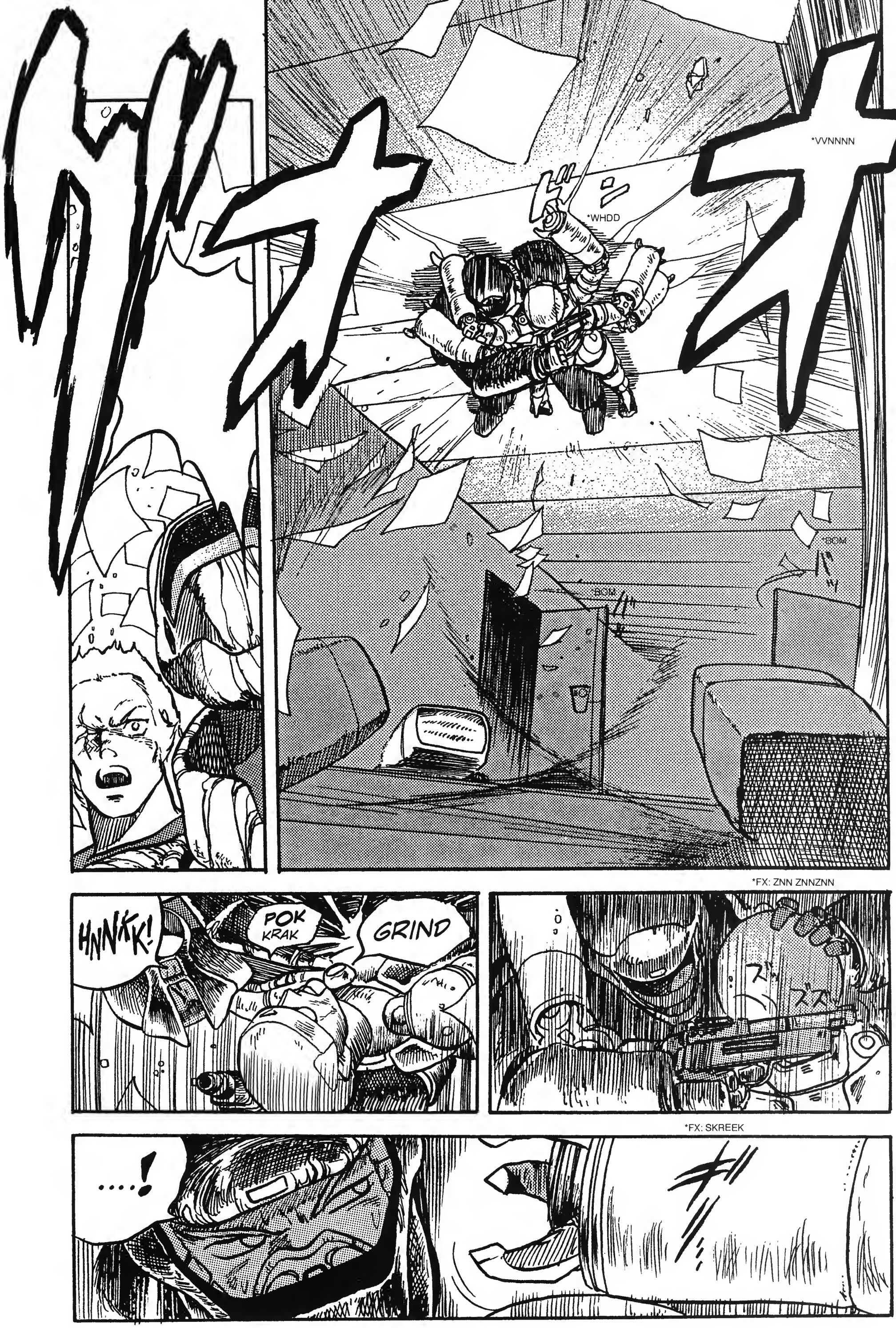
*FX: SHFF

*FX: ZZZTT ZZZAT

*FX: LUNGE

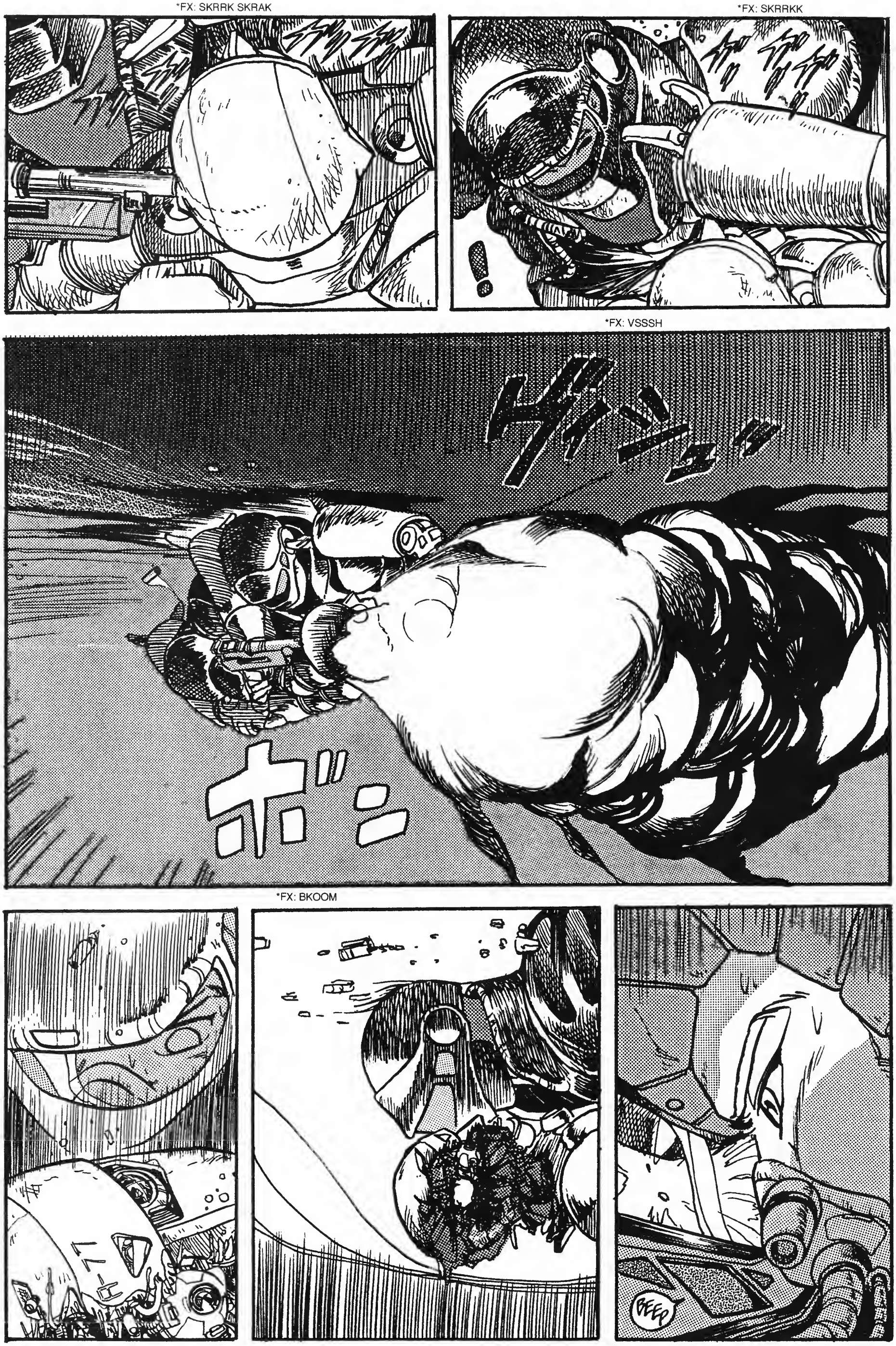

*FX: WHSSH
I'M IN LUCK!
ITS FLEXOR CARTILAGE UNITS MUST HAVE MELTED!
*FX: WHSSH
IT'S MOVING SLOW...?!
!
*KRASH
*FX: WHST
*FX: KANGG
*WHDD
BEEP
BEEP
*FX: GRAB
*FX: KRKK KRKK
KRAK
バチ バチ
OOF!

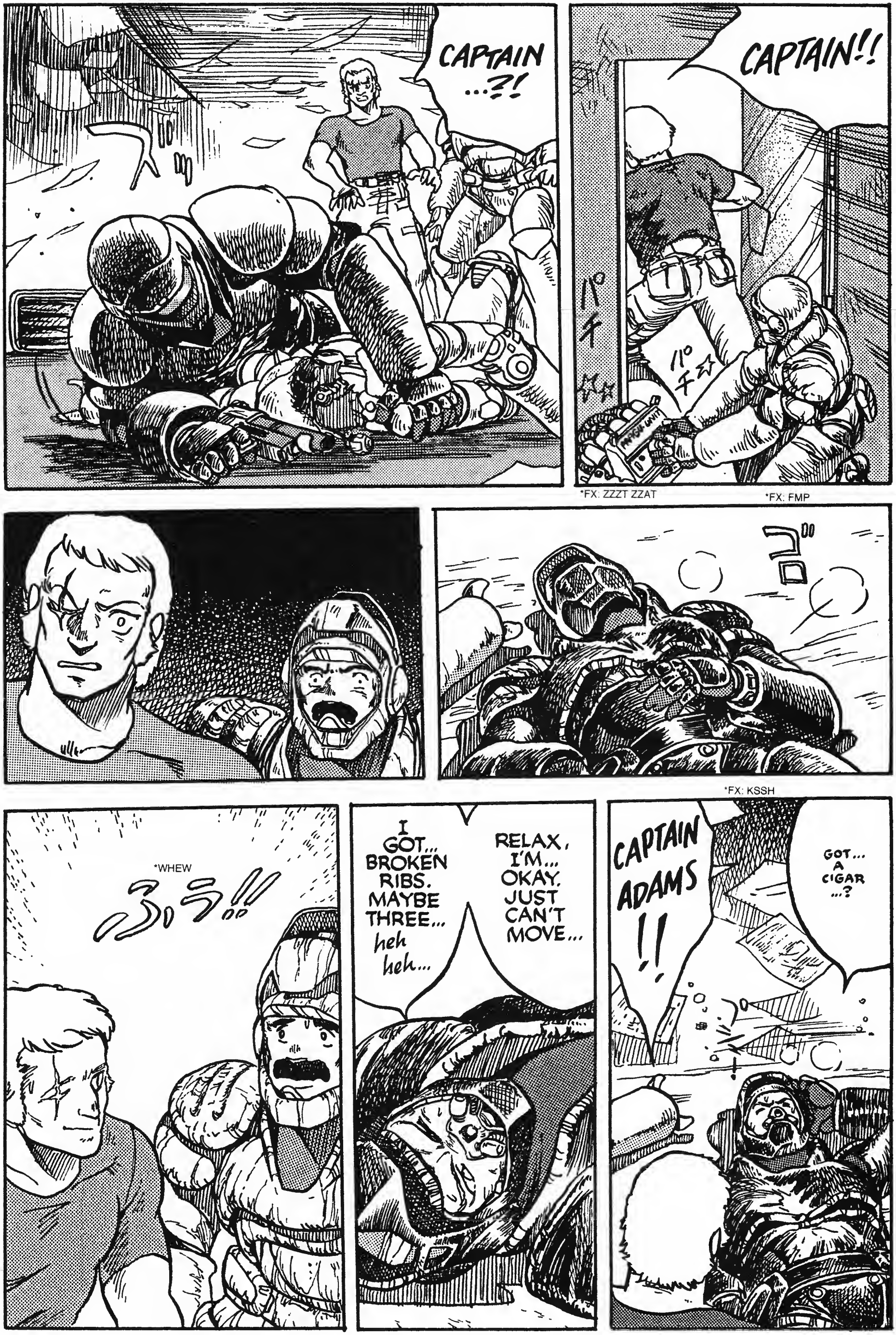

バ
*BOM
バ
*BOM
バ
*BOM
バ
*BOM
ゴォオオ
*VVNNNN
*VOOO
*FX: KSSHH KSSHH

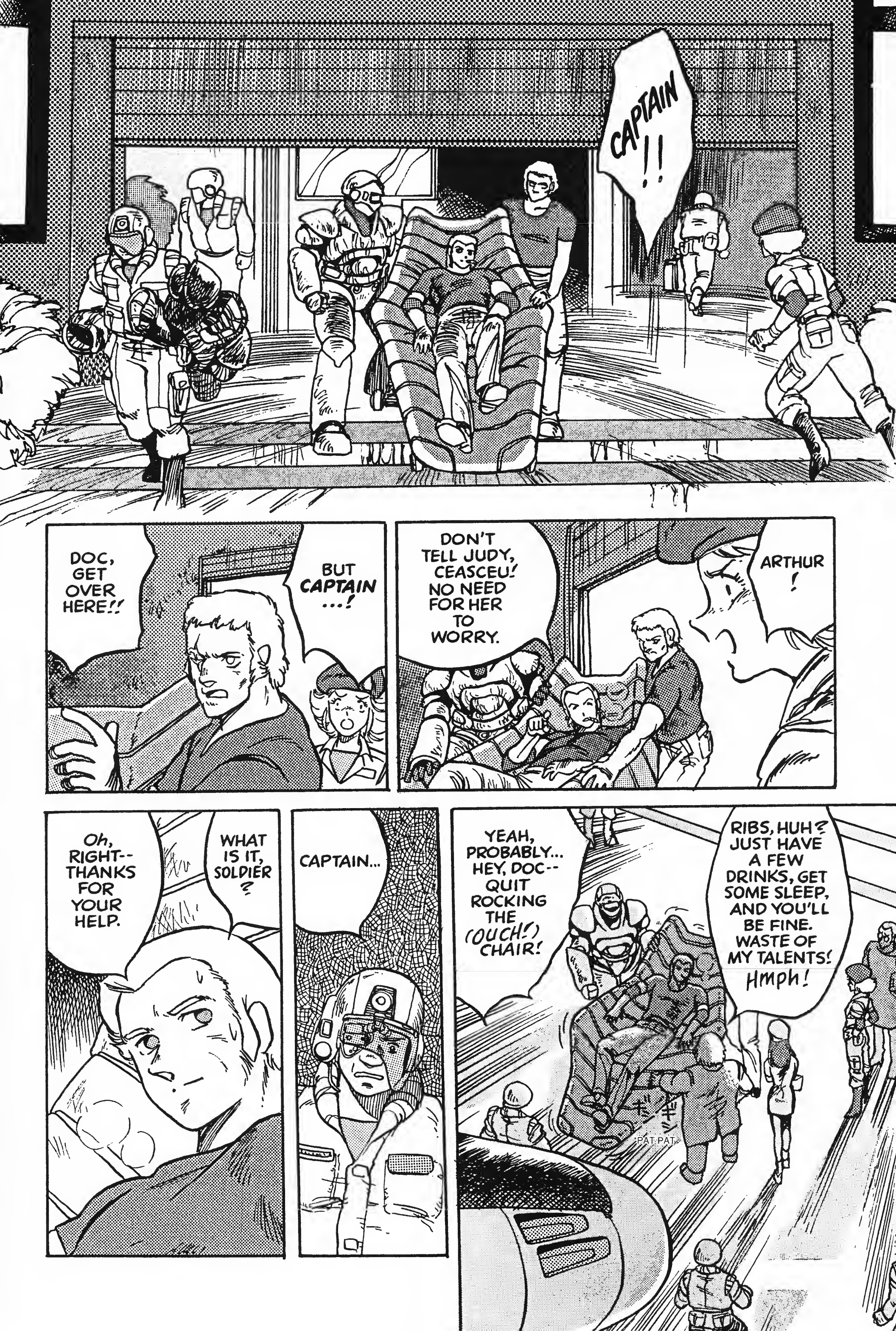

*VVNNNN
*WHDD
*BOM
*BOM
GRIND
POK KRAK
HNNKK!
....!

*FX: ZNN ZNNZNN

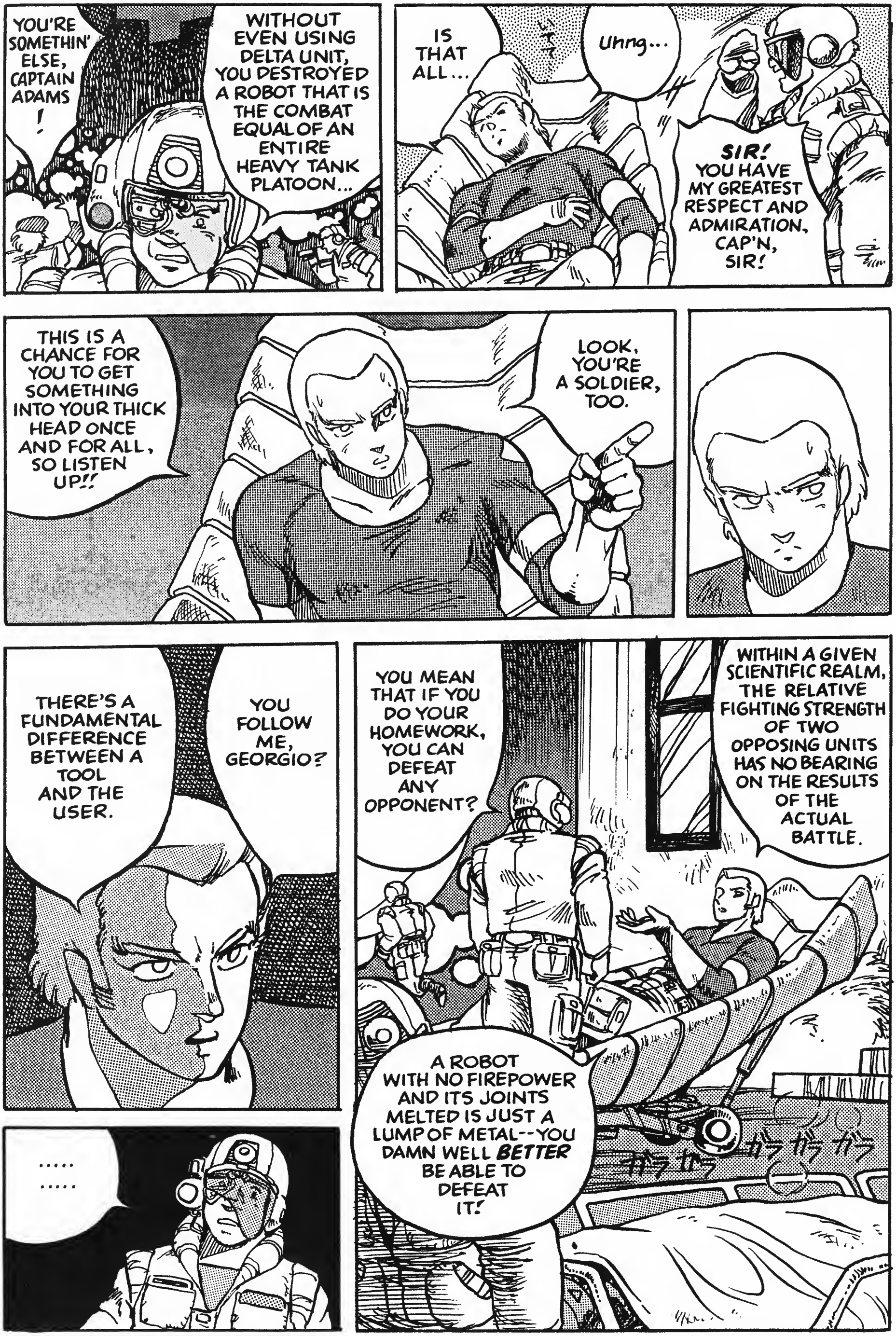
*FX: SKREEK


*FX: SKRRKK
!
*FX: SKRRK SKRAK
*FX: VSSSH
ヴィンッ
ボン
*FX: BKOOM
BEEP

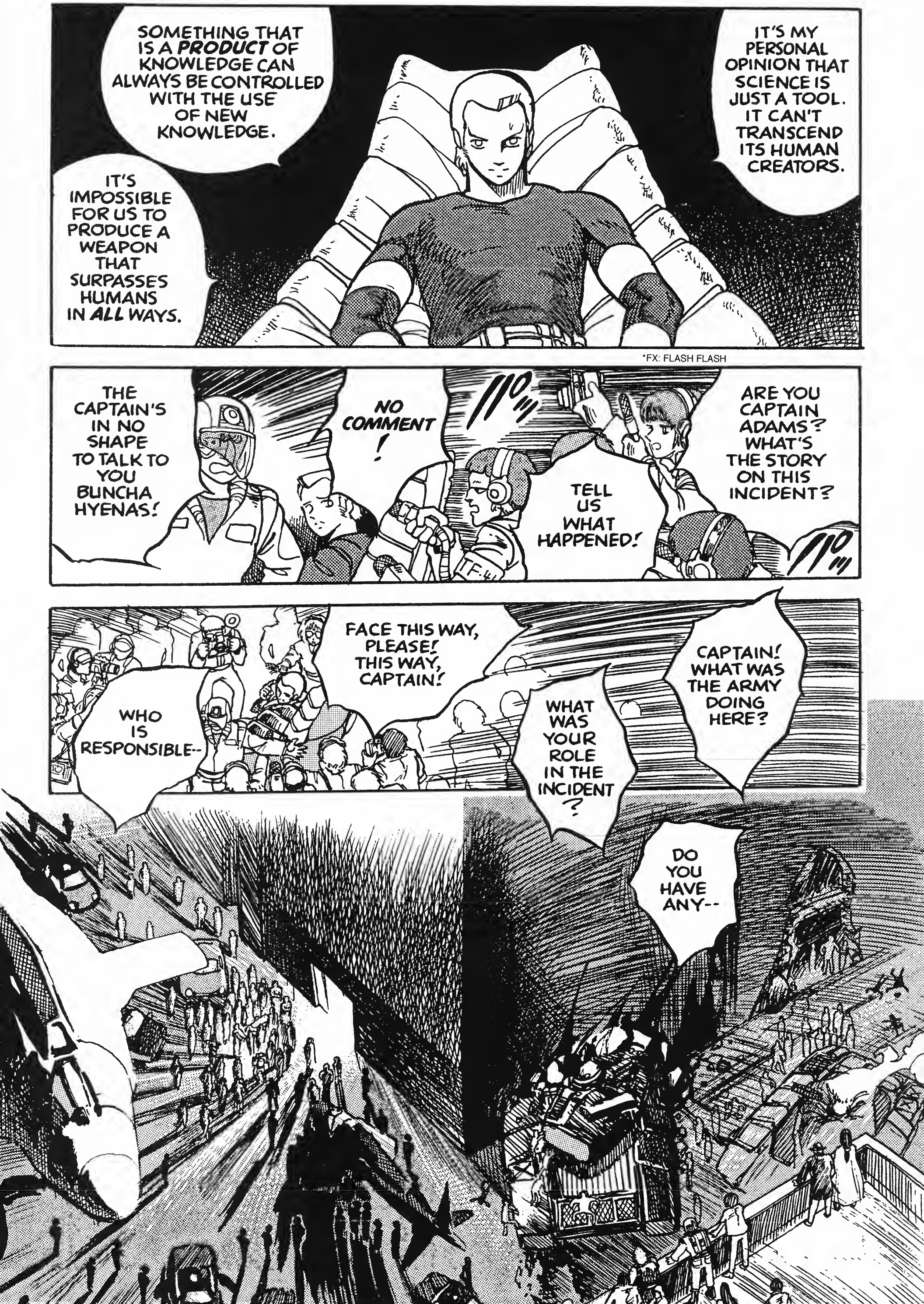

*FX: SHMP
CAPTAIN ...?!
CAPTAIN!!
*FX: ZZZT ZZAT
*FX: FMP
*WHEW
I GOT... BROKEN RIBS. MAYBE THREE... heh heh...
RELAX, I'M... OKAY. JUST CAN'T MOVE...
*FX: KSSH
CAPTAIN ADAMS!!
GOT... A CIGAR ...?


CAPTAIN!!
ARTHUR!
DON'T TELL JUDY, CEASCEU! NO NEED FOR HER TO WORRY.
BUT CAPTAIN...!
DOC, GET OVER HERE!!
RIBS, HUH? JUST HAVE A FEW DRINKS, GET SOME SLEEP, AND YOU'LL BE FINE. WASTE OF MY TALENTS! Hmph!
YEAH, PROBABLY... HEY, DOC-- QUIT ROCKING THE (OUCH!) CHAIR!
ギシ ギシ
PAT PAT
CAPTAIN...
WHAT IS IT, SOLDIER?
Oh, RIGHT-- THANKS FOR YOUR HELP.

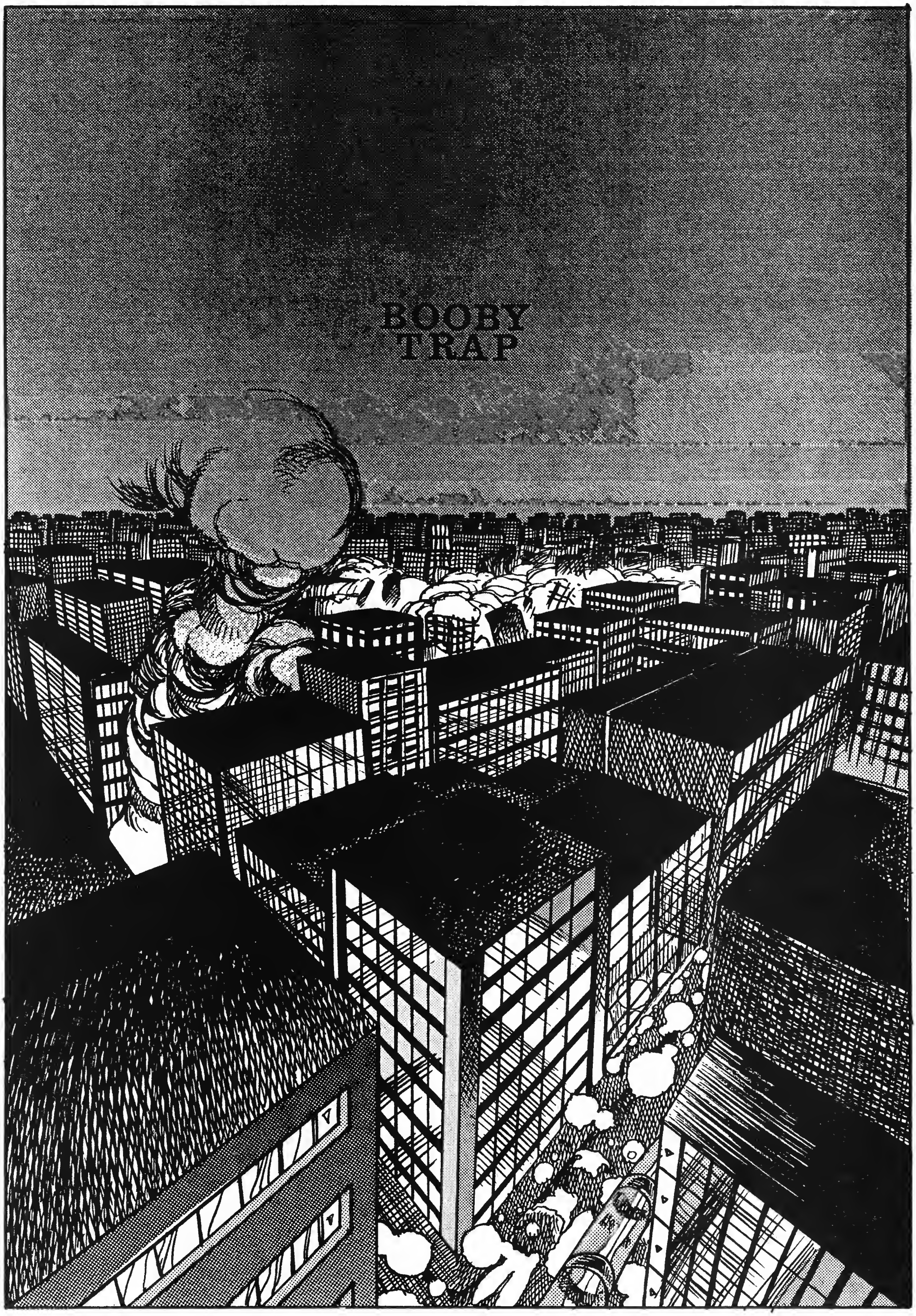
*FX: OWWW *FX: WHSH


YOU'RE SOMETHIN' ELSE, CAPTAIN ADAMS!
WITHOUT EVEN USING DELTA UNIT, YOU DESTROYED A ROBOT THAT IS THE COMBAT EQUAL OF AN ENTIRE HEAVY TANK PLATOON...
IS THAT ALL...
Uhng...
SIR! YOU HAVE MY GREATEST RESPECT AND ADMIRATION, CAP'N, SIR!
THIS IS A CHANCE FOR YOU TO GET SOMETHING INTO YOUR THICK HEAD ONCE AND FOR ALL, SO LISTEN UP!!
LOOK, YOU'RE A SOLDIER, TOO.
THERE'S A FUNDAMENTAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A TOOL AND THE USER.
YOU FOLLOW ME, GEORGIO?
.....
.....
YOU MEAN THAT IF YOU DO YOUR HOMEWORK, YOU CAN DEFEAT ANY OPPONENT?
WITHIN A GIVEN SCIENTIFIC REALM, THE RELATIVE FIGHTING STRENGTH OF TWO OPPOSING UNITS HAS NO BEARING ON THE RESULTS OF THE ACTUAL BATTLE.
A ROBOT WITH NO FIREPOWER AND ITS JOINTS MELTED IS JUST A LUMP OF METAL--YOU DAMN WELL BETTER BE ABLE TO DEFEAT IT!

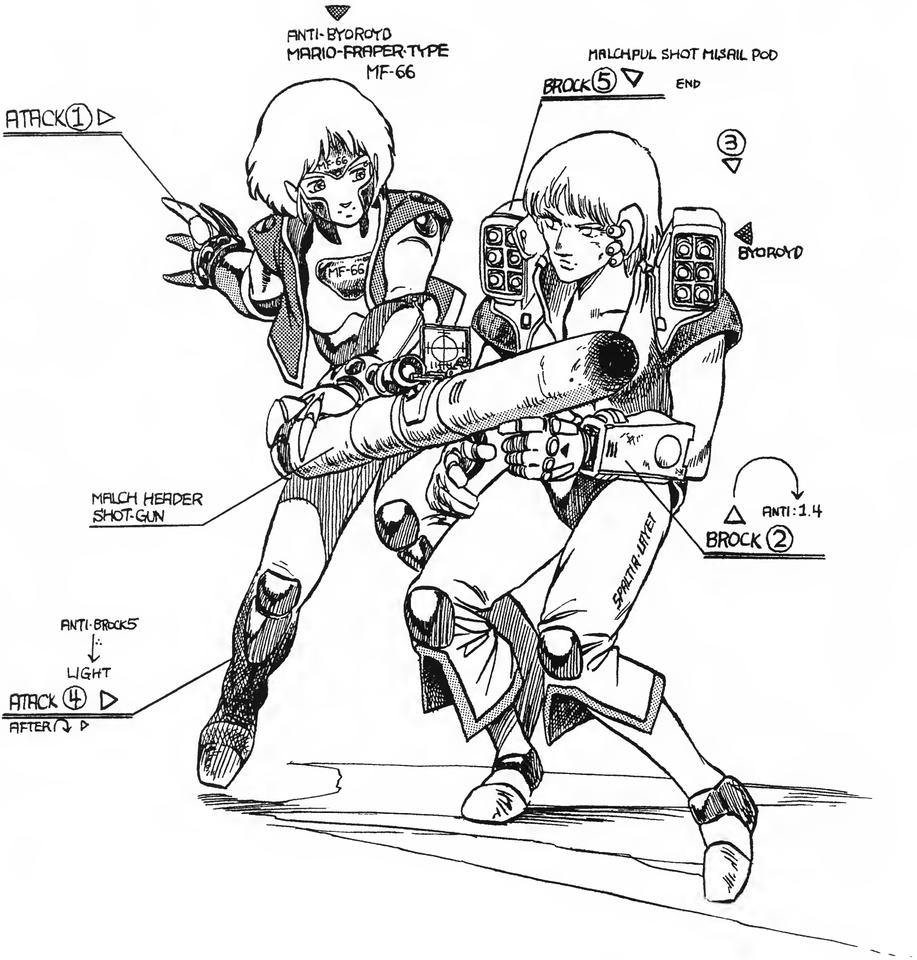
*FX: KATA KATA KATA KATA

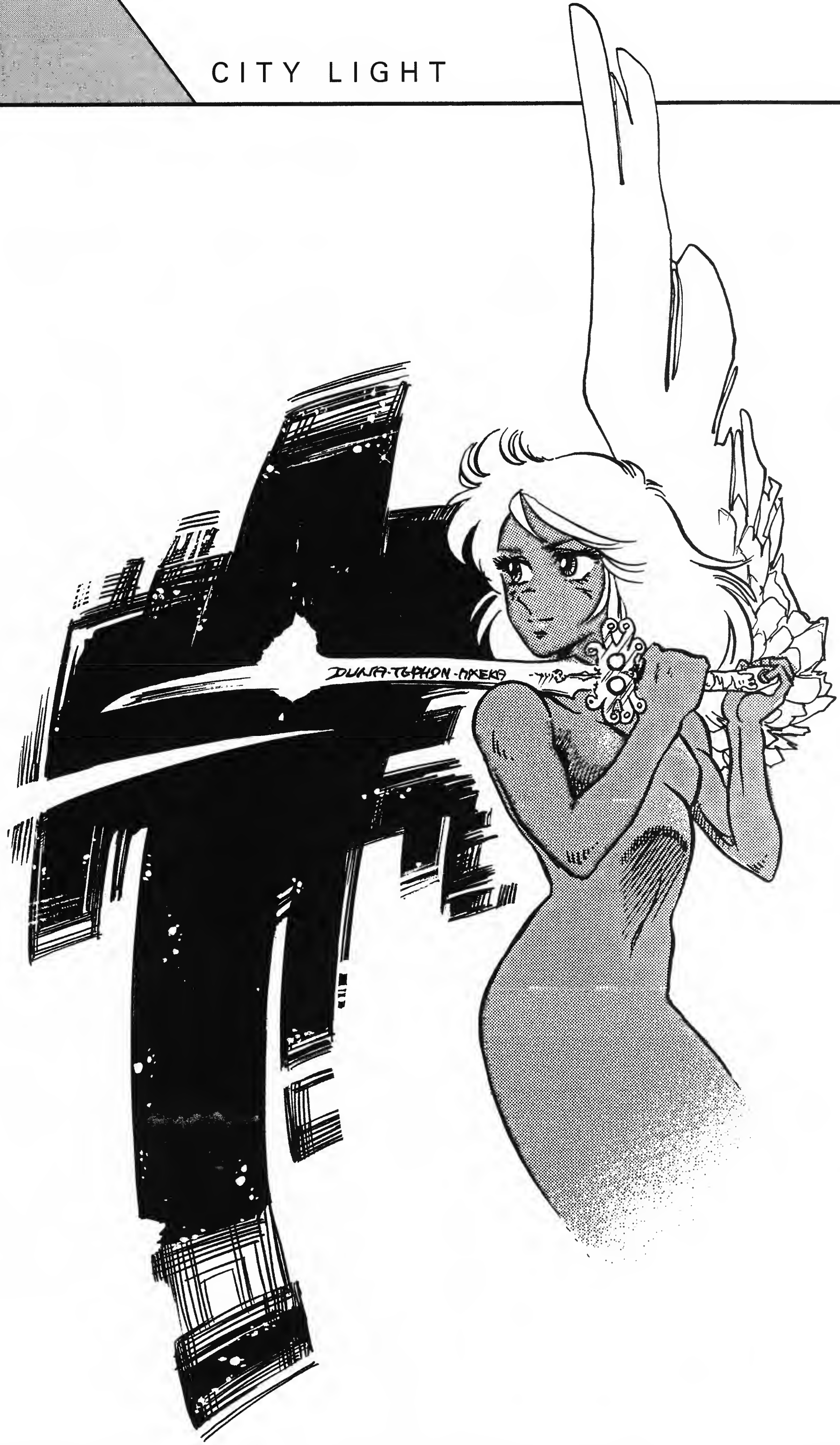

SOMETHING THAT IS A *PRODUCT* OF KNOWLEDGE CAN ALWAYS BE CONTROLLED WITH THE USE OF NEW KNOWLEDGE.
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO PRODUCE A WEAPON THAT SURPASSES HUMANS IN *ALL* WAYS.
IT'S MY PERSONAL OPINION THAT SCIENCE IS JUST A TOOL. IT CAN'T TRANSCEND ITS HUMAN CREATORS.
THE CAPTAIN'S IN NO SHAPE TO TALK TO YOU BUNCHA HYENAS!
NO COMMENT!
TELL US WHAT HAPPENED!
ARE YOU CAPTAIN ADAMS? WHAT'S THE STORY ON THIS INCIDENT?
FACE THIS WAY, PLEASE! THIS WAY, CAPTAIN!
WHO IS RESPONSIBLE--
WHAT WAS YOUR ROLE IN THE INCIDENT?
CAPTAIN! WHAT WAS THE ARMY DOING HERE?
DO YOU HAVE ANY--

*FX: FLASH FLASH



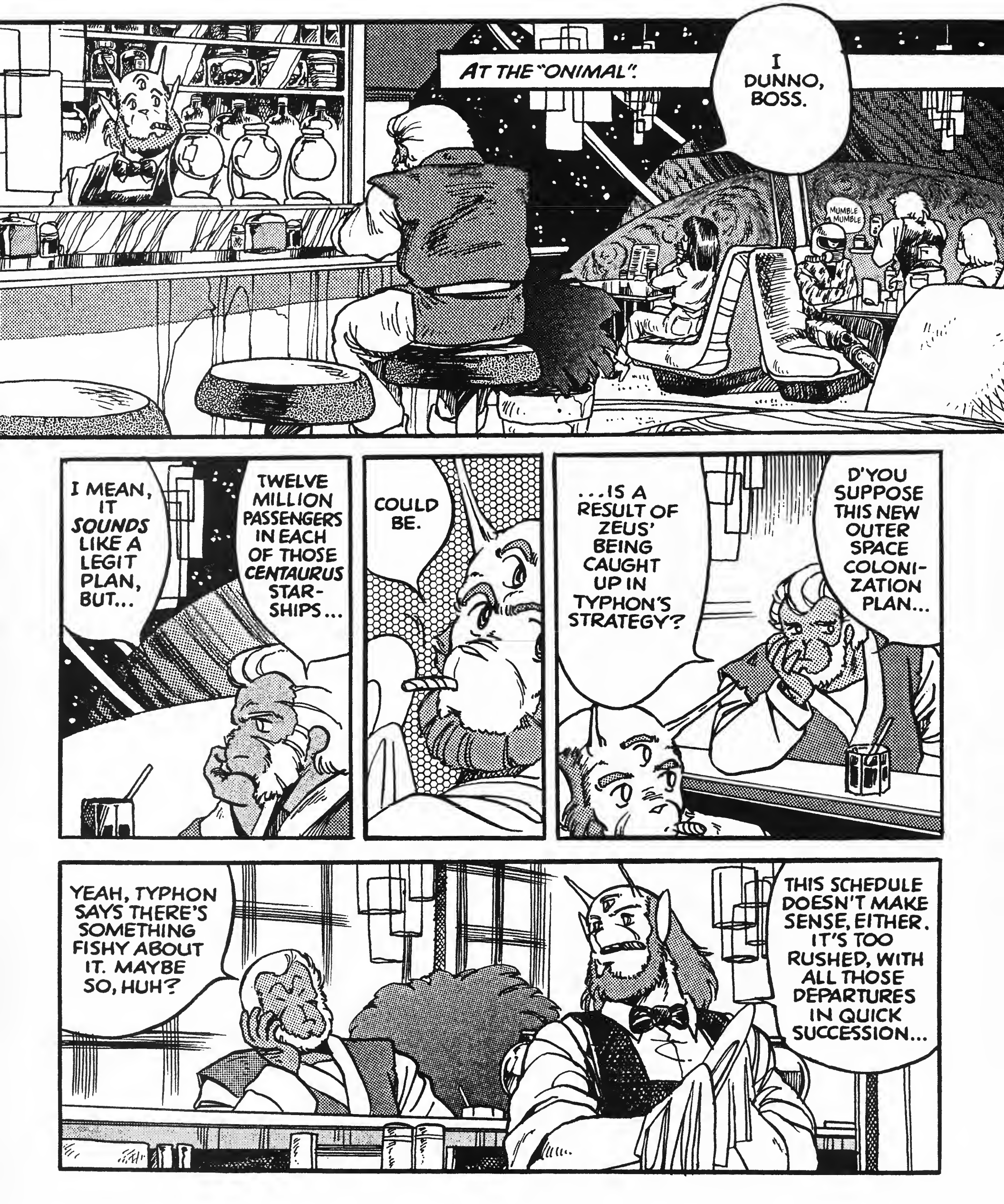
END

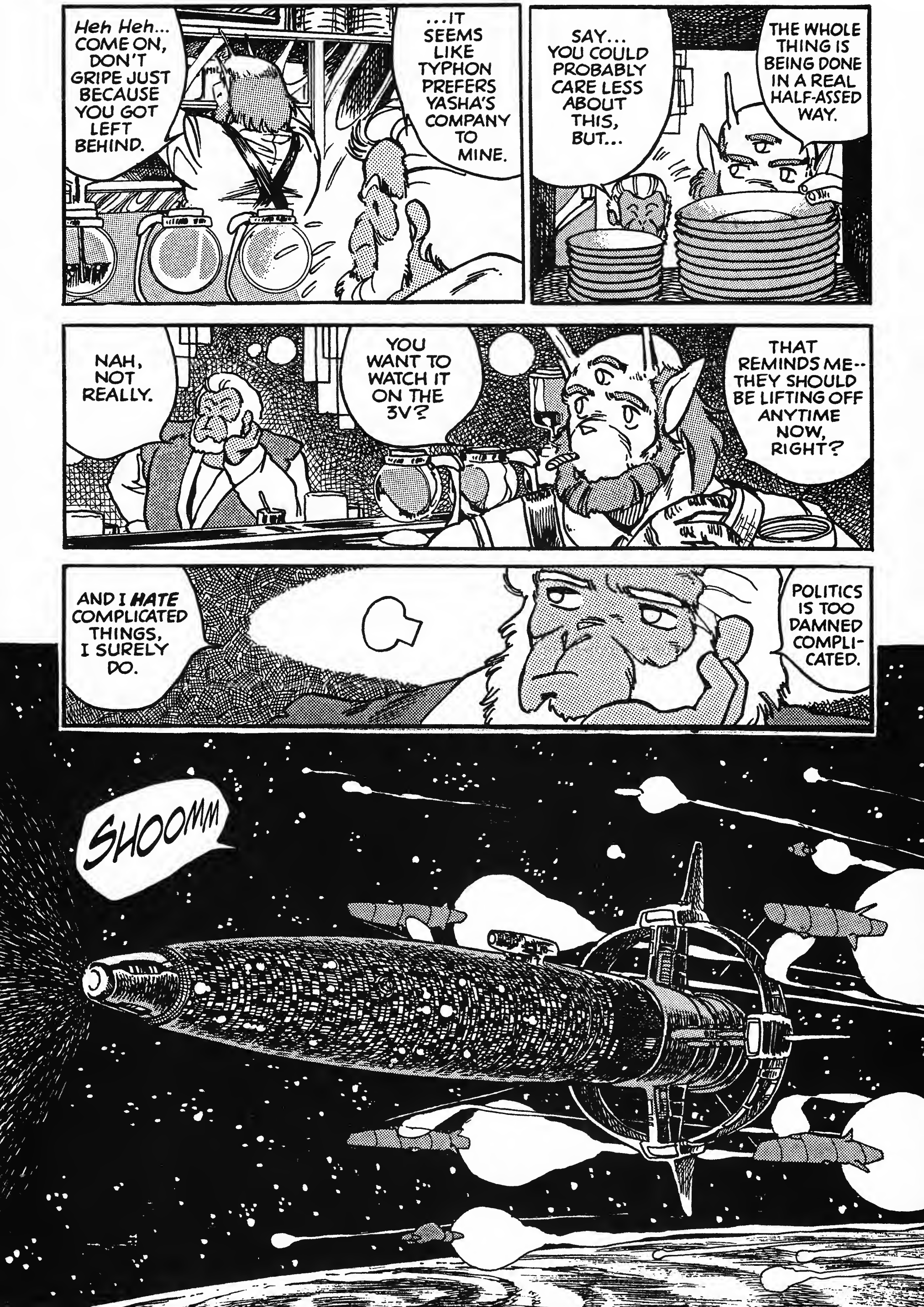
▼
ANTI-BYOROYD
MARIO-FRAPER-TYPE
MF-66
MALCHPUL SHOT MISAIL POD
BROCK⑤ ▽
END
ATACK① ▷
③
▽
MF-66
MF-66
◀
BYOROYD
MALCH HEADER
SHOT-GUN
△ ANTI:1.4
BROCK②
SPALTIA-LAYET
ANTI-BROCK5
LIGHT
ATACK④ ▷
AFTER ▷

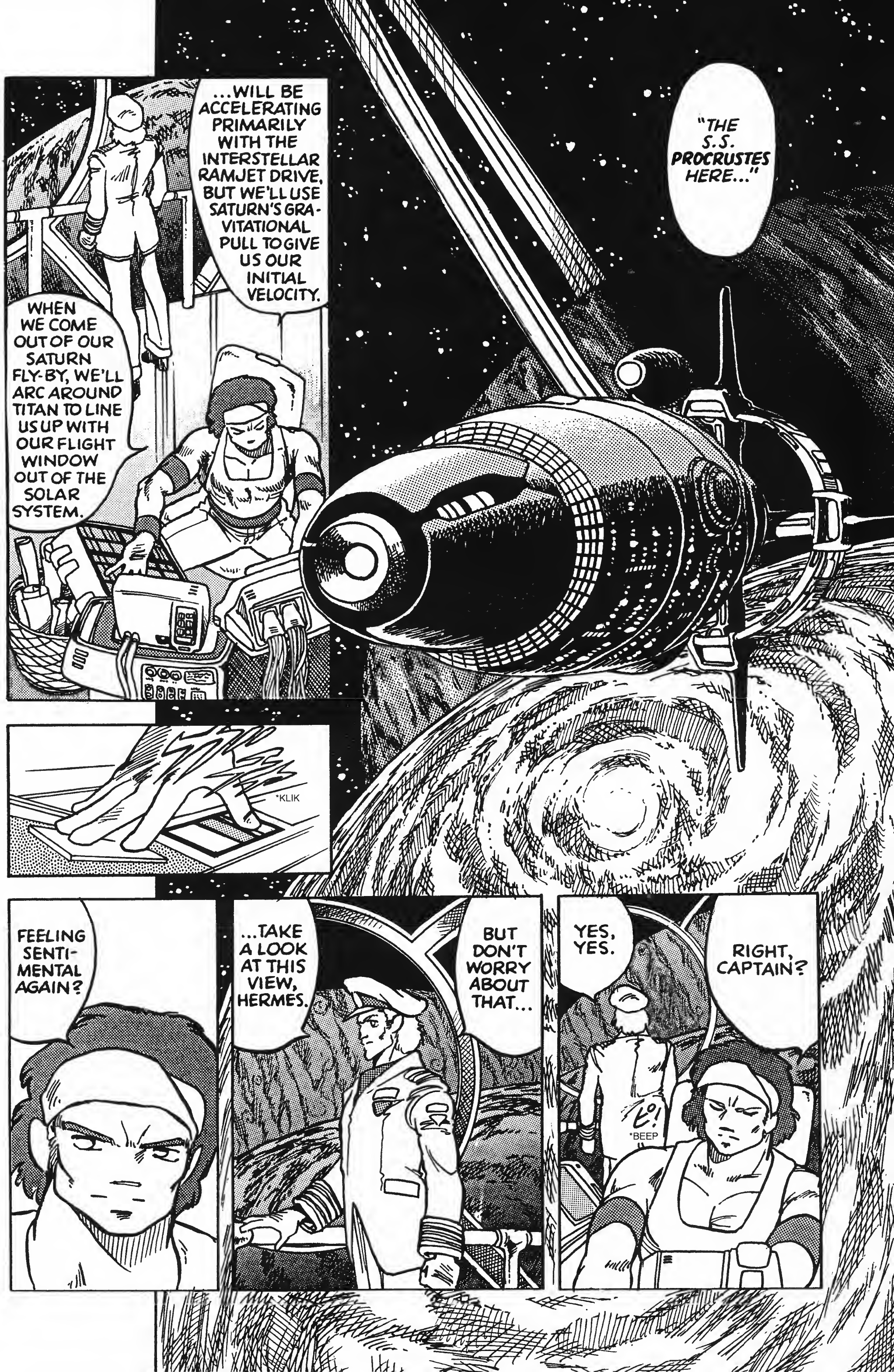

DUNA-TYPHON-MAEKA

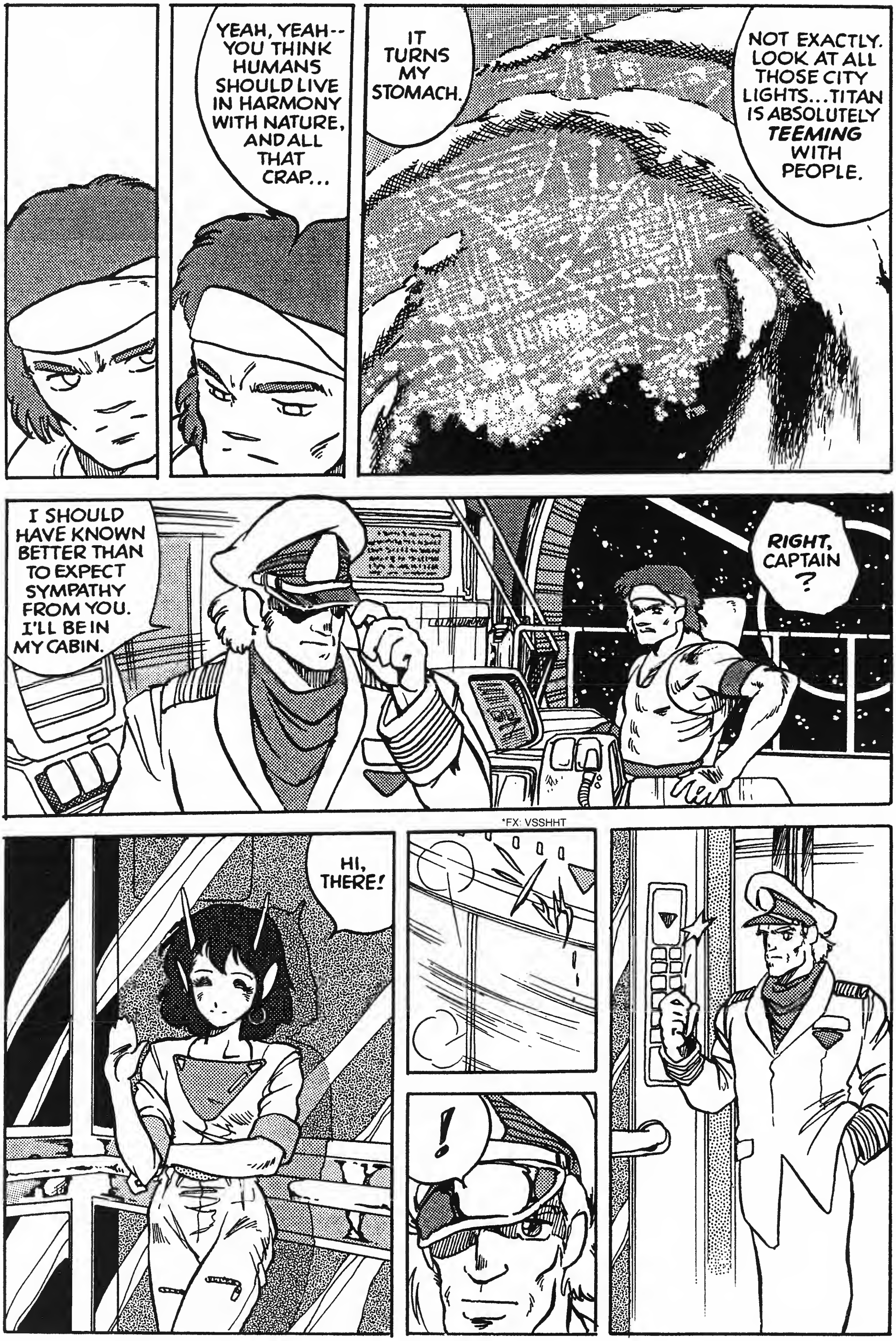
AT THIS TIME, THE VENUSIAN CIVILIZATION ENCOMPASSED FIVE PLANETS, SEVERAL COLONIES, AND COUNTLESS SPACELABS.

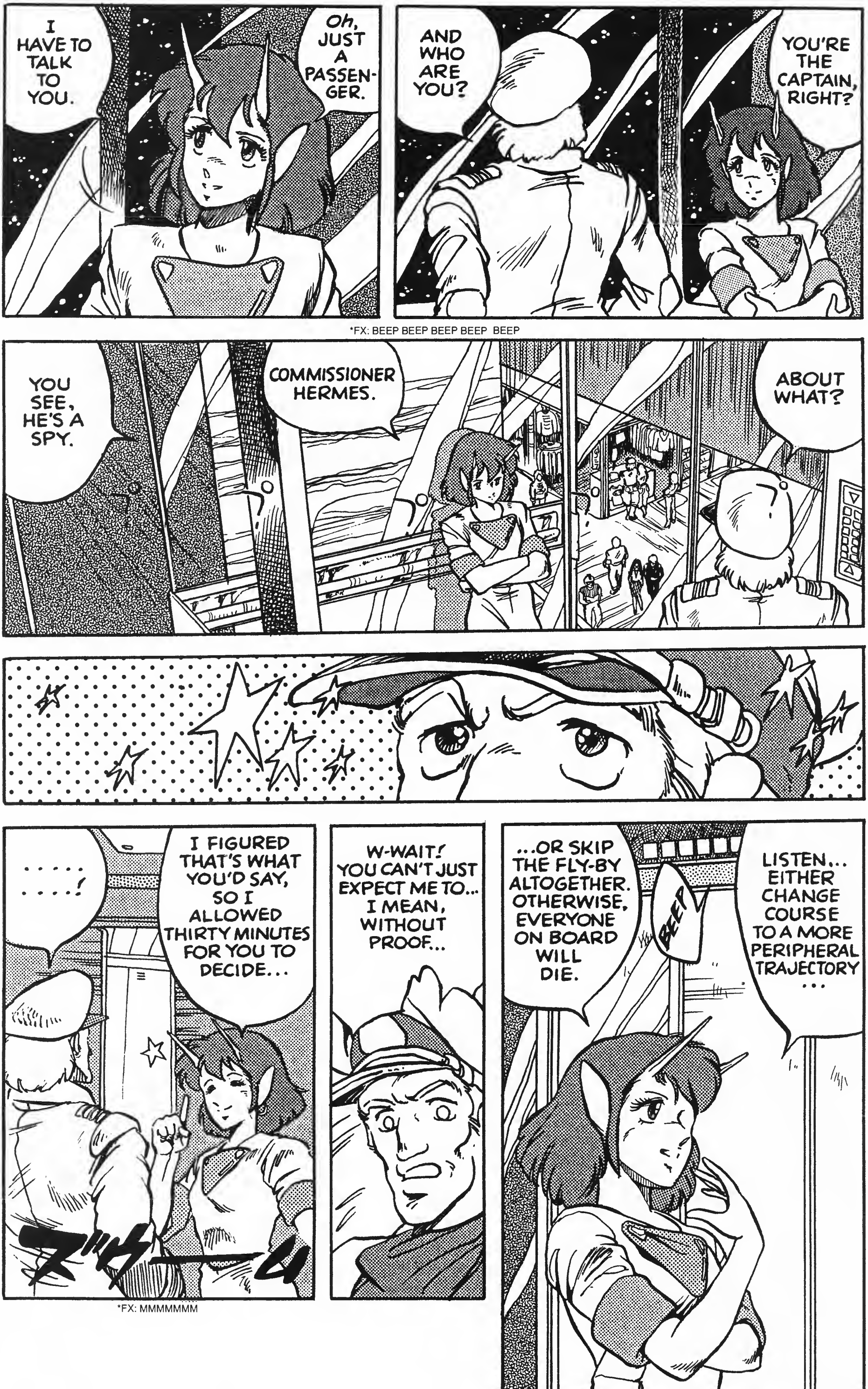
AT THE OUTER EDGE OF THIS CIVILIZATION--THE SATURNIAN MOON NAMED TITAN--A FLEET OF EMIGRANT SHIPS PREPARED TO DEPART IN ACCORDANCE WITH A PROJECT LAUNCHED BY ZEUS.


AT THE "ONIMAL".
I DUNNO, BOSS.
MUMBLE MUMBLE
D'YOU SUPPOSE THIS NEW OUTER SPACE COLONIZATION PLAN...
...IS A RESULT OF ZEUS' BEING CAUGHT UP IN TYPHON'S STRATEGY?
COULD BE.
TWELVE MILLION PASSENGERS IN EACH OF THOSE *CENTAURUS* STARSHIPS...
I MEAN, IT *SOUNDS* LIKE A LEGIT PLAN, BUT...
THIS SCHEDULE DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, EITHER. IT'S TOO RUSHED, WITH ALL THOSE DEPARTURES IN QUICK SUCCESSION...
YEAH, TYPHON SAYS THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT IT. MAYBE SO, HUH?


THE WHOLE THING IS BEING DONE IN A REAL HALF-ASSED WAY.
SAY... YOU COULD PROBABLY CARE LESS ABOUT THIS, BUT...
...IT SEEMS LIKE TYPHON PREFERS YASHA'S COMPANY TO MINE.
Heh Heh... COME ON, DON'T GRIPE JUST BECAUSE YOU GOT LEFT BEHIND.
THAT REMINDS ME-- THEY SHOULD BE LIFTING OFF ANYTIME NOW, RIGHT?
YOU WANT TO WATCH IT ON THE 3V?
NAH, NOT REALLY.
POLITICS IS TOO DAMNED COMPLICATED.
AND I ***HATE*** COMPLICATED THINGS, I SURELY DO.
SHOOMM


"THE S.S. PROCRUSTES HERE..."
...WILL BE ACCELERATING PRIMARILY WITH THE INTERSTELLAR RAMJET DRIVE, BUT WE'LL USE SATURN'S GRAVITATIONAL PULL TO GIVE US OUR INITIAL VELOCITY.
WHEN WE COME OUT OF OUR SATURN FLY-BY, WE'LL ARC AROUND TITAN TO LINE US UP WITH OUR FLIGHT WINDOW OUT OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.
*KLIK
FEELING SENTIMENTAL AGAIN?
...TAKE A LOOK AT THIS VIEW, HERMES.
BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT...
YES, YES.
RIGHT, CAPTAIN?
ピ!
*BEEP

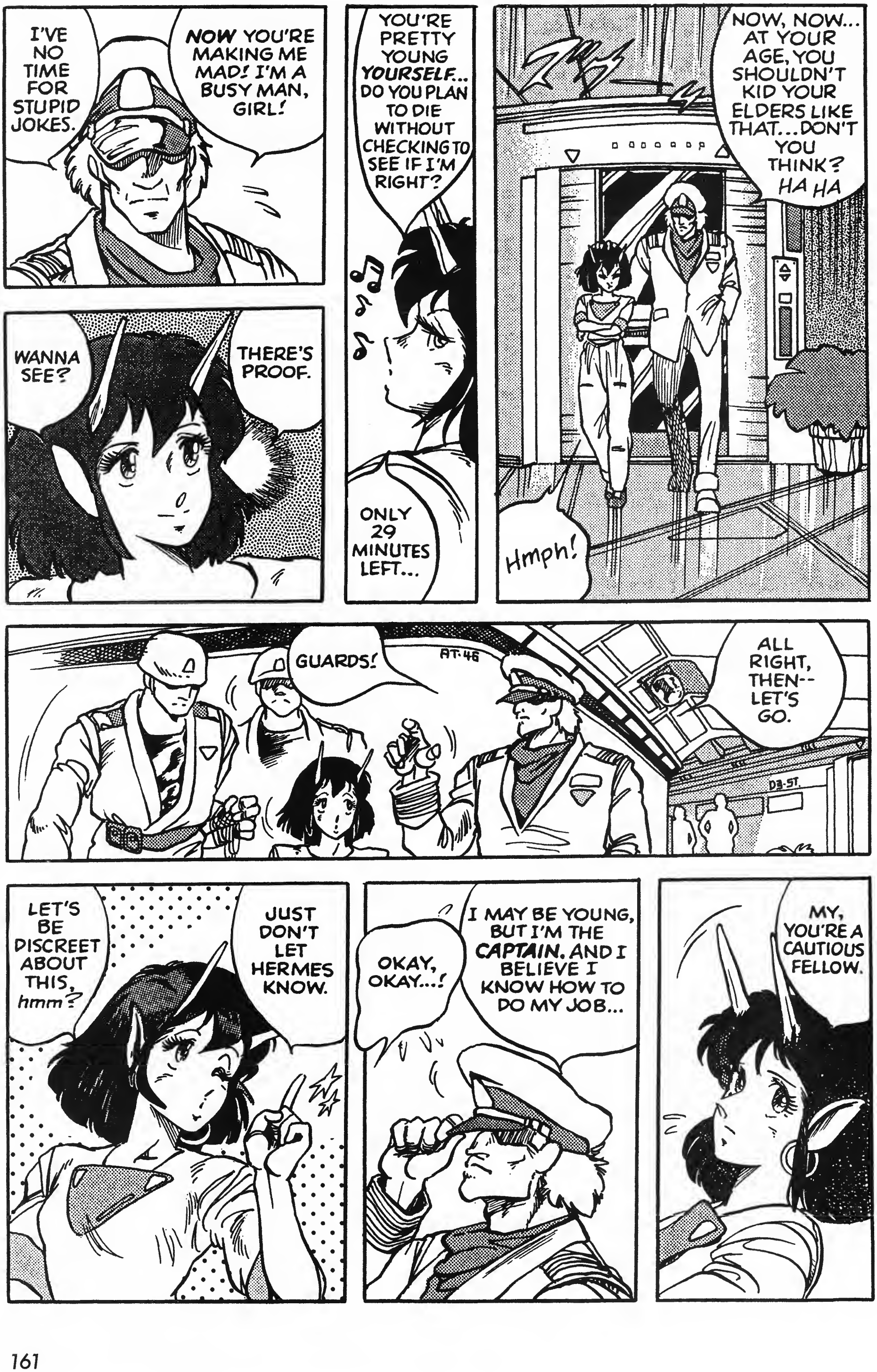

YEAH, YEAH-- YOU THINK HUMANS SHOULD LIVE IN HARMONY WITH NATURE, AND ALL THAT CRAP...
IT TURNS MY STOMACH.
NOT EXACTLY. LOOK AT ALL THOSE CITY LIGHTS...TITAN IS ABSOLUTELY ***TEEMING*** WITH PEOPLE.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO EXPECT SYMPATHY FROM YOU. I'LL BE IN MY CABIN.
RIGHT, CAPTAIN?
*FX: VSSHHT
HI, THERE!
!

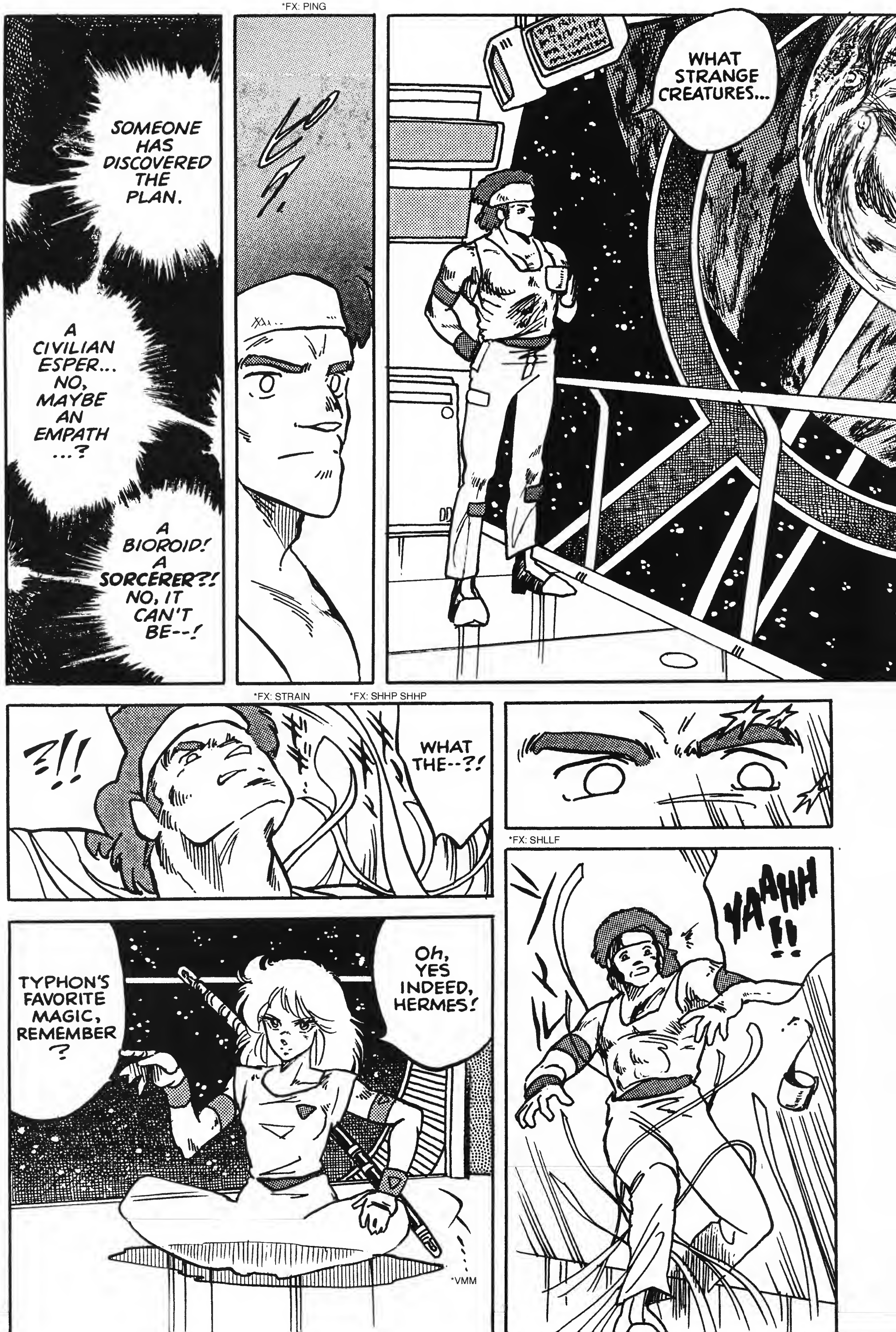

YOU'RE THE CAPTAIN, RIGHT?
AND WHO ARE YOU?
Oh, JUST A PASSENGER.
I HAVE TO TALK TO YOU.
ABOUT WHAT?
COMMISSIONER HERMES.
YOU SEE, HE'S A SPY.
LISTEN... EITHER CHANGE COURSE TO A MORE PERIPHERAL TRAJECTORY...
BEEP
...OR SKIP THE FLY-BY ALTOGETHER. OTHERWISE, EVERYONE ON BOARD WILL DIE.
W-WAIT! YOU CAN'T JUST EXPECT ME TO... I MEAN, WITHOUT PROOF...
I FIGURED THAT'S WHAT YOU'D SAY, SO I ALLOWED THIRTY MINUTES FOR YOU TO DECIDE...
....!

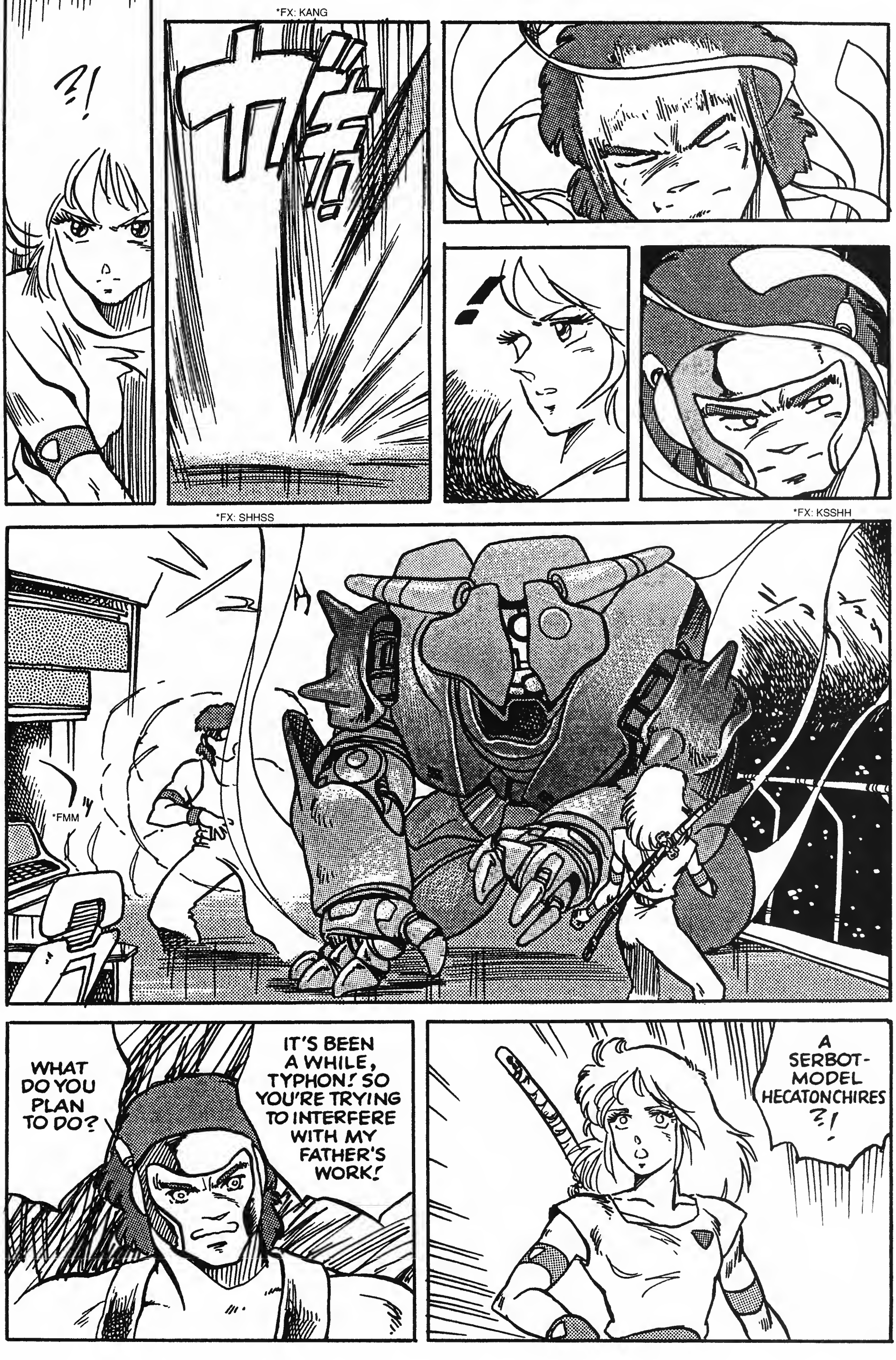
*FX: BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

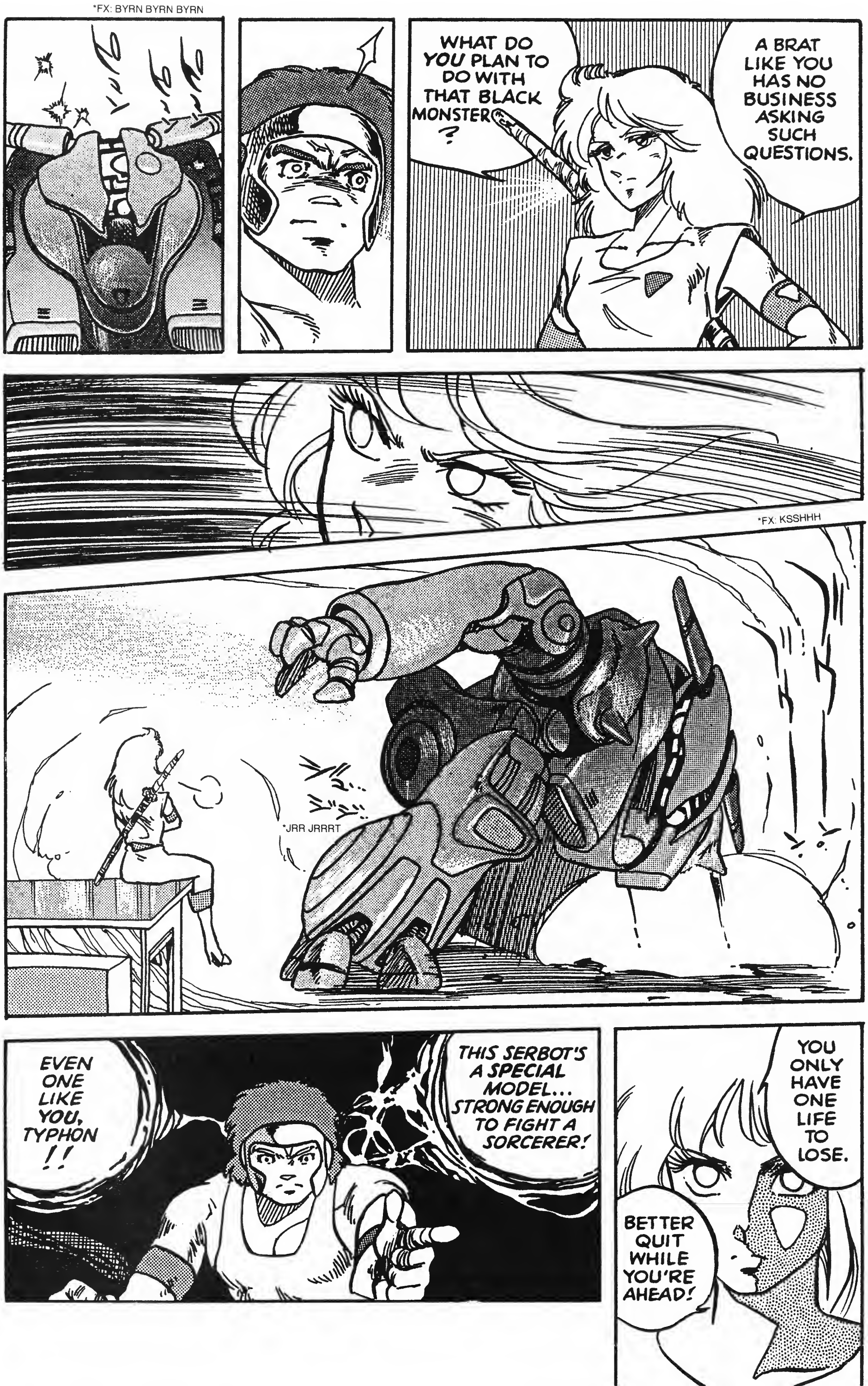
*FX: MMMMMMM

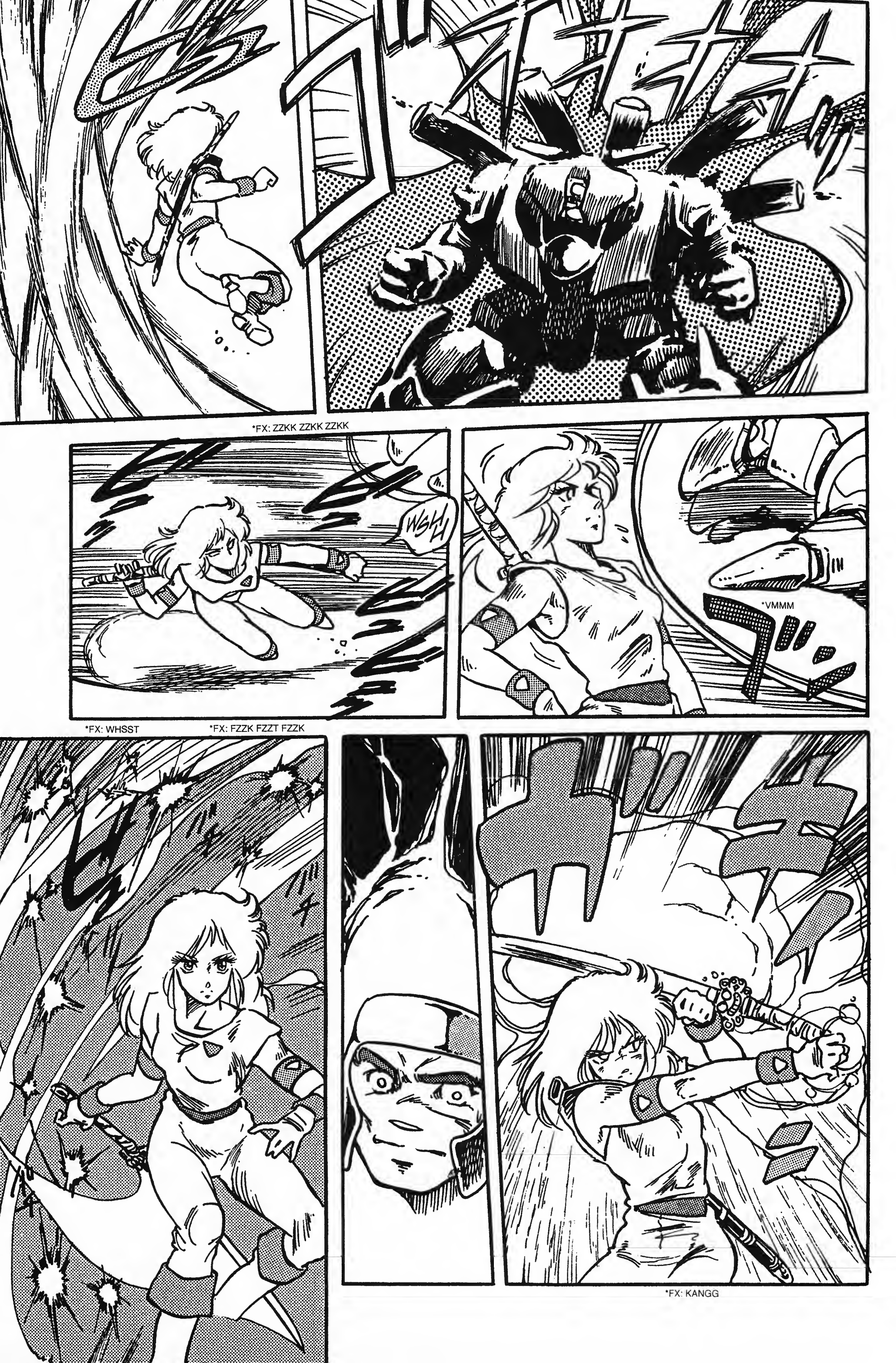
*FX: VSSHHT

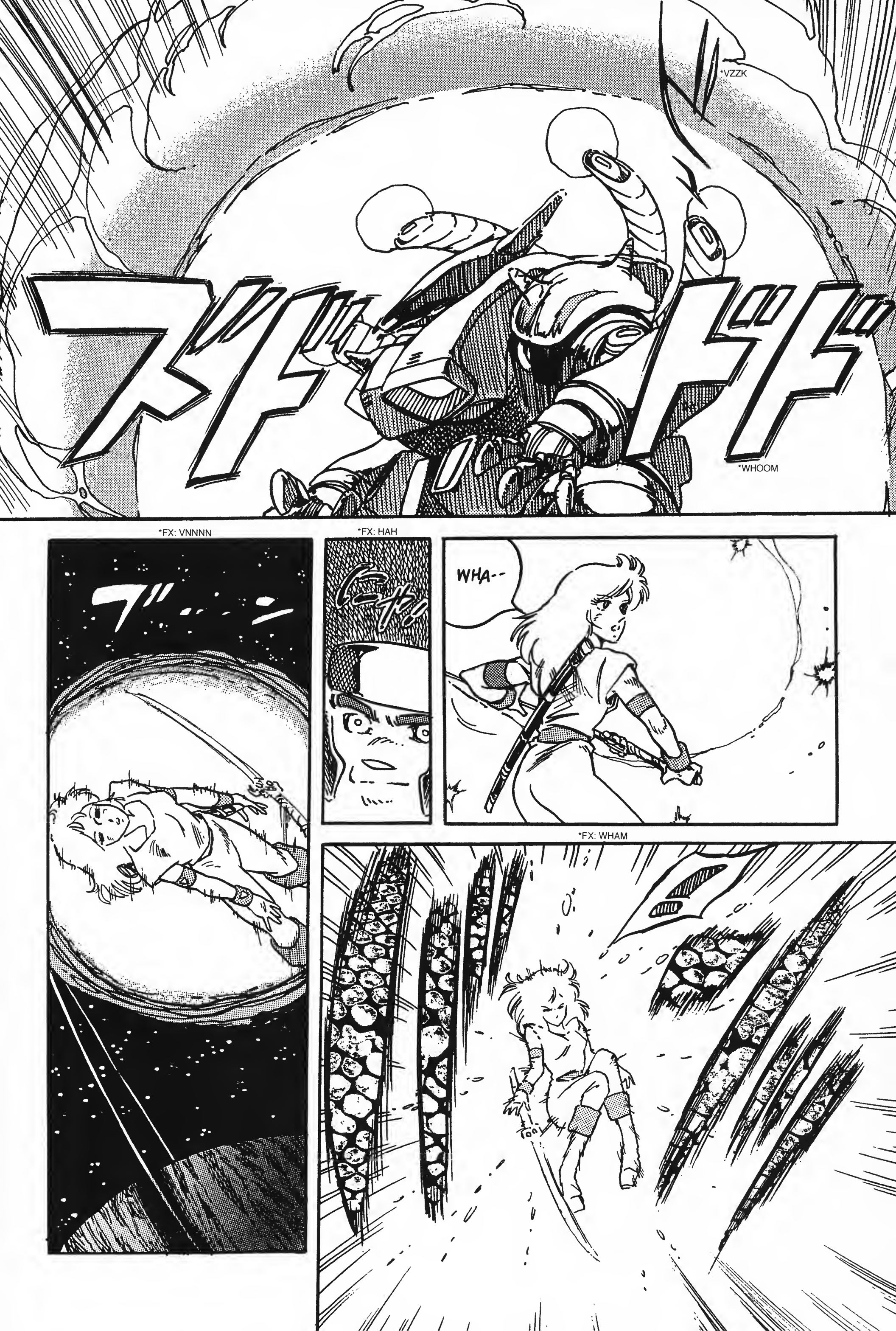

I'VE NO TIME FOR STUPID JOKES.
NOW YOU'RE MAKING ME MAD! I'M A BUSY MAN, GIRL!
THERE'S PROOF.
WANNA SEE?
YOU'RE PRETTY YOUNG YOURSELF... DO YOU PLAN TO DIE WITHOUT CHECKING TO SEE IF I'M RIGHT?
ONLY 29 MINUTES LEFT...
NOW, NOW... AT YOUR AGE, YOU SHOULDN'T KID YOUR ELDERS LIKE THAT... DON'T YOU THINK? HA HA
Hmph!
GUARDS!
AT-46
ALL RIGHT, THEN-- LET'S GO.
D3-ST.
LET'S BE DISCREET ABOUT THIS, hmm?
JUST DON'T LET HERMES KNOW.
OKAY, OKAY...!
I MAY BE YOUNG, BUT I'M THE CAPTAIN. AND I BELIEVE I KNOW HOW TO DO MY JOB...
MY, YOU'RE A CAUTIOUS FELLOW.


SOMEONE HAS DISCOVERED THE PLAN.
A CIVILIAN ESPER... NO, MAYBE AN EMPATH ...?
A BIOROID! A SORCERER?! NO, IT CAN'T BE--!
*FX: PING
WHAT STRANGE CREATURES...
*FX: STRAIN
?!!
*FX: SHHP SHHP
WHAT THE--?!
*FX: SHLLF
TYPHON'S FAVORITE MAGIC, REMEMBER?
Oh, YES INDEED, HERMES!
*VMM
YAAHH!!


?!
*FX: KANG
*FX: SHHSS
*FMM
*FX: KSSHH
WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO?
IT'S BEEN A WHILE, TYPHON! SO YOU'RE TRYING TO INTERFERE WITH MY FATHER'S WORK!
A SERBOT-MODEL HECATONCHIRES ?!


*FX: BYRN BYRN BYRN
WHAT DO *YOU* PLAN TO DO WITH THAT BLACK MONSTER ?
A BRAT LIKE YOU HAS NO BUSINESS ASKING SUCH QUESTIONS.
*FX: KSSHHH
*JRR JRRRT
THIS SERBOT'S A SPECIAL MODEL... STRONG ENOUGH TO FIGHT A SORCERER!
EVEN ONE LIKE YOU, TYPHON !!
YOU ONLY HAVE ONE LIFE TO LOSE.
BETTER QUIT WHILE YOU'RE AHEAD!

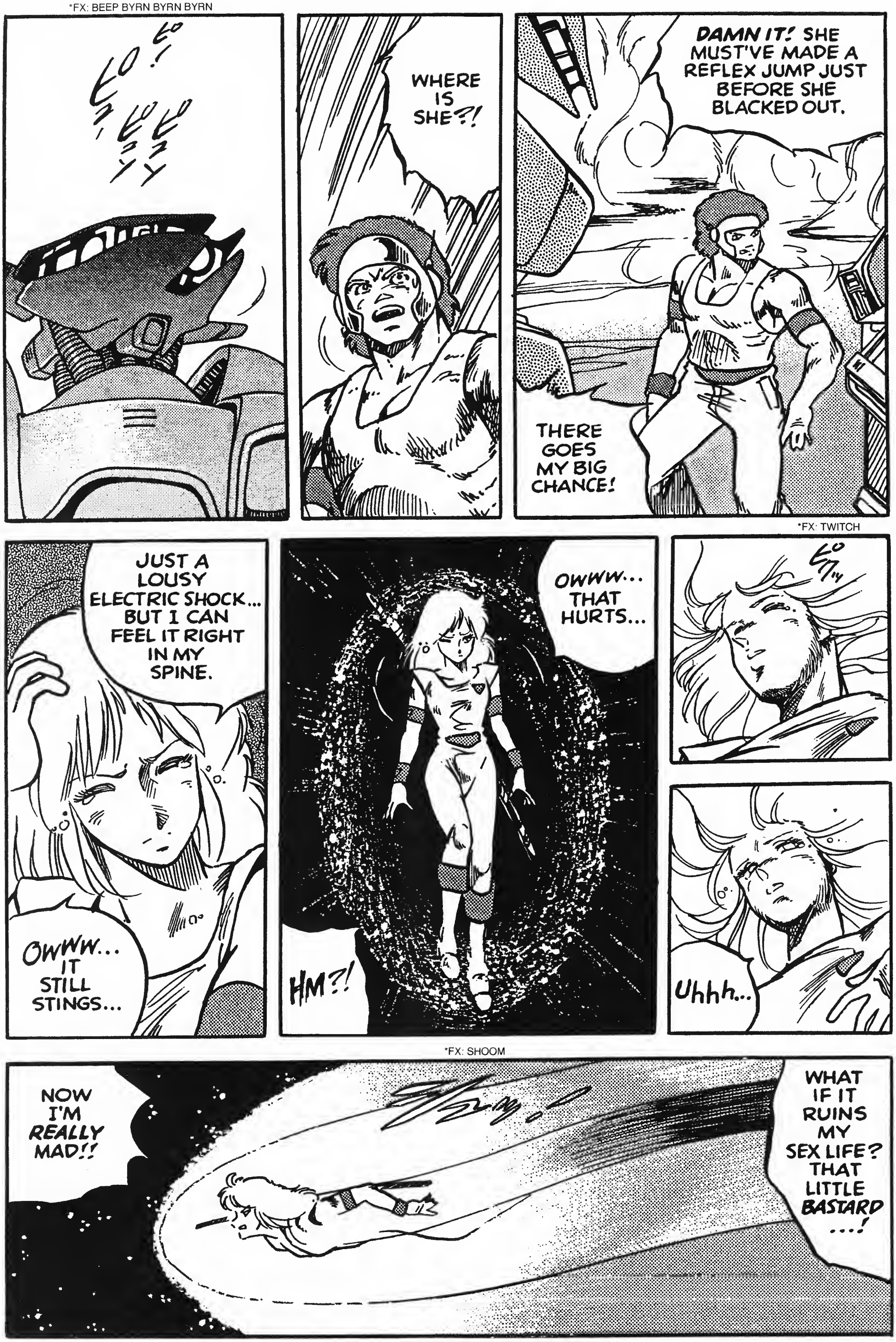

*FX: ZZKK ZZKK ZZKK
*VMMM
WSH
*FX: WHSST
*FX: FZZK FZZT FZZK
*FX: KANGG

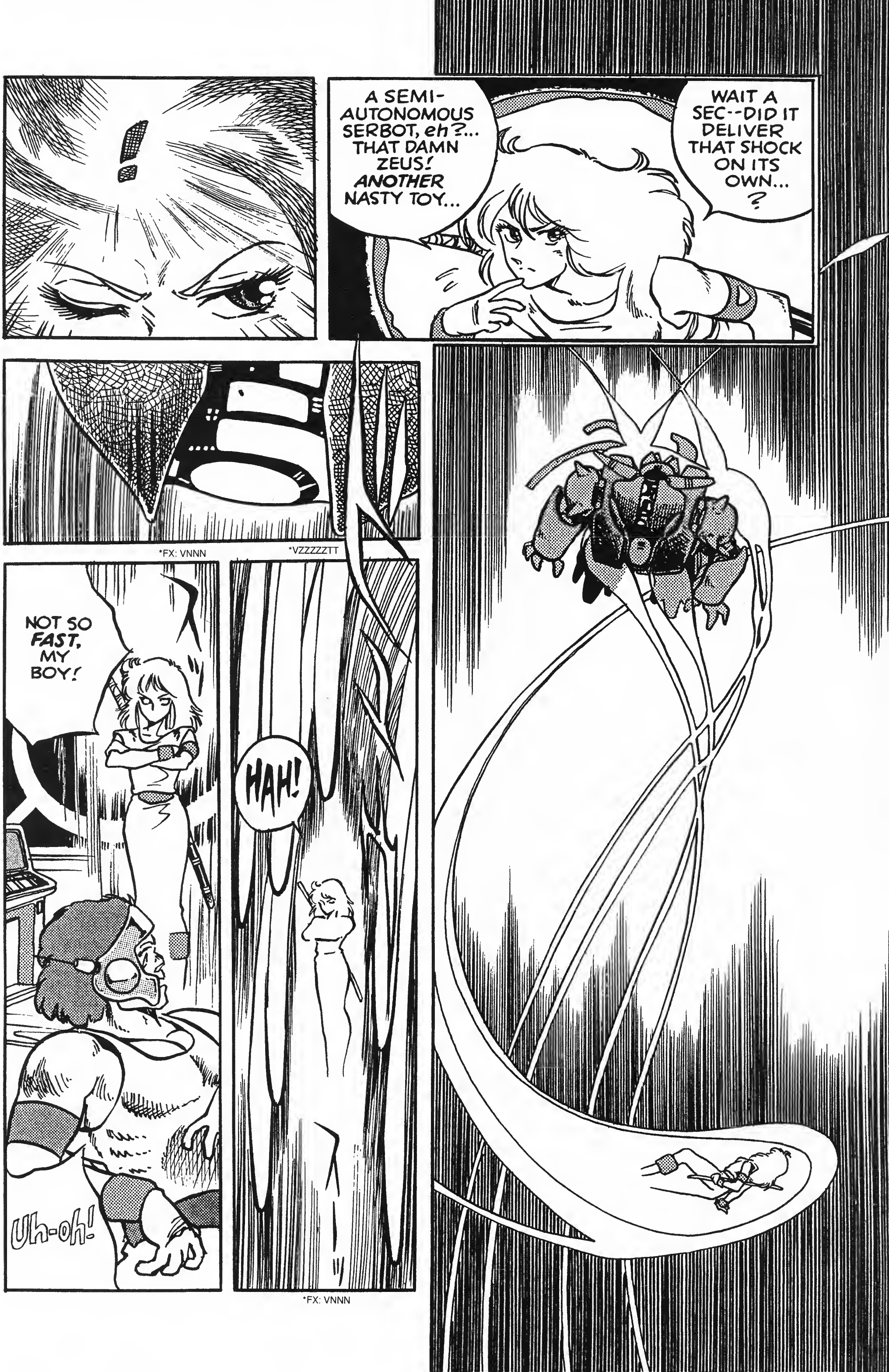

*VZZK
ズドドドド
*WHOOM
WHA--
*FX: HAH
*FX: VNNNN
ブ…ン
*FX: WHAM

*FX: BEEP BYRN BYRN BYRN

*FX: TWITCH

*FX: SHOOM

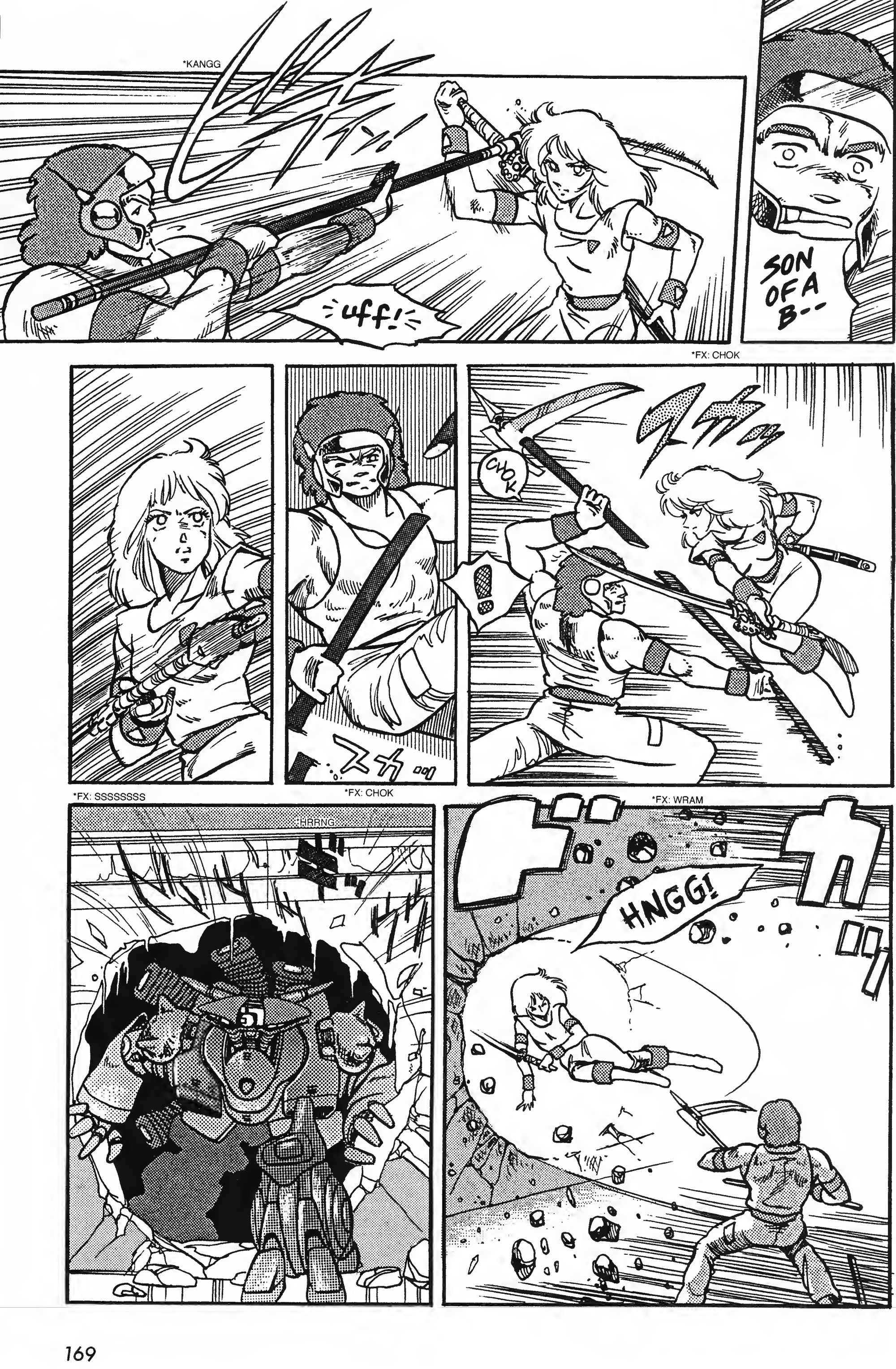

WHERE IS SHE?!
DAMN IT! SHE MUST'VE MADE A REFLEX JUMP JUST BEFORE SHE BLACKED OUT.
THERE GOES MY BIG CHANCE!
JUST A LOUSY ELECTRIC SHOCK... BUT I CAN FEEL IT RIGHT IN MY SPINE.
OWWW... IT STILL STINGS...
OWWW... THAT HURTS...
HM?!
Uhhh...
NOW I'M REALLY MAD!!
WHAT IF IT RUINS MY SEX LIFE? THAT LITTLE BASTARD...!


!
A SEMI-AUTONOMOUS SERBOT, *eh?*... THAT DAMN ZEUS! *ANOTHER* NASTY TOY...
WAIT A SEC--DID IT DELIVER THAT SHOCK ON ITS OWN...?
NOT SO *FAST,* MY BOY!
Uh-oh!
HAH!

*FX: VNNN

*VZZZZZTT

*FX: VNNN


SON OF A B--
uff!
CHOK
!!
HNGG!

*KANGG

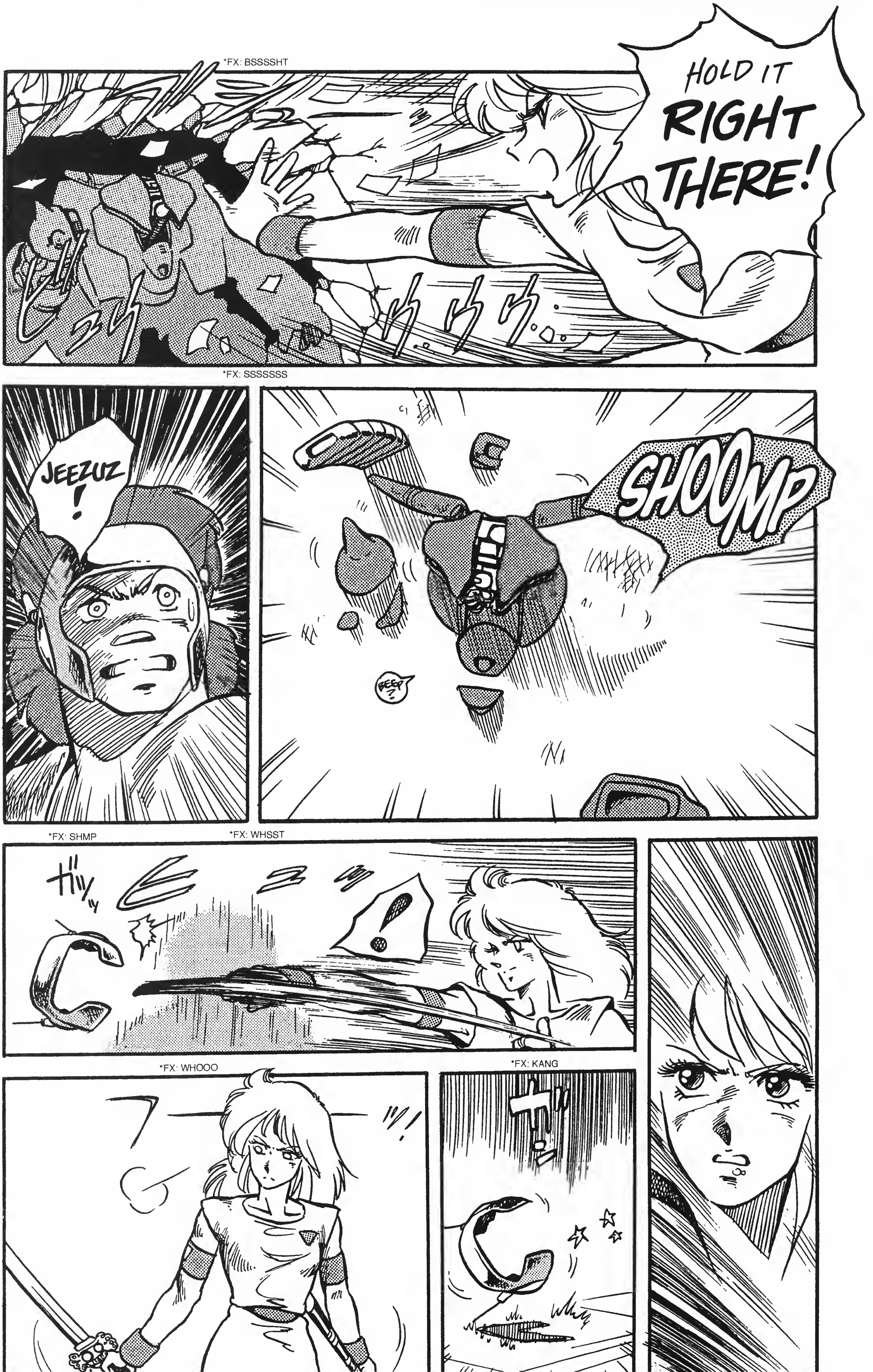
*FX: CHOK

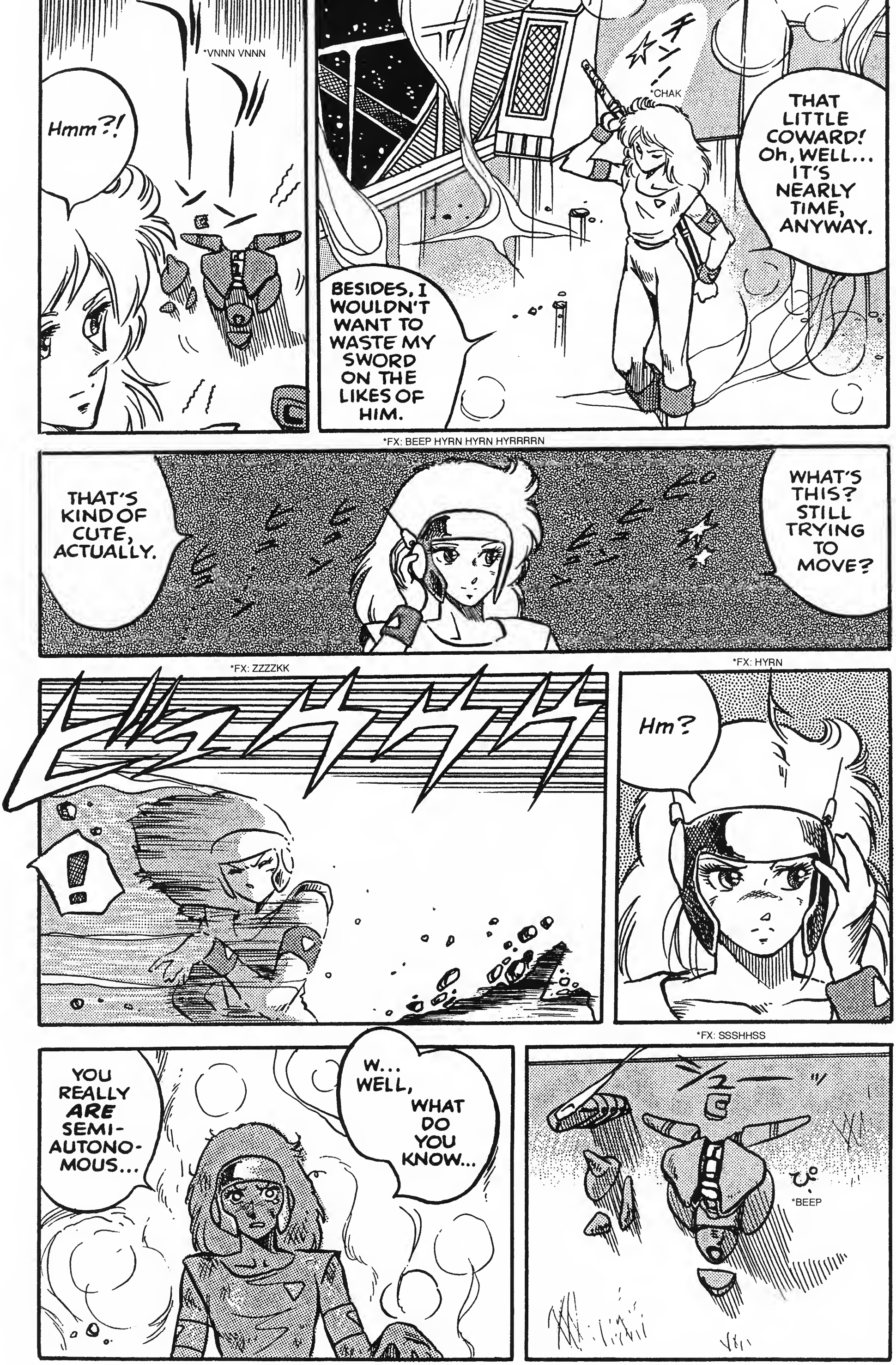
*FX: SSSSSSSS

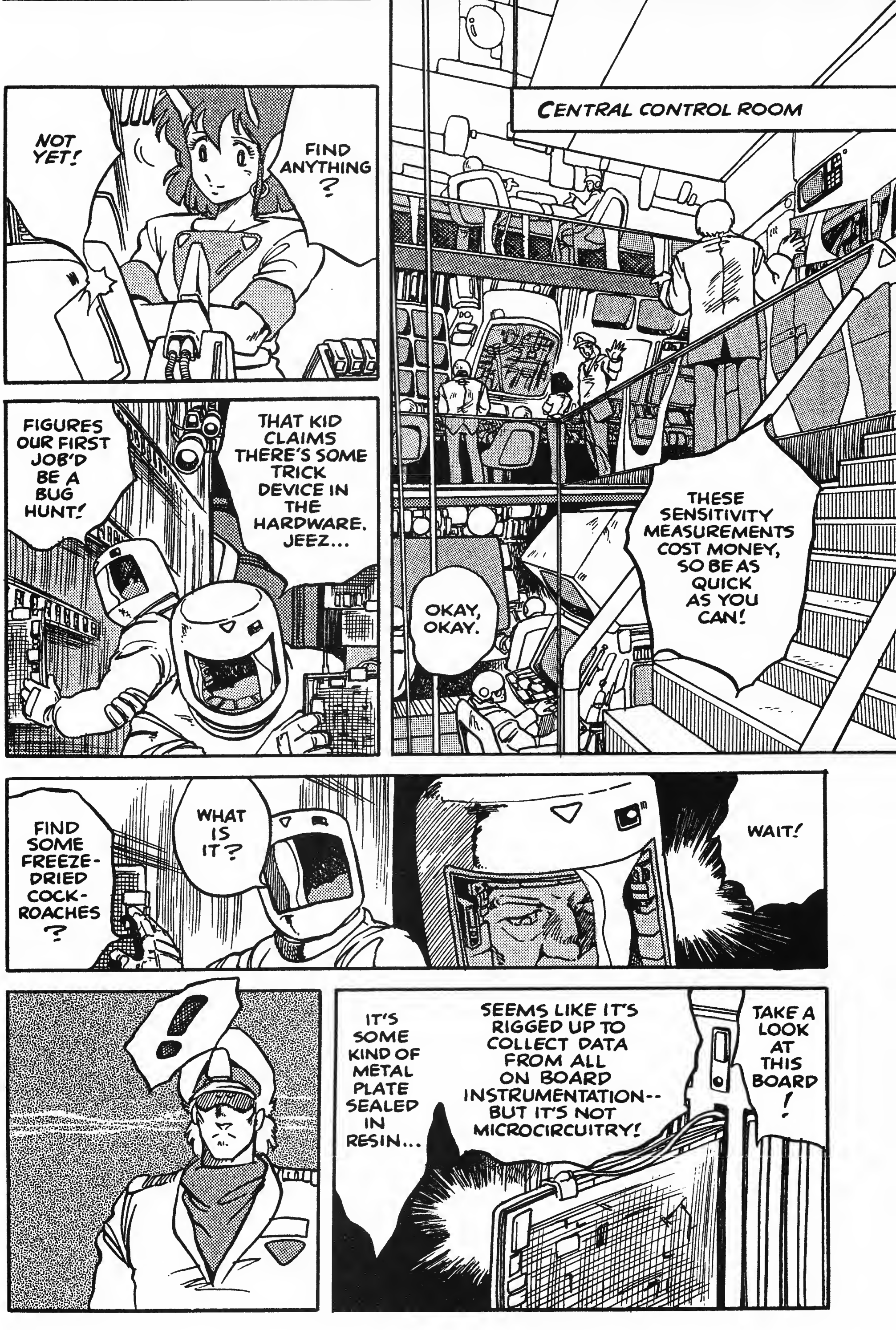
*FX: CHOK

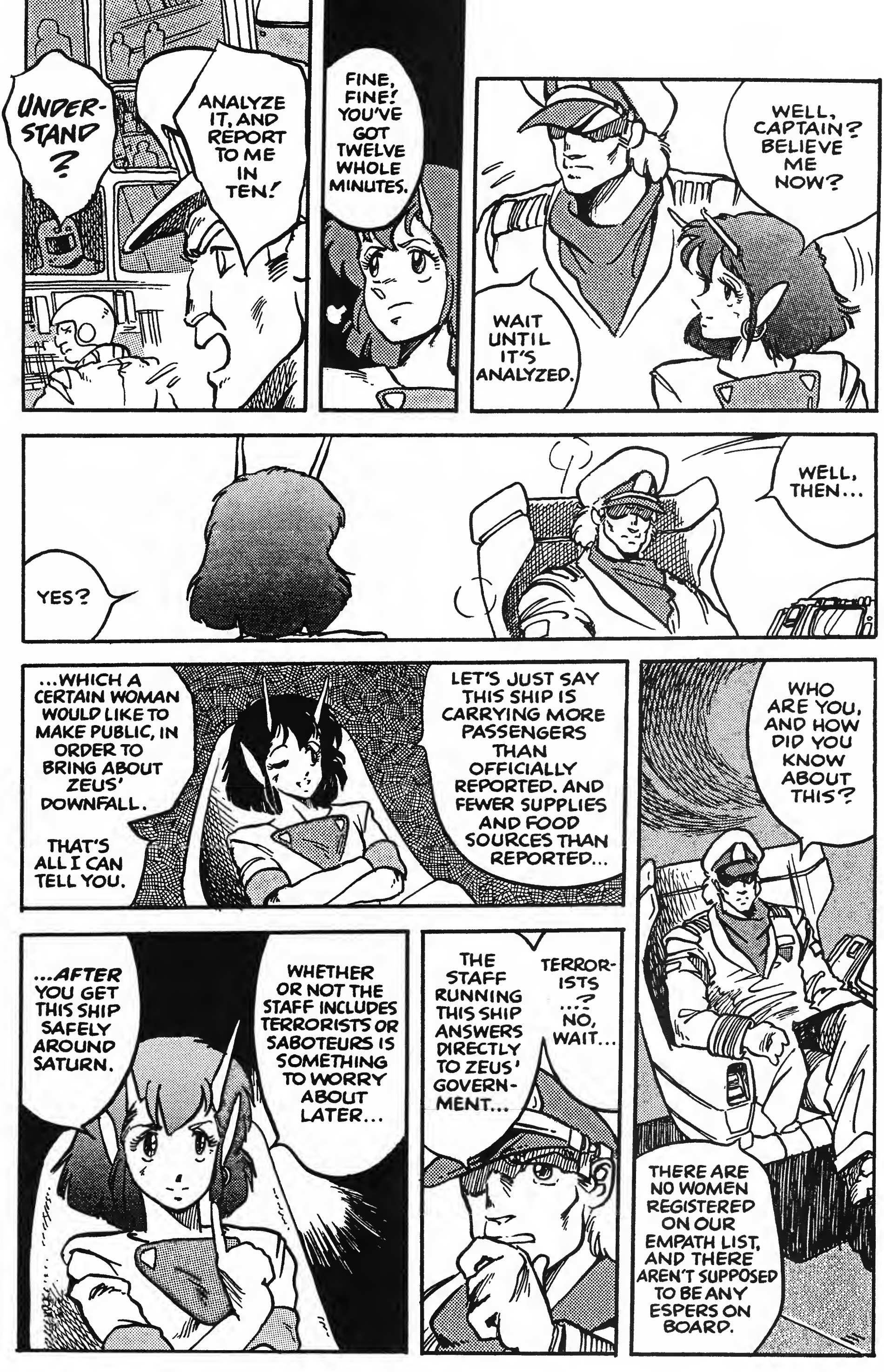
*FX: WRAM

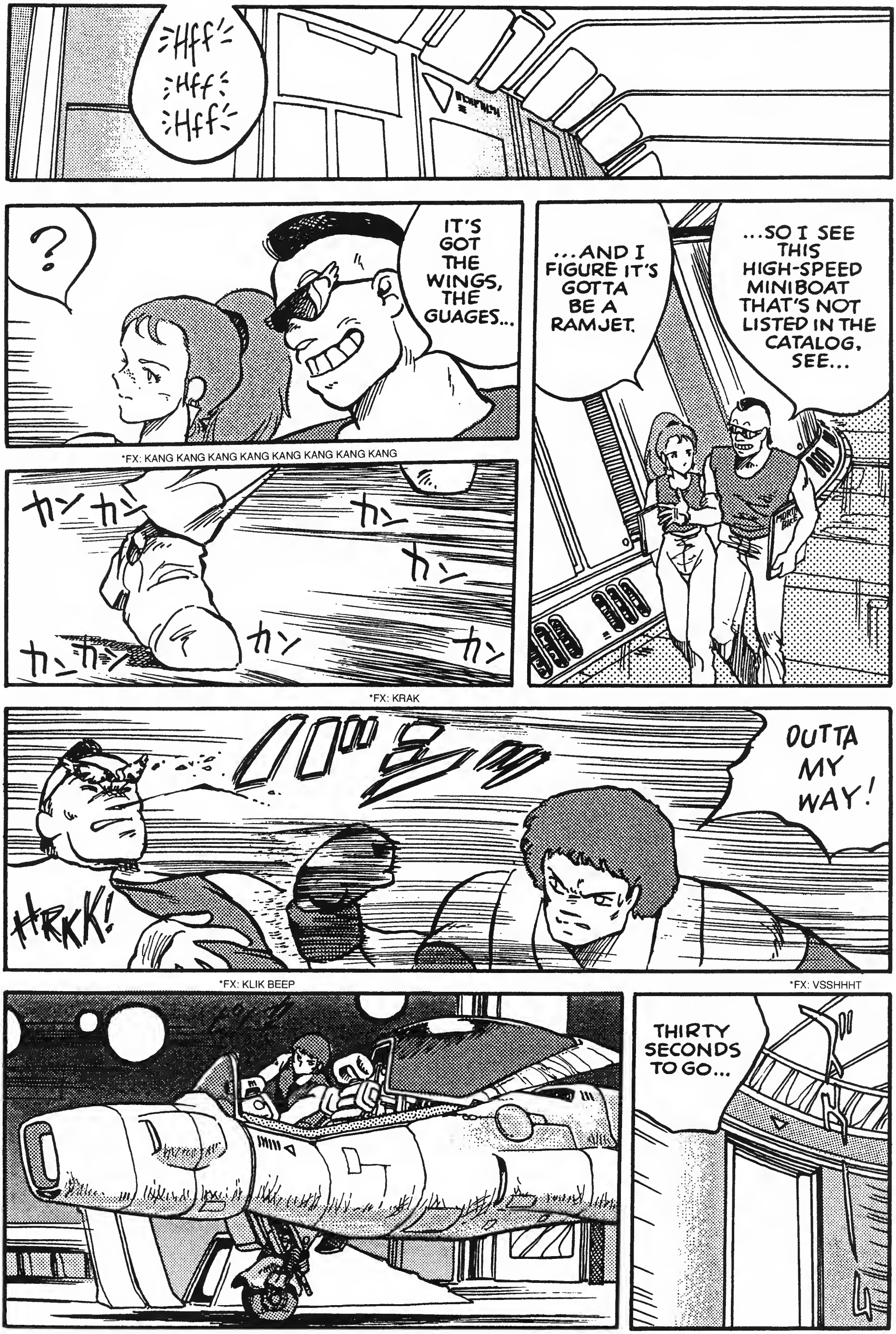
*HRRNG


*FX: BSSSSHT
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!
*FX: SSSSSSS
SHOOMP
BEEP?
JEEZUZ!
*FX: WHSST
*FX: SHMP
!
*FX: KANG
*FX: WHOOO

*CHAK
THAT LITTLE COWARD! Oh, WELL... IT'S NEARLY TIME, ANYWAY.
BESIDES, I WOULDN'T WANT TO WASTE MY SWORD ON THE LIKES OF HIM.
*VNNN VNNN
Hmm?!
*FX: BEEP HYRN HYRN HYRRRRN
WHAT'S THIS? STILL TRYING TO MOVE?
THAT'S KIND OF CUTE, ACTUALLY.
*FX: HYRN
Hm?
*FX: ZZZZKK
!
*FX: SSSHHSS
*BEEP
W... WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW...
YOU REALLY ARE SEMI-AUTONOMOUS...


FIND ANYTHING?
NOT YET!
CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM
THESE SENSITIVITY MEASUREMENTS COST MONEY, SO BE AS QUICK AS YOU CAN!
OKAY, OKAY.
FIGURES OUR FIRST JOB'D BE A BUG HUNT!
THAT KID CLAIMS THERE'S SOME TRICK DEVICE IN THE HARDWARE. JEEZ...
FIND SOME FREEZE-DRIED COCKROACHES?
WHAT IS IT?
WAIT!
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS BOARD!
IT'S SOME KIND OF METAL PLATE SEALED IN RESIN...
SEEMS LIKE IT'S RIGGED UP TO COLLECT DATA FROM ALL ON BOARD INSTRUMENTATION-- BUT IT'S NOT MICROCIRCUITRY!


WELL, CAPTAIN? BELIEVE ME NOW?
WAIT UNTIL IT'S ANALYZED.
FINE, FINE! YOU'VE GOT TWELVE WHOLE MINUTES.
ANALYZE IT, AND REPORT TO ME IN TEN!
UNDERSTAND?
WELL, THEN...
YES?
WHO ARE YOU, AND HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS?
LET'S JUST SAY THIS SHIP IS CARRYING MORE PASSENGERS THAN OFFICIALLY REPORTED. AND FEWER SUPPLIES AND FOOD SOURCES THAN REPORTED...
...WHICH A CERTAIN WOMAN WOULD LIKE TO MAKE PUBLIC, IN ORDER TO BRING ABOUT ZEUS' DOWNFALL.
THAT'S ALL I CAN TELL YOU.
THERE ARE NO WOMEN REGISTERED ON OUR EMPATH LIST, AND THERE AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE ANY ESPERS ON BOARD.
THE STAFF RUNNING THIS SHIP ANSWERS DIRECTLY TO ZEUS' GOVERNMENT...
TERRORISTS...? NO, WAIT...
WHETHER OR NOT THE STAFF INCLUDES TERRORISTS OR SABOTEURS IS SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT LATER...
...*AFTER* YOU GET THIS SHIP SAFELY AROUND SATURN.

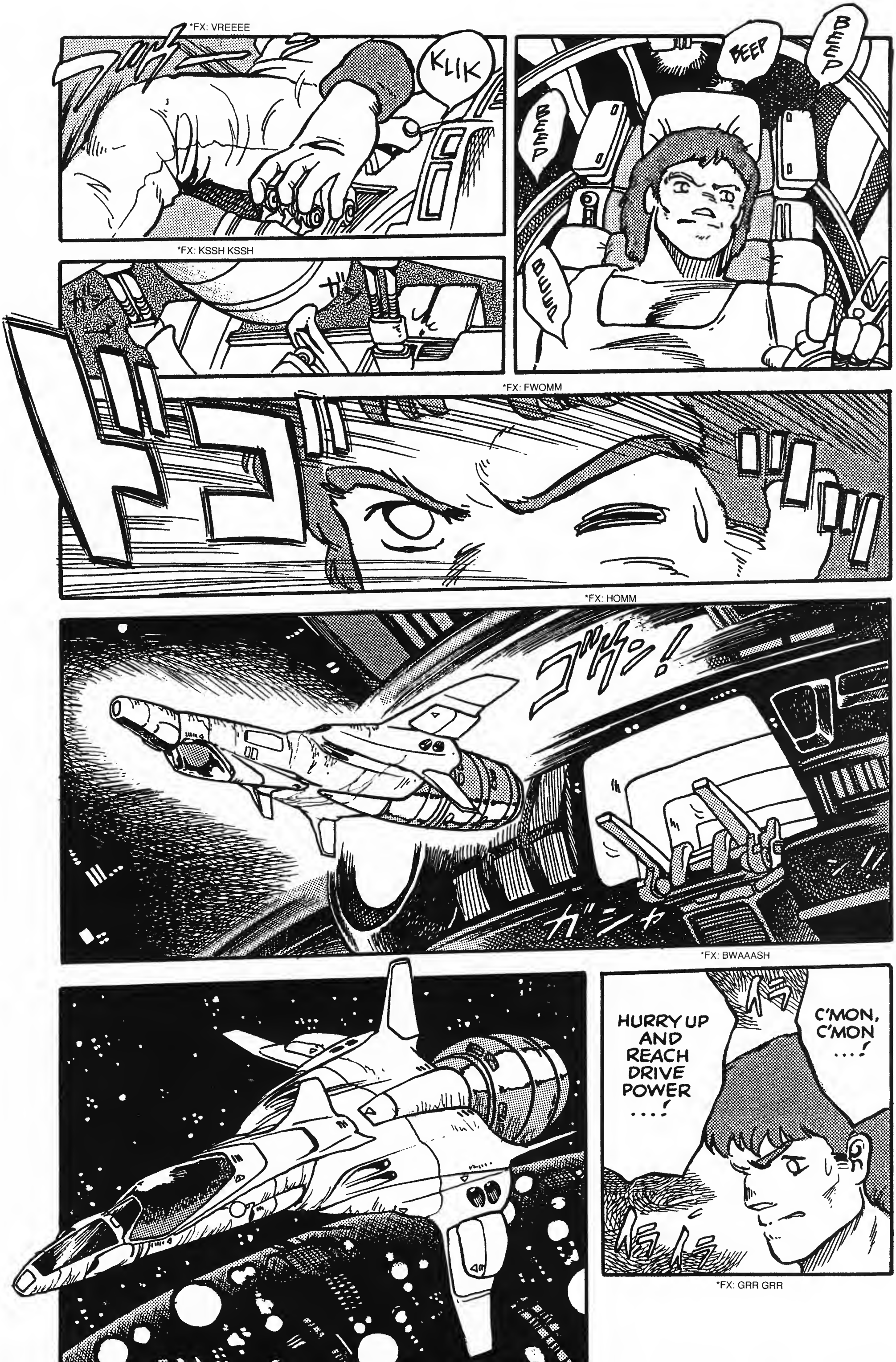

Hff
Hff
Hff
...SO I SEE THIS HIGH-SPEED MINIBOAT THAT'S NOT LISTED IN THE CATALOG, SEE...
...AND I FIGURE IT'S GOTTA BE A RAMJET.
IT'S GOT THE WINGS, THE GUAGES...
?
MOTOR BIKE
カン カン カン カン カン カン カン カン
OUTTA MY WAY!
HRKK!
THIRTY SECONDS TO GO...

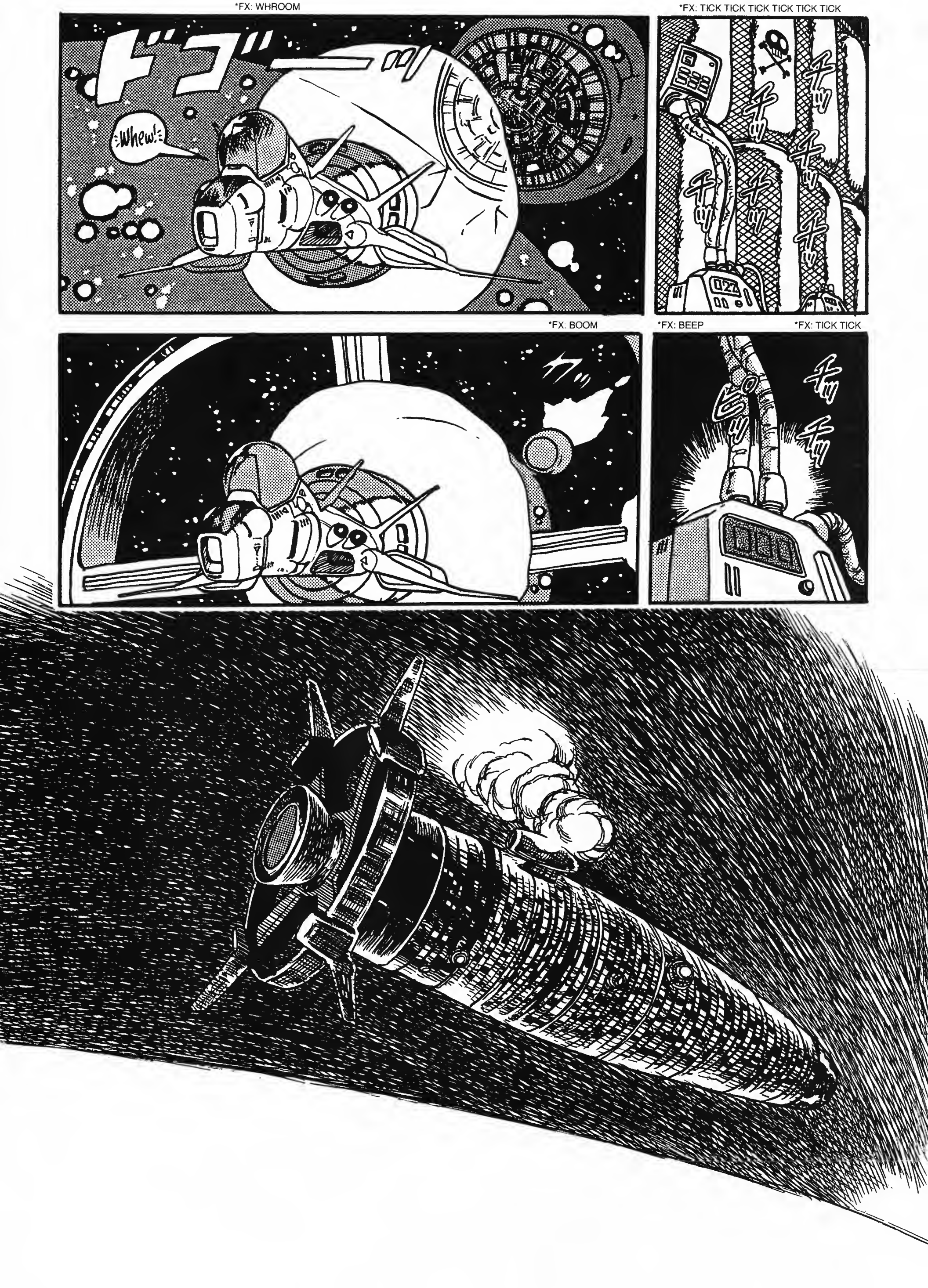
*FX: KANG KANG KANG KANG KANG KANG KANG KANG

*FX: KRAK

*FX: KLIK BEEP

*FX: VSSHHHT


*FX: VREEEE
KLIK
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
*FX: KSSH KSSH
*FX: FWOMM
*FX: HOMM
*FX: BWAAASH
HURRY UP AND REACH DRIVE POWER ...!
C'MON, C'MON ...!
*FX: GRR GRR



*FX: TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK

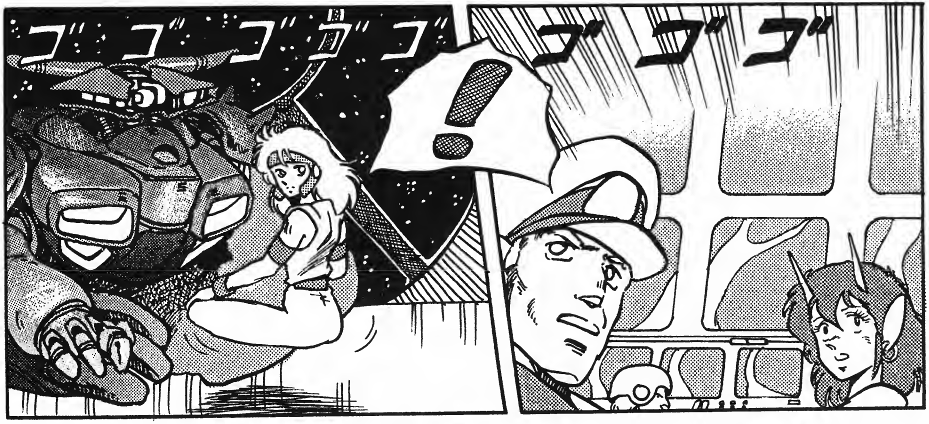
*FX: WHROOM

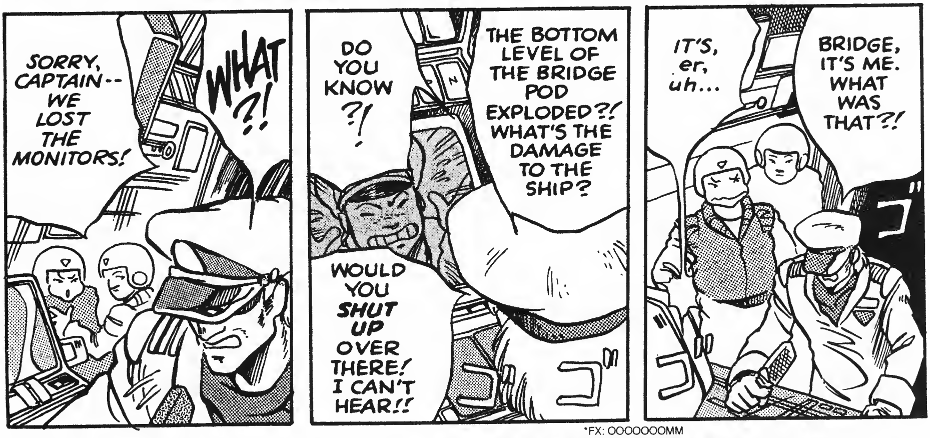
*FX: TICK TICK

*FX: BEEP

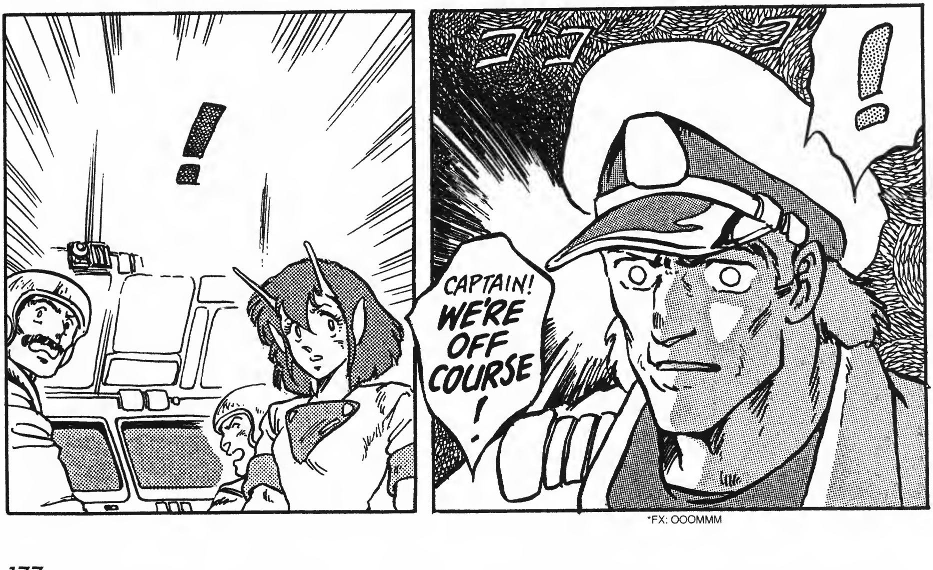
*FX. BOOM

*FX: OOOOOOOOMMM

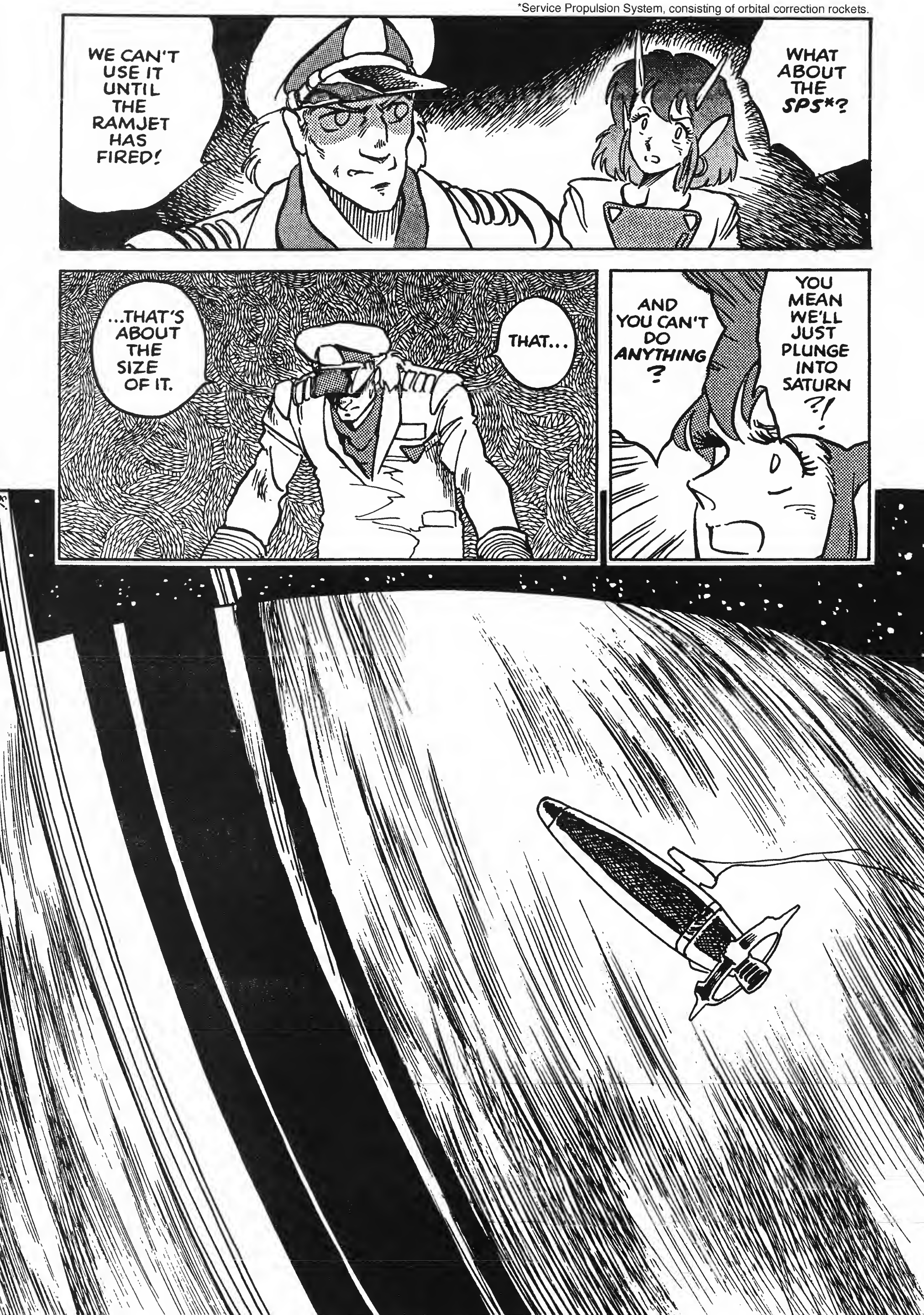



BRIDGE, IT'S ME. WHAT WAS THAT?!
IT'S, er, uh...
ゴゴ
THE BOTTOM LEVEL OF THE BRIDGE POD EXPLODED?! WHAT'S THE DAMAGE TO THE SHIP?
DO YOU KNOW?!
WOULD YOU SHUT UP OVER THERE! I CAN'T HEAR!!
ゴゴ
WHAT?!
SORRY, CAPTAIN-- WE LOST THE MONITORS!

*FX: OOOOOOOMM

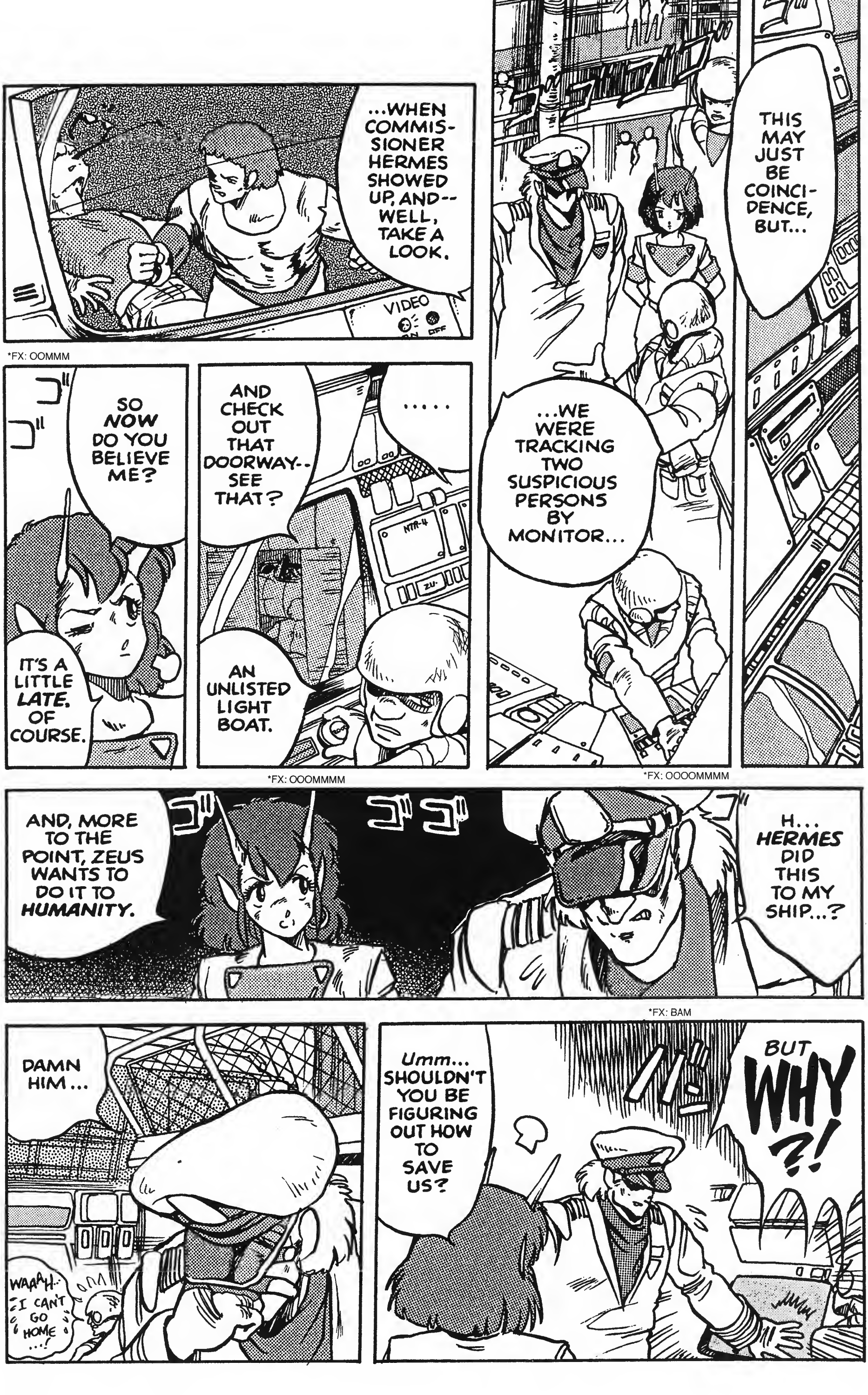

ゴゴゴ
!
CAPTAIN! WE'RE OFF COURSE!
!

*FX: OOOMMM


WHAT ABOUT THE SPS*?
WE CAN'T USE IT UNTIL THE RAMJET HAS FIRED!
YOU MEAN WE'LL JUST PLUNGE INTO SATURN?!
AND YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING?
THAT...
...THAT'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

---

*Service Propulsion System, consisting of orbital correction rockets.


THIS MAY JUST BE COINCIDENCE, BUT...
...WE WERE TRACKING TWO SUSPICIOUS PERSONS BY MONITOR...
...WHEN COMMISSIONER HERMES SHOWED UP, AND--WELL, TAKE A LOOK.
VIDEO
.....
AND CHECK OUT THAT DOORWAY.. SEE THAT?
AN UNLISTED LIGHT BOAT.
NTR-4
SO *NOW* DO YOU BELIEVE ME?
IT'S A LITTLE *LATE*, OF COURSE.
H... *HERMES* DID THIS TO MY SHIP...?
AND, MORE TO THE POINT, ZEUS WANTS TO DO IT TO *HUMANITY*.
BUT WHY?!
Umm... SHOULDN'T YOU BE FIGURING OUT HOW TO SAVE US?
DAMN HIM...
WAAAH... I CAN'T GO HOME...!

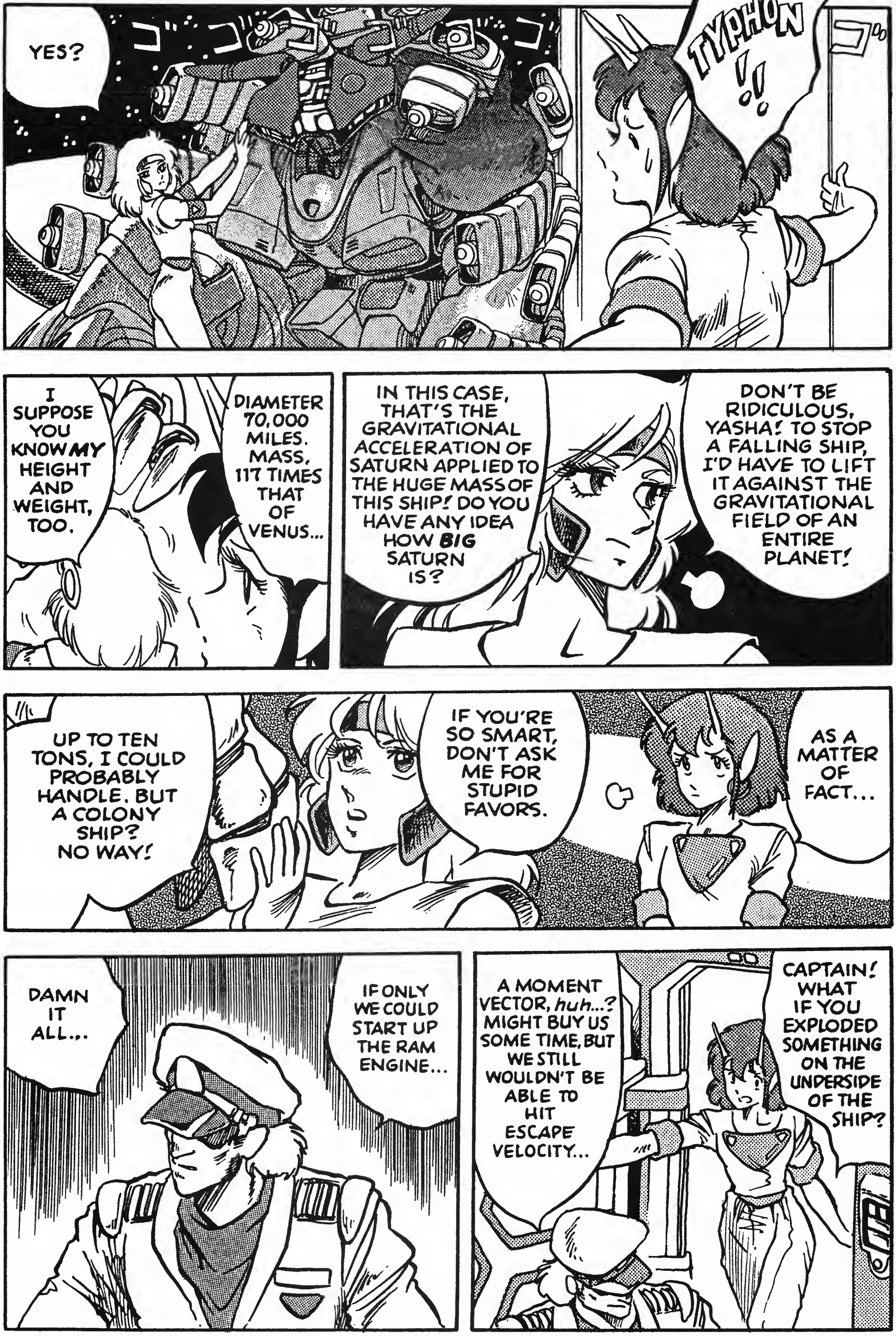
*FX: OOMMM

*FX: OOOMMMM

*FX: OOOOMMMM

*FX: BAM

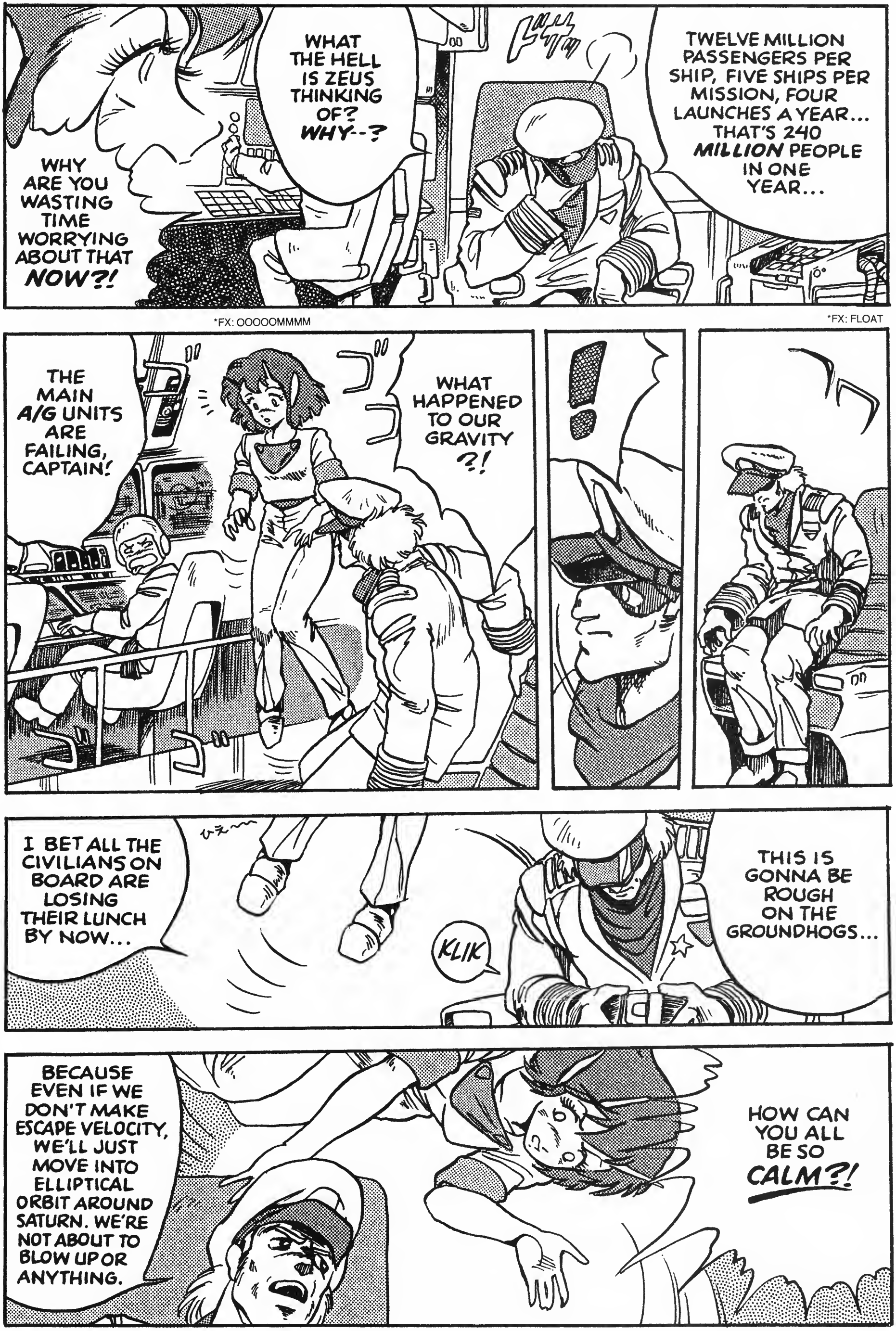
*FX: OOOOOMMMM


TYPHON!!
ゴ
YES?
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, YASHA! TO STOP A FALLING SHIP, I'D HAVE TO LIFT IT AGAINST THE GRAVITATIONAL FIELD OF AN ENTIRE PLANET!
IN THIS CASE, THAT'S THE GRAVITATIONAL ACCELERATION OF SATURN APPLIED TO THE HUGE MASS OF THIS SHIP! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW BIG SATURN IS?
DIAMETER 70,000 MILES. MASS, 117 TIMES THAT OF VENUS...
I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW MY HEIGHT AND WEIGHT, TOO.
AS A MATTER OF FACT...
IF YOU'RE SO SMART, DON'T ASK ME FOR STUPID FAVORS.
UP TO TEN TONS, I COULD PROBABLY HANDLE. BUT A COLONY SHIP? NO WAY!
CAPTAIN! WHAT IF YOU EXPLODED SOMETHING ON THE UNDERSIDE OF THE SHIP?
A MOMENT VECTOR, huh...? MIGHT BUY US SOME TIME, BUT WE STILL WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO HIT ESCAPE VELOCITY...
IF ONLY WE COULD START UP THE RAM ENGINE...
DAMN IT ALL...

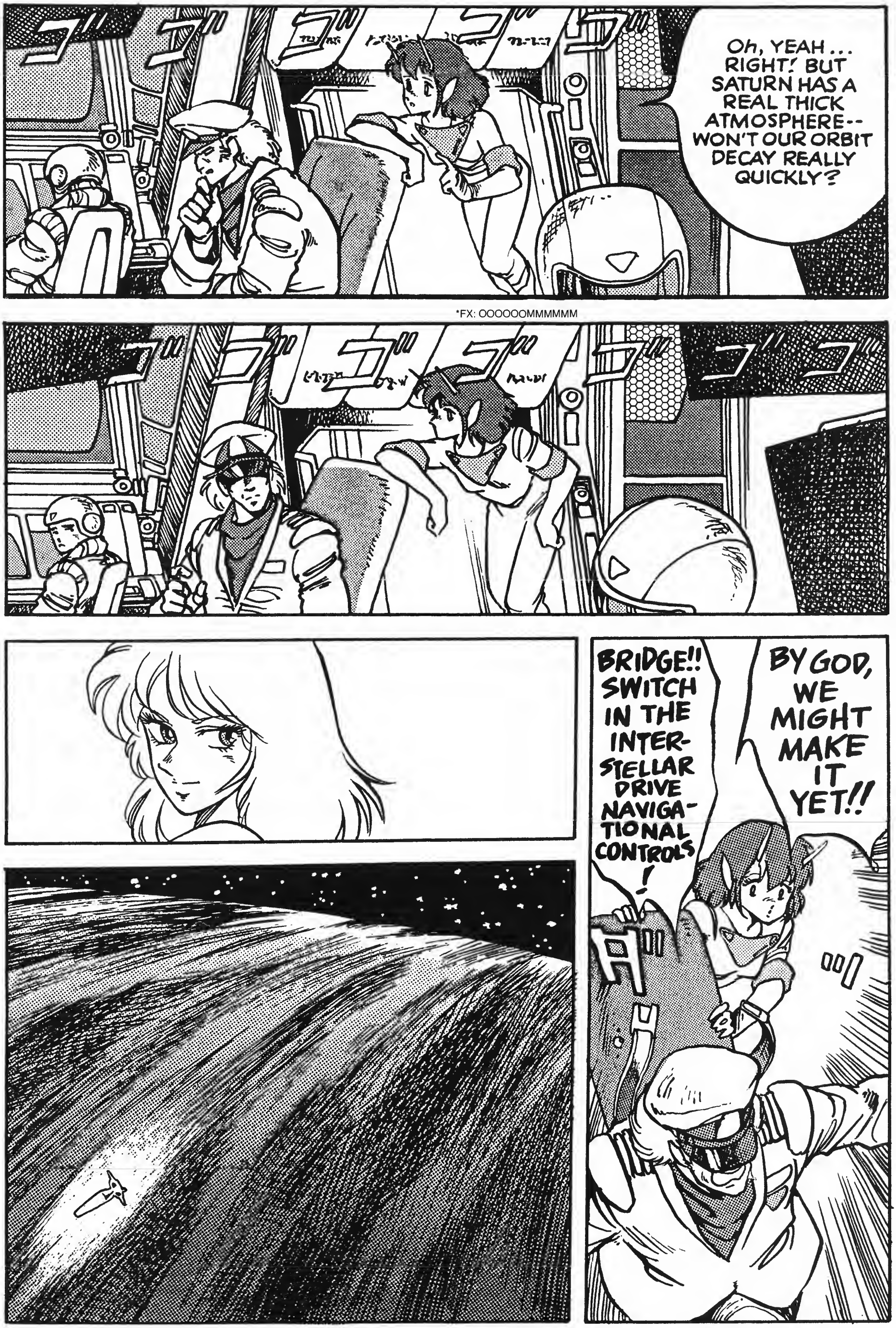
*FX: FUMP

*FX: FLOAT

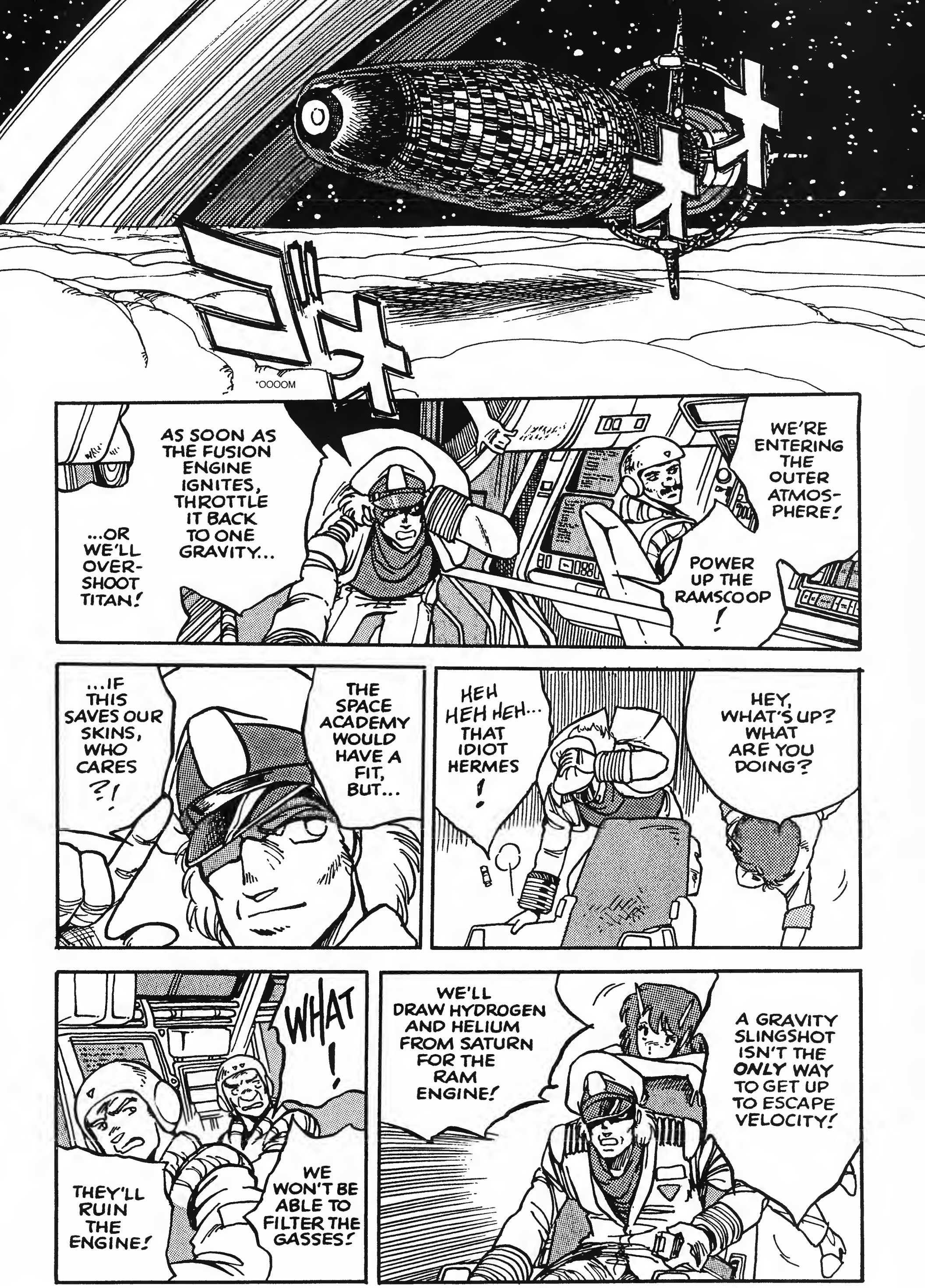
*FX: OOOOOMMMM

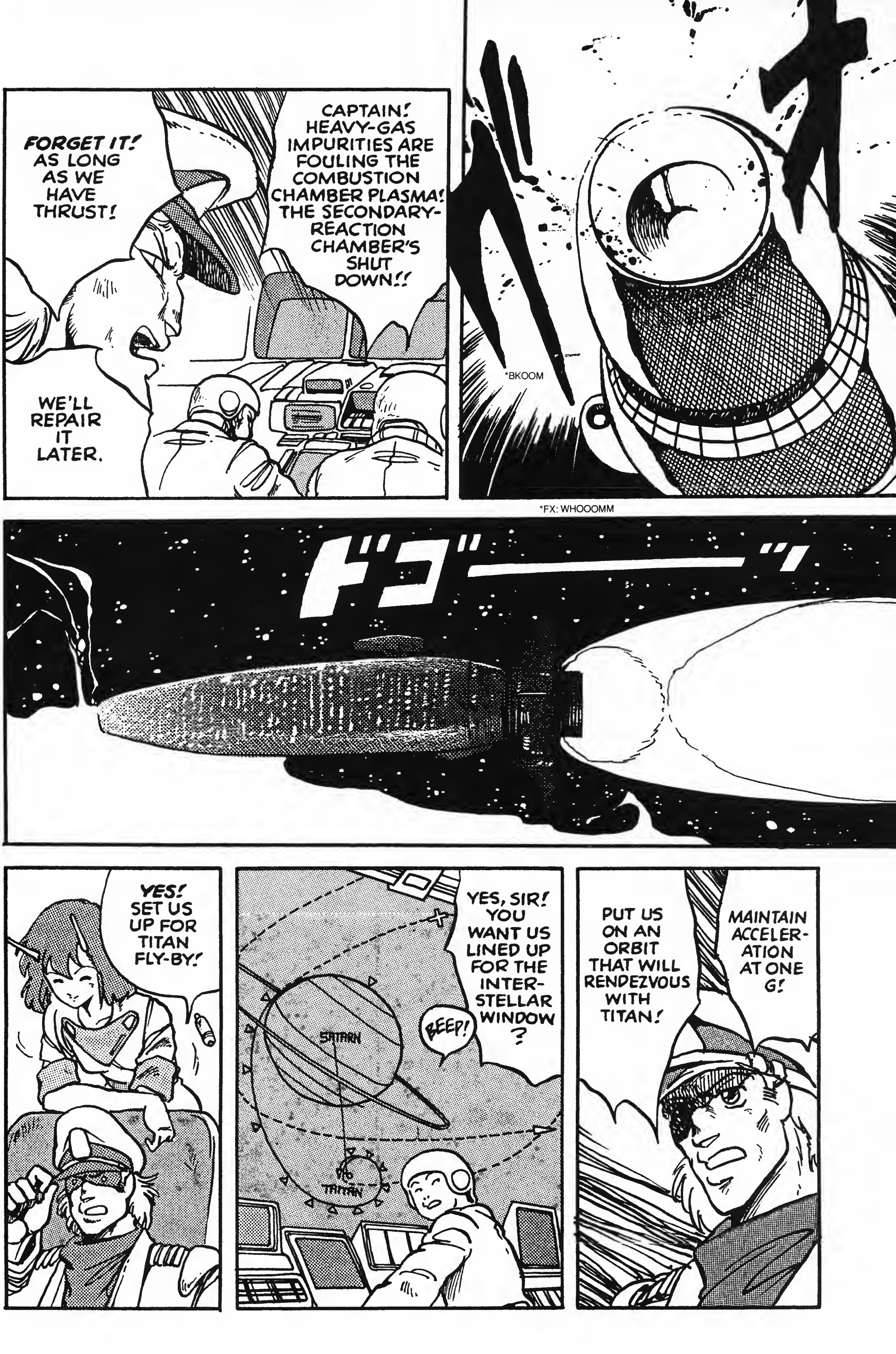

TWELVE MILLION PASSENGERS PER SHIP, FIVE SHIPS PER MISSION, FOUR LAUNCHES A YEAR... THAT'S 240 *MILLION* PEOPLE IN ONE YEAR...
WHAT THE HELL IS ZEUS THINKING OF? *WHY--?*
WHY ARE YOU WASTING TIME WORRYING ABOUT THAT *NOW?!*
!
WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR GRAVITY ?!
THE MAIN *A/G* UNITS ARE FAILING, CAPTAIN!
THIS IS GONNA BE ROUGH ON THE GROUNDHOGS...
KLIK
I BET ALL THE CIVILIANS ON BOARD ARE LOSING THEIR LUNCH BY NOW...
HOW CAN YOU ALL BE SO *CALM?!*
BECAUSE EVEN IF WE DON'T MAKE ESCAPE VELOCITY, WE'LL JUST MOVE INTO ELLIPTICAL ORBIT AROUND SATURN. WE'RE NOT ABOUT TO BLOW UP OR ANYTHING.

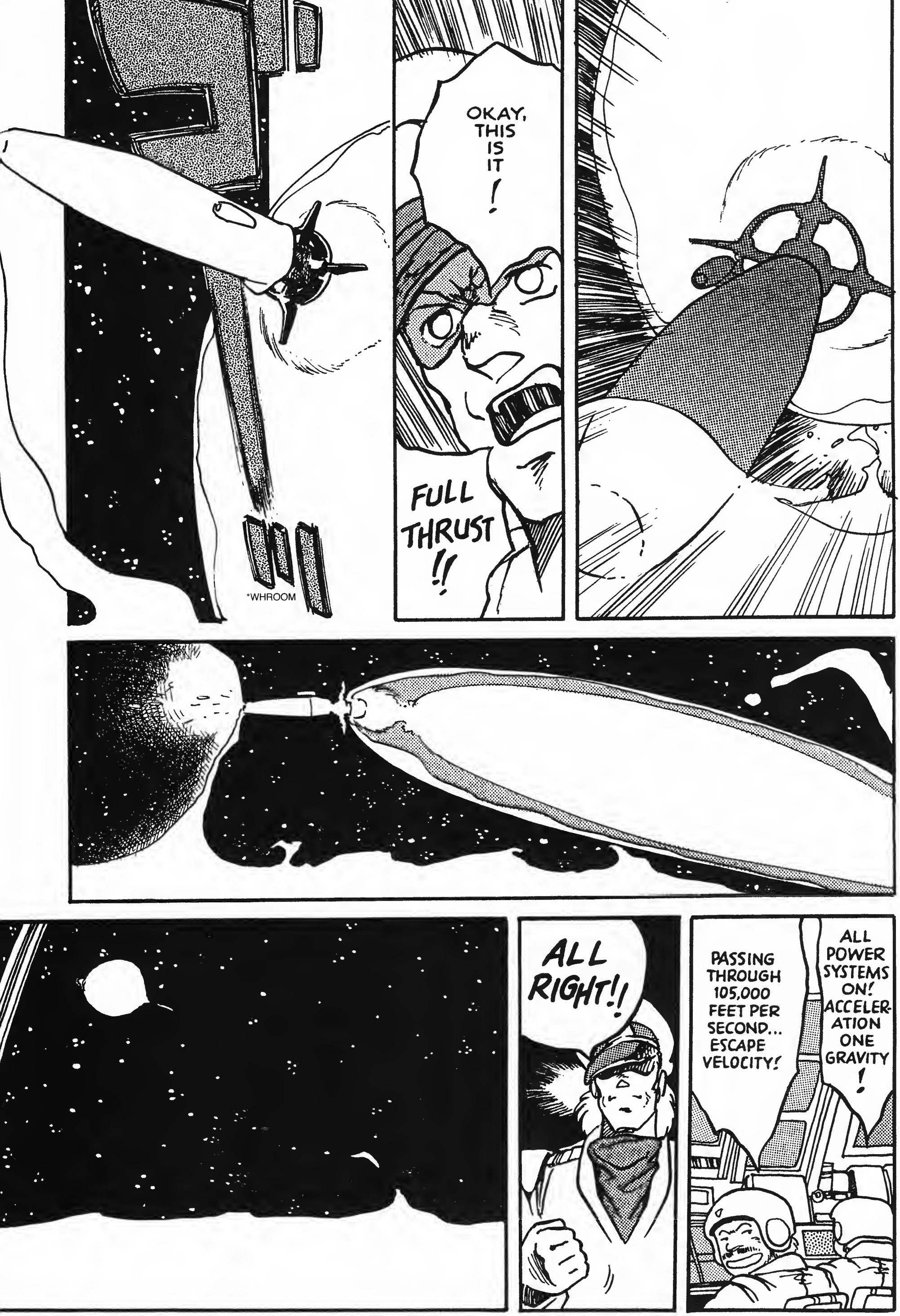
*FX OOOOMMMM



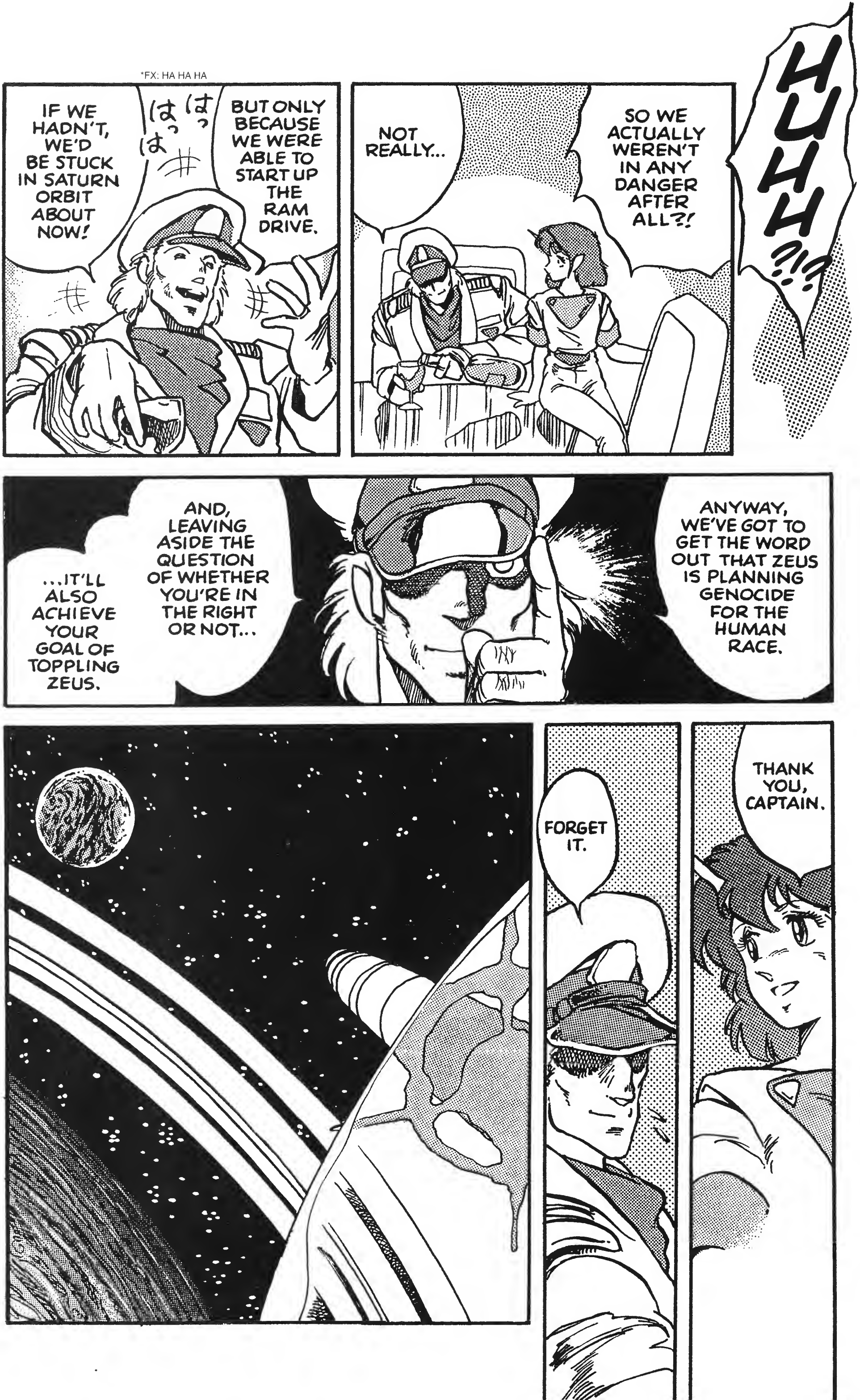
Oh, YEAH ... RIGHT! BUT SATURN HAS A REAL THICK ATMOSPHERE-- WON'T OUR ORBIT DECAY REALLY QUICKLY?
*FX: OOOOOOMMMMMM
BY GOD, WE MIGHT MAKE IT YET!!
BRIDGE!! SWITCH IN THE INTER-STELLAR DRIVE NAVIGA-TIONAL CONTROLS!
*FX: BOLT

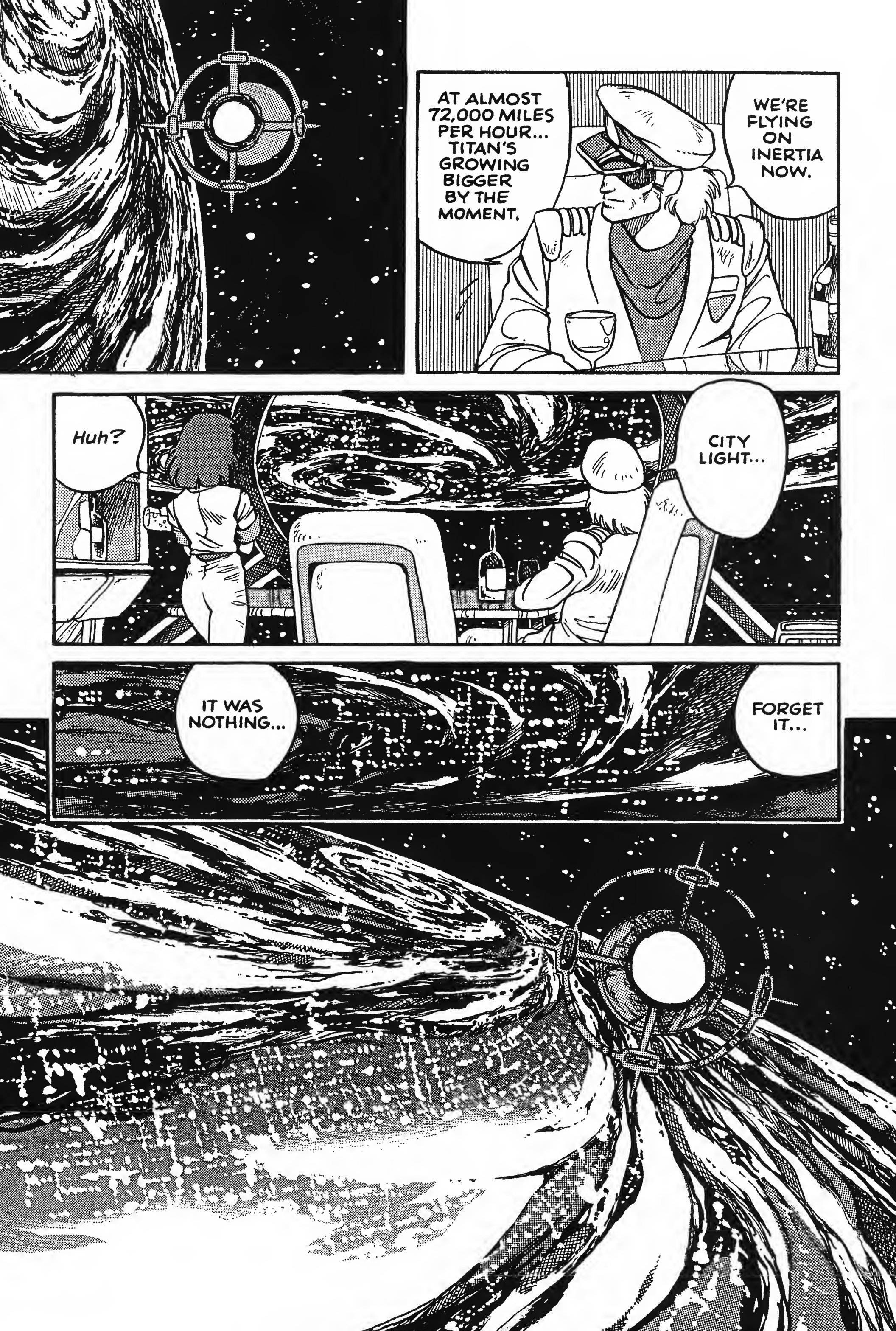

*OOOOM
WE'RE ENTERING THE OUTER ATMOSPHERE!
POWER UP THE RAMSCOOP!
AS SOON AS THE FUSION ENGINE IGNITES, THROTTLE IT BACK TO ONE GRAVITY...
...OR WE'LL OVERSHOOT TITAN!
HEY, WHAT'S UP? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
HEH HEH HEH... THAT IDIOT HERMES!
THE SPACE ACADEMY WOULD HAVE A FIT, BUT...
...IF THIS SAVES OUR SKINS, WHO CARES?!
A GRAVITY SLINGSHOT ISN'T THE *ONLY* WAY TO GET UP TO ESCAPE VELOCITY!
WE'LL DRAW HYDROGEN AND HELIUM FROM SATURN FOR THE RAM ENGINE!
WHAT!
WE WON'T BE ABLE TO FILTER THE GASSES!
THEY'LL RUIN THE ENGINE!

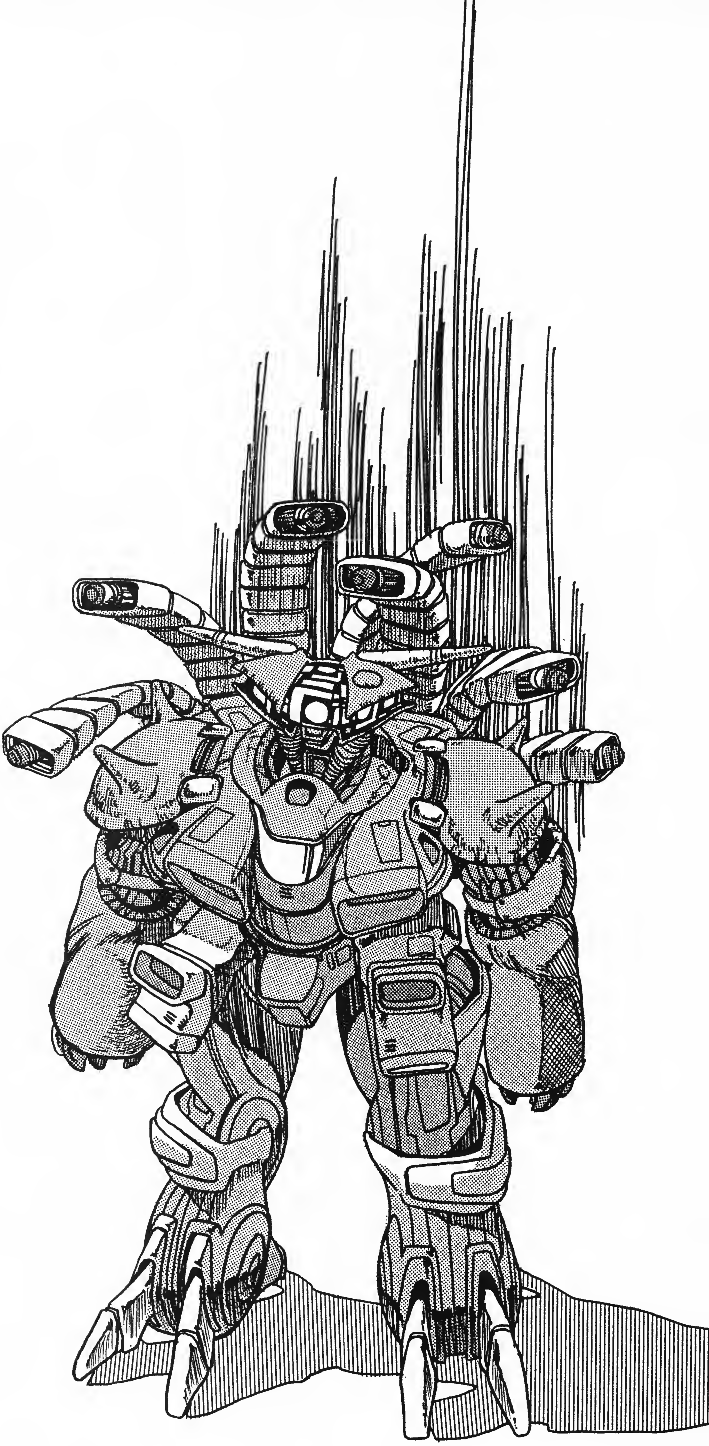

*BKOOM
CAPTAIN! HEAVY-GAS IMPURITIES ARE FOULING THE COMBUSTION CHAMBER PLASMA! THE SECONDARY-REACTION CHAMBER'S SHUT DOWN!!
FORGET IT! AS LONG AS WE HAVE THRUST!
WE'LL REPAIR IT LATER.
*FX: WHOOOMM
ドゴーーッ
MAINTAIN ACCELERATION AT ONE G!
PUT US ON AN ORBIT THAT WILL RENDEZVOUS WITH TITAN!
YES, SIR! YOU WANT US LINED UP FOR THE INTERSTELLAR WINDOW?
BEEP!
SATURN
TITAN
YES! SET US UP FOR TITAN FLY-BY!


*WHROOM
OKAY, THIS IS IT!
FULL THRUST!!
ALL RIGHT!!
PASSING THROUGH 105,000 FEET PER SECOND... ESCAPE VELOCITY!
ALL POWER SYSTEMS ON! ACCELERATION ONE GRAVITY!

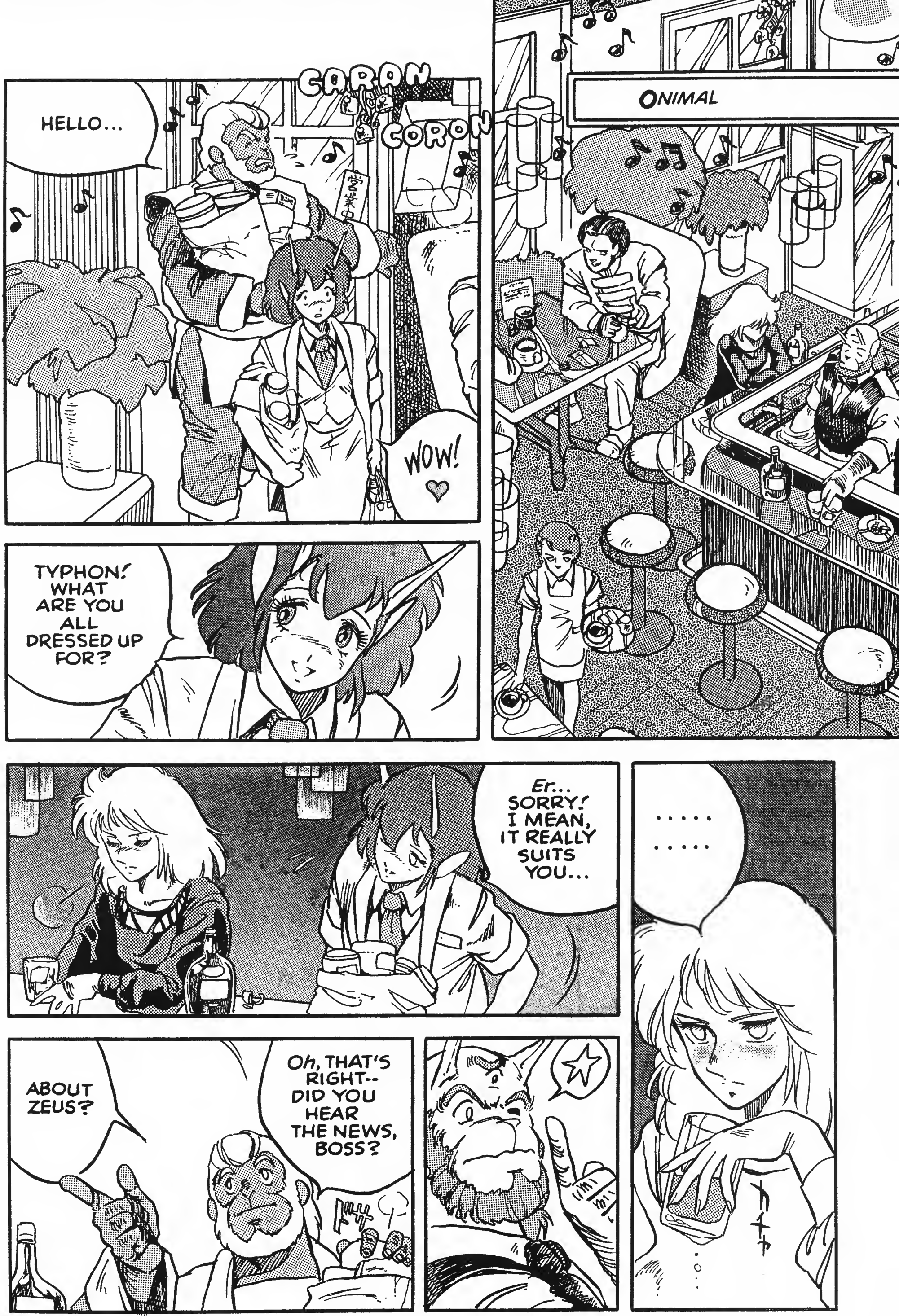
*FX: HA HA HA


SO WE ACTUALLY WEREN'T IN ANY DANGER AFTER ALL?!
NOT REALLY...
HUHH?!?
BUT ONLY BECAUSE WE WERE ABLE TO START UP THE RAM DRIVE.
はっはっは
IF WE HADN'T, WE'D BE STUCK IN SATURN ORBIT ABOUT NOW!
ANYWAY, WE'VE GOT TO GET THE WORD OUT THAT ZEUS IS PLANNING GENOCIDE FOR THE HUMAN RACE.
AND, LEAVING ASIDE THE QUESTION OF WHETHER YOU'RE IN THE RIGHT OR NOT...
...IT'LL ALSO ACHIEVE YOUR GOAL OF TOPPLING ZEUS.
THANK YOU, CAPTAIN.
FORGET IT.


WE'RE FLYING ON INERTIA NOW.
AT ALMOST 72,000 MILES PER HOUR... TITAN'S GROWING BIGGER BY THE MOMENT.
CITY LIGHT...
Huh?
FORGET IT...
IT WAS NOTHING...



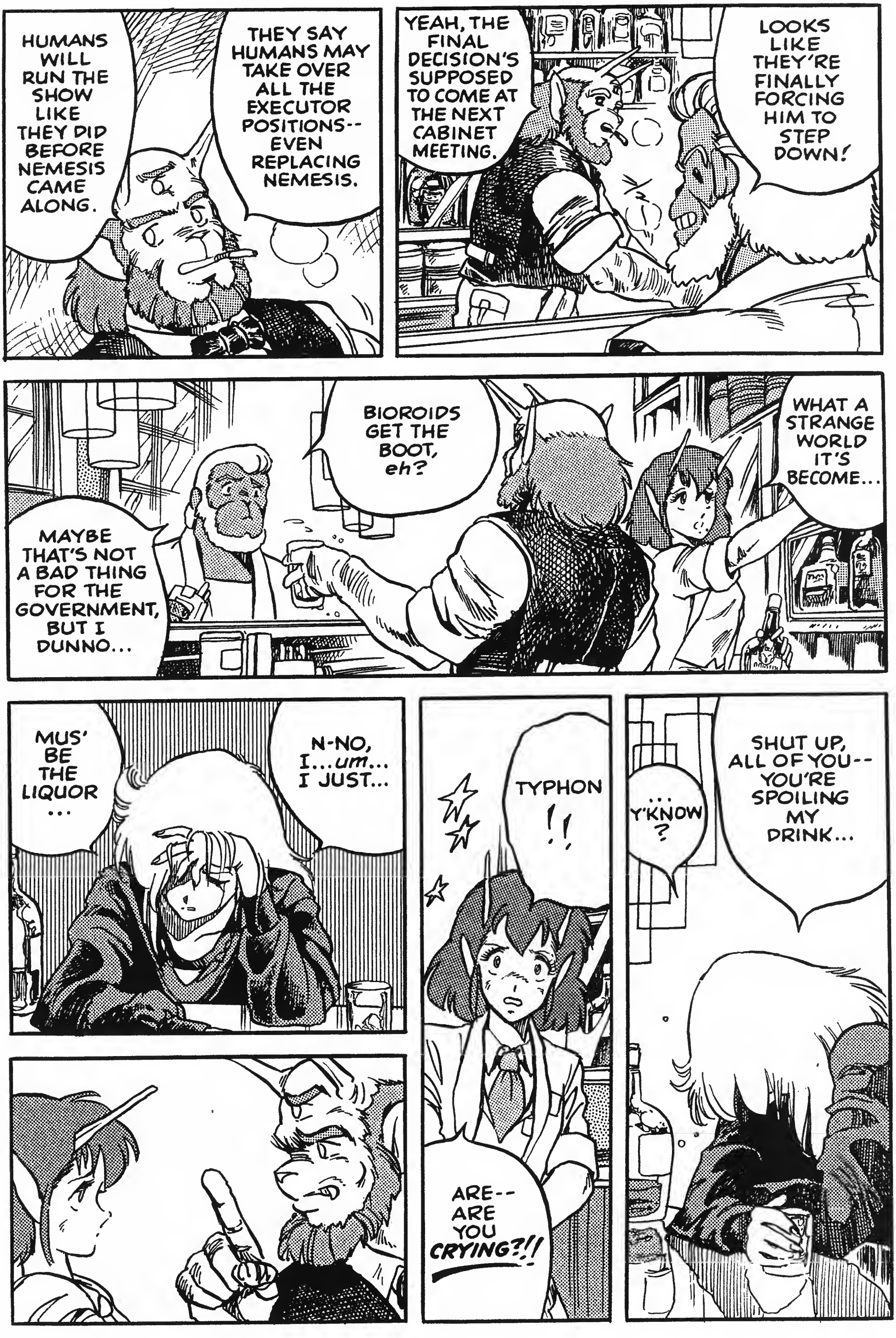
EPILOGUE

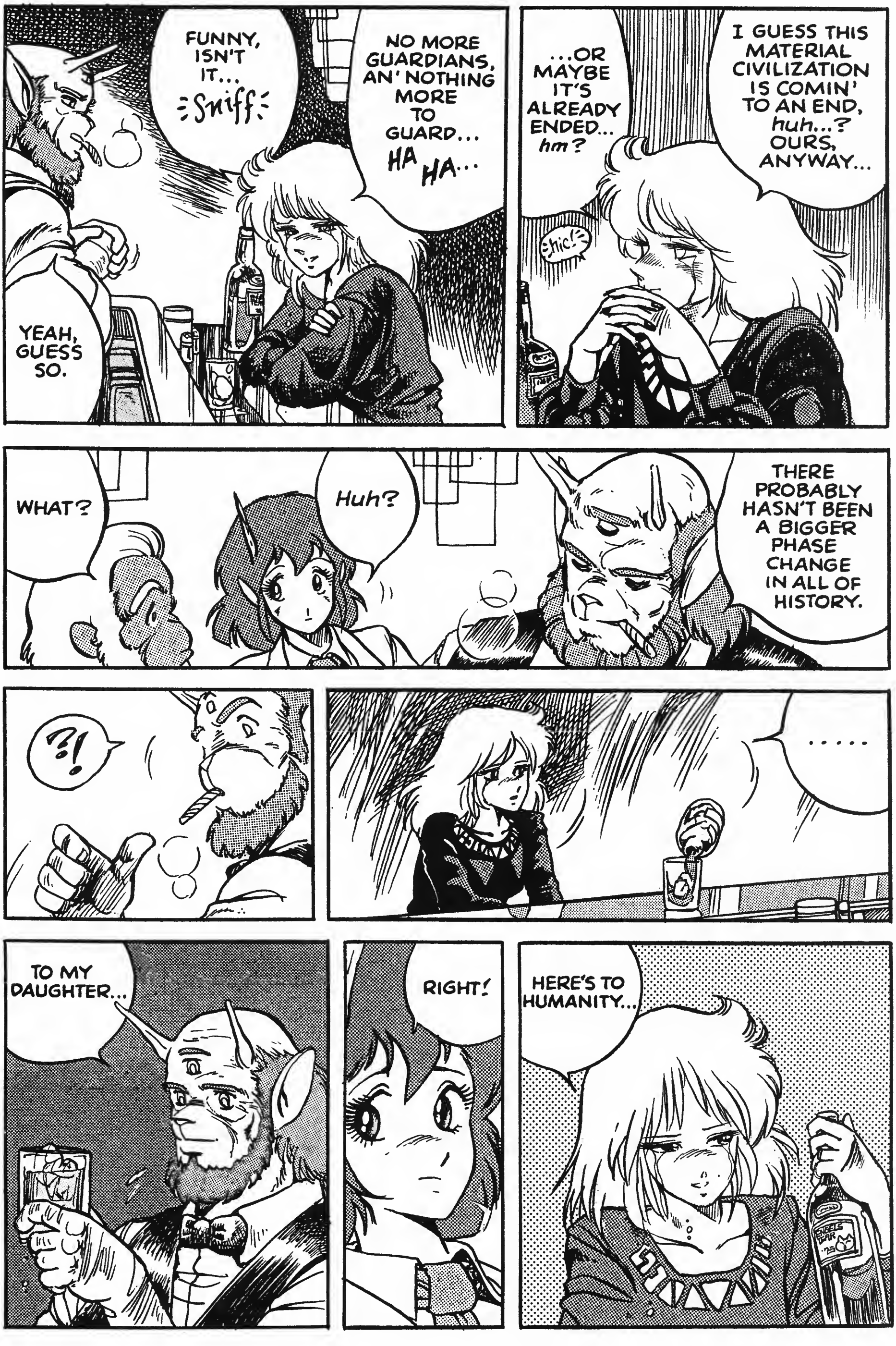

ONIMAL
CARON CORON
営業中
HELLO...
WOW! ♥
TYPHON! WHAT ARE YOU ALL DRESSED UP FOR?
Er... SORRY! I MEAN, IT REALLY SUITS YOU...
.....
.....
カチャ
☆
Oh, THAT'S RIGHT-- DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS, BOSS?
ドサ
ABOUT ZEUS?

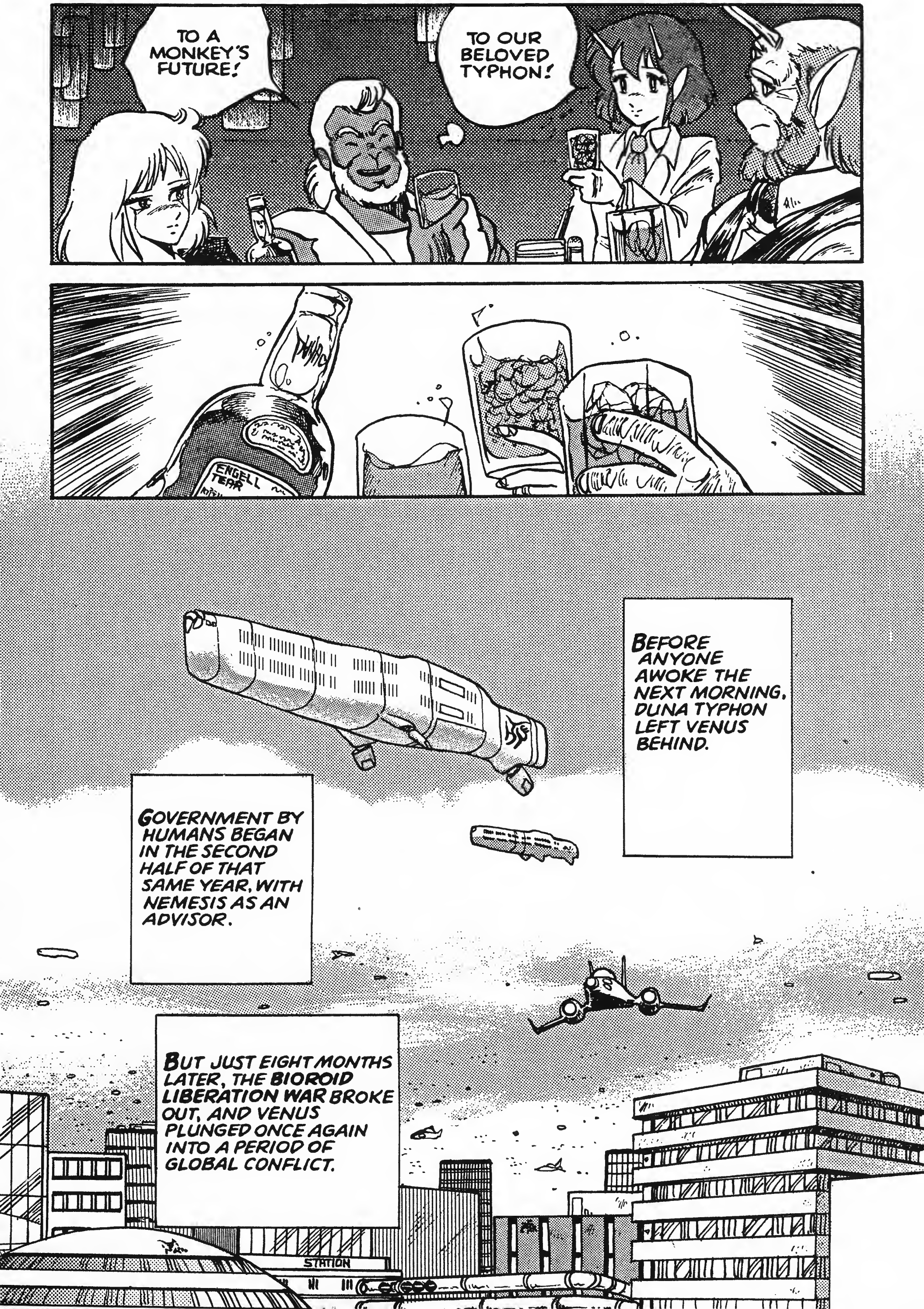
*FX: THMP

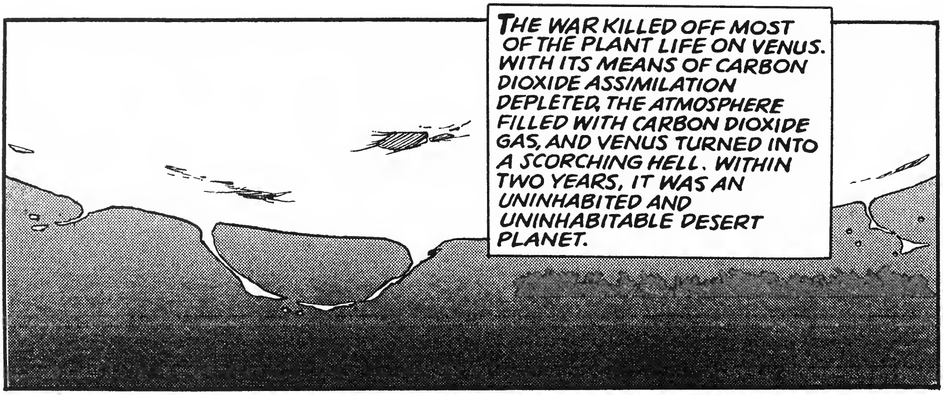
*FX: KLINK

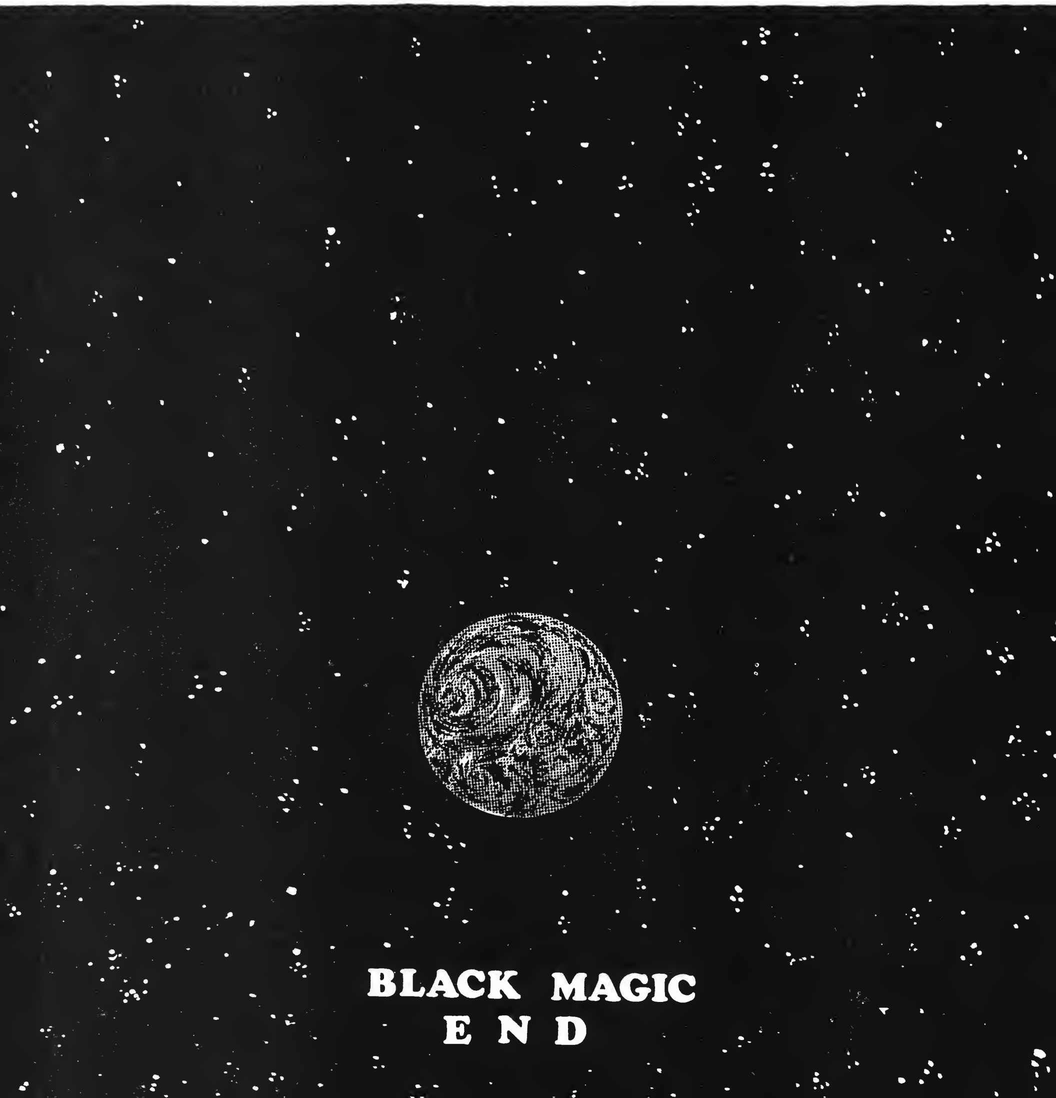
*FX: KSSSHH


LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE FINALLY FORCING HIM TO STEP DOWN!
YEAH, THE FINAL DECISION'S SUPPOSED TO COME AT THE NEXT CABINET MEETING.
THEY SAY HUMANS MAY TAKE OVER ALL THE EXECUTOR POSITIONS-- EVEN REPLACING NEMESIS.
HUMANS WILL RUN THE SHOW LIKE THEY DID BEFORE NEMESIS CAME ALONG.
WHAT A STRANGE WORLD IT'S BECOME...
BIOROIDS GET THE BOOT, *eh*?
MAYBE THAT'S NOT A BAD THING FOR THE GOVERNMENT, BUT I DUNNO...
SHUT UP, ALL OF YOU-- YOU'RE SPOILING MY DRINK...
...Y'KNOW?
TYPHON!!
ARE-- ARE YOU *CRYING*?!!
N-NO, I...*um*... I JUST...
MUS' BE THE LIQUOR...

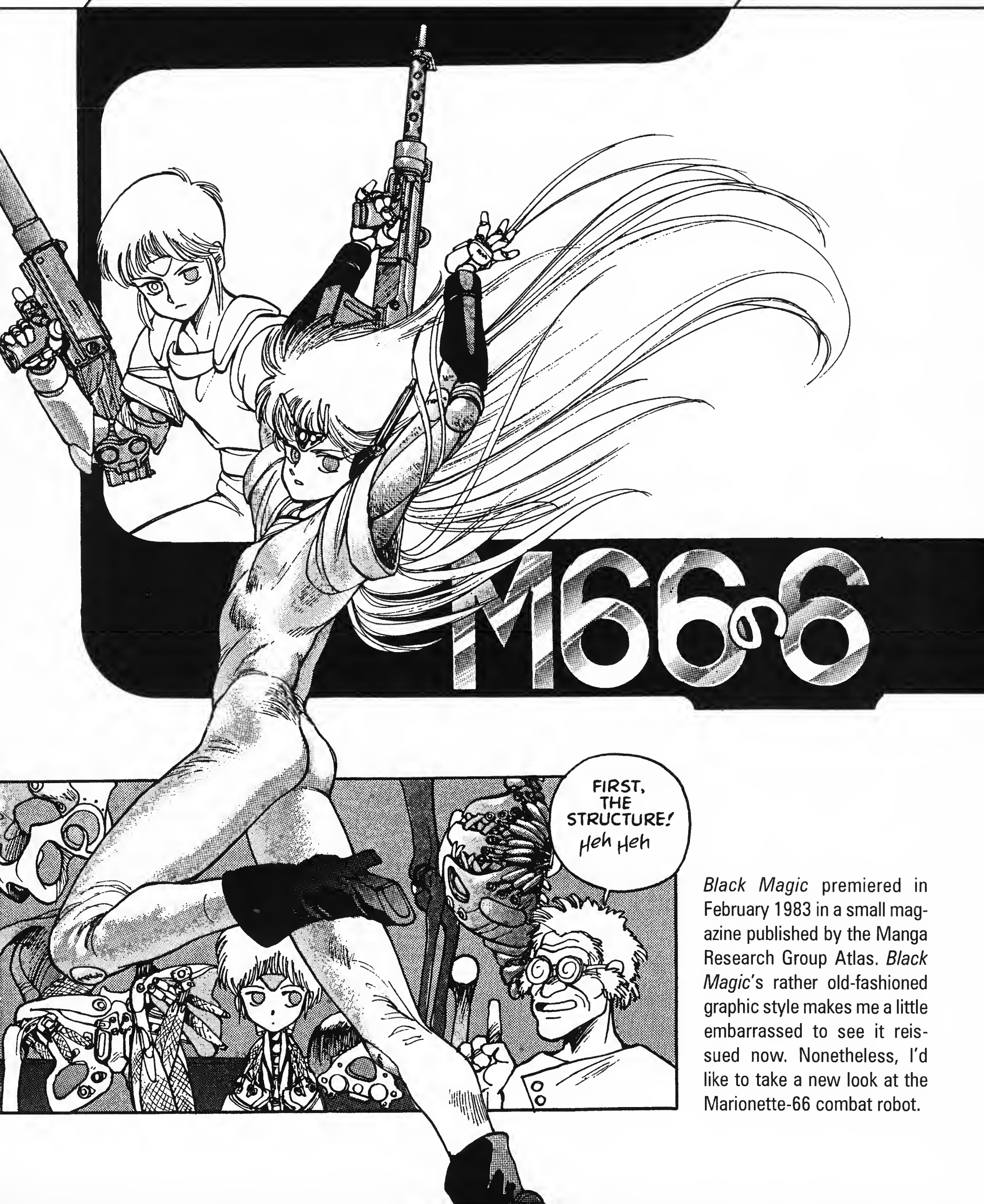

I GUESS THIS MATERIAL CIVILIZATION IS COMIN' TO AN END, huh...? OURS, ANYWAY...
...OR MAYBE IT'S ALREADY ENDED... hm?
hic!
NO MORE GUARDIANS, AN' NOTHING MORE TO GUARD... HA HA...
FUNNY, ISN'T IT... Sniff
YEAH, GUESS SO.
THERE PROBABLY HASN'T BEEN A BIGGER PHASE CHANGE IN ALL OF HISTORY.
Huh?
WHAT?
.....
?!
HERE'S TO HUMANITY...
RIGHT!
TO MY DAUGHTER...


TO A MONKEY'S FUTURE!
TO OUR BELOVED TYPHON!
ENGELL TEAR
BEFORE ANYONE AWOKE THE NEXT MORNING, DUNA TYPHON LEFT VENUS BEHIND.
GOVERNMENT BY HUMANS BEGAN IN THE SECOND HALF OF THAT SAME YEAR, WITH NEMESIS AS AN ADVISOR.
BUT JUST EIGHT MONTHS LATER, THE BIOROID LIBERATION WAR BROKE OUT, AND VENUS PLUNGED ONCE AGAIN INTO A PERIOD OF GLOBAL CONFLICT.
STATION

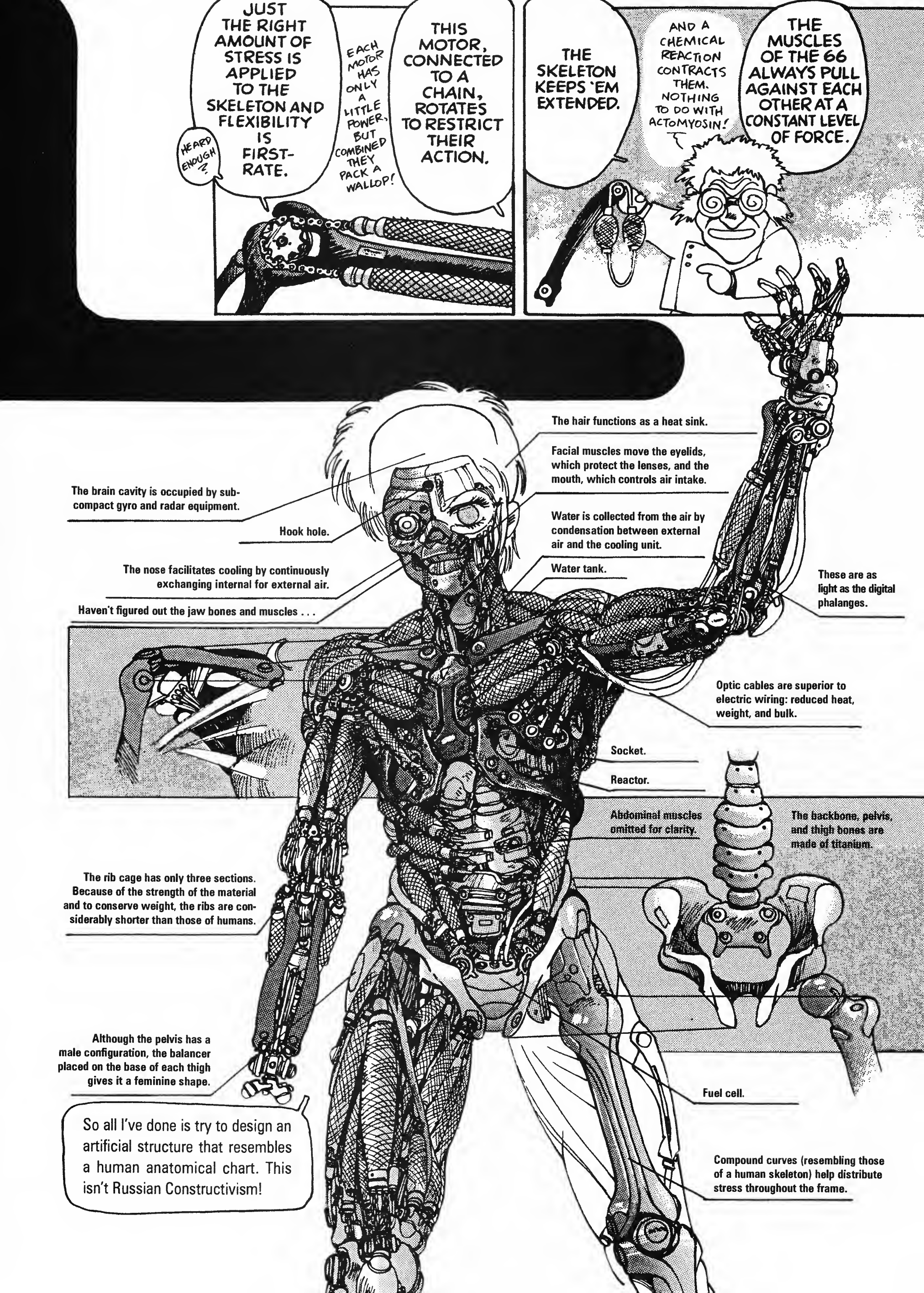

THE WAR KILLED OFF MOST OF THE PLANT LIFE ON VENUS. WITH ITS MEANS OF CARBON DIOXIDE ASSIMILATION DEPLETED, THE ATMOSPHERE FILLED WITH CARBON DIOXIDE GAS, AND VENUS TURNED INTO A SCORCHING HELL. WITHIN TWO YEARS, IT WAS AN UNINHABITED AND UNINHABITABLE DESERT PLANET.

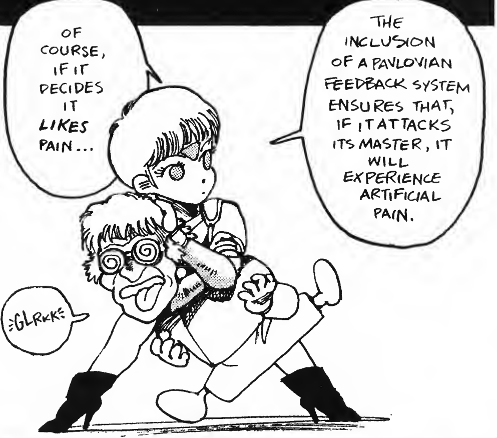

BLACK MAGIC
END

APPENDIX

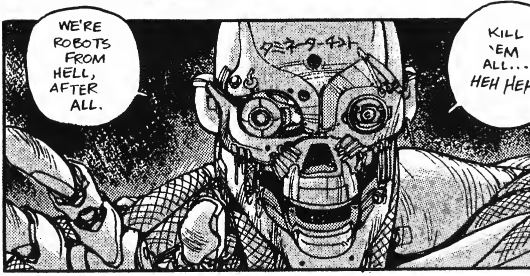

M66の6
FIRST, THE STRUCTURE! Heh Heh

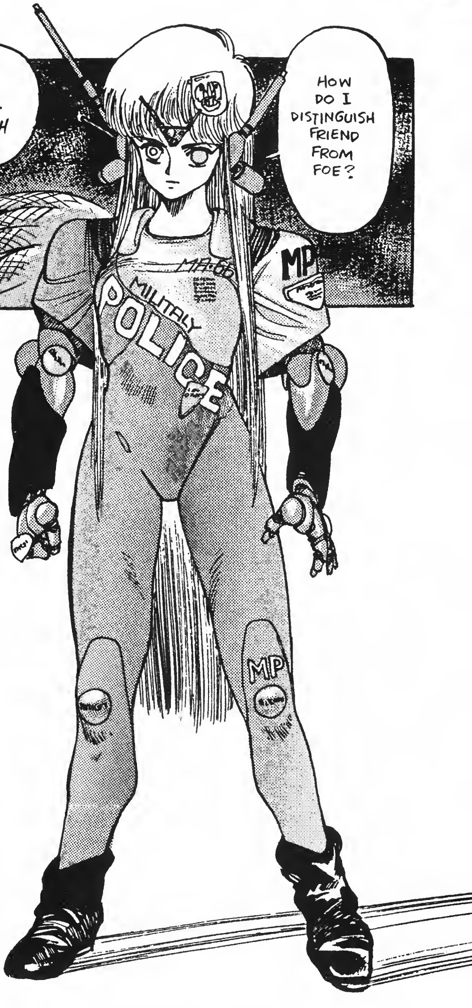
Black Magic premiered in February 1983 in a small magazine published by the Manga Research Group Atlas. *Black Magic*'s rather old-fashioned graphic style makes me a little embarrassed to see it reissued now. Nonetheless, I'd like to take a new look at the Marionette-66 combat robot.


THE MUSCLES OF THE 66 ALWAYS PULL AGAINST EACH OTHER AT A CONSTANT LEVEL OF FORCE.
AND A CHEMICAL REACTION CONTRACTS THEM. NOTHING TO DO WITH ACTOMYOSIN!
THE SKELETON KEEPS 'EM EXTENDED.
THIS MOTOR, CONNECTED TO A CHAIN, ROTATES TO RESTRICT THEIR ACTION.
EACH MOTOR HAS ONLY A LITTLE POWER, BUT COMBINED THEY PACK A WALLOP!
JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF STRESS IS APPLIED TO THE SKELETON AND FLEXIBILITY IS FIRST-RATE.
HEARD ENOUGH?
The hair functions as a heat sink.
Facial muscles move the eyelids, which protect the lenses, and the mouth, which controls air intake.
The brain cavity is occupied by sub-compact gyro and radar equipment.
Hook hole.
Water is collected from the air by condensation between external air and the cooling unit.
The nose facilitates cooling by continuously exchanging internal for external air.
Water tank.
Haven't figured out the jaw bones and muscles . . .
These are as light as the digital phalanges.
Optic cables are superior to electric wiring: reduced heat, weight, and bulk.
Socket.
Reactor.
Abdominal muscles omitted for clarity.
The backbone, pelvis, and thigh bones are made of titanium.
The rib cage has only three sections. Because of the strength of the material and to conserve weight, the ribs are considerably shorter than those of humans.
Although the pelvis has a male configuration, the balancer placed on the base of each thigh gives it a feminine shape.
Fuel cell.
So all I've done is try to design an artificial structure that resembles a human anatomical chart. This isn't Russian Constructivism!
Compound curves (resembling those of a human skeleton) help distribute stress throughout the frame.


THE INCLUSION OF A PAVLOVIAN FEEDBACK SYSTEM ENSURES THAT, IF IT ATTACKS ITS MASTER, IT WILL EXPERIENCE ARTIFICIAL PAIN.
OF COURSE, IF IT DECIDES IT *LIKES* PAIN...
GLRKK

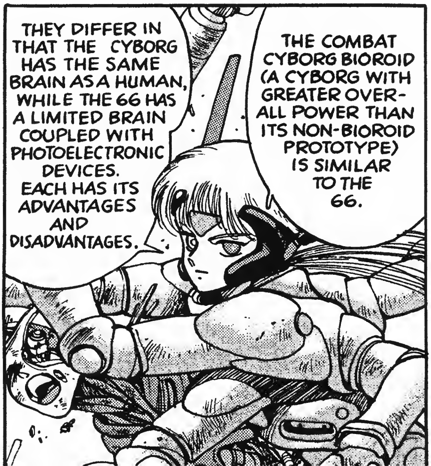
Since this is a bioroid-level civilization (whatever that means!), let's suppose that biotechnology permits production of robots that otherwise would be prohibitively expensive and impossibly difficult to repair or fine-tune if made of purely mechanical parts. Since the goal is not an exact copy of a human (bioroids are for military purposes, after all), photo-electronics and limited bio-brain applications provide optimum movement and spatial perception. The result is a "killer robot." But since this robot is no more than a byproduct of the human race, and is not recognized as an independent species, Asimov's "Three Laws of Robotics" do not apply.


KILL 'EM ALL... HEH HEH
WE'RE ROBOTS FROM HELL, AFTER ALL.


HOW DO I DISTINGUISH FRIEND FROM FOE?
MP
MP-66
MILITALY POLICE
MP

Take the jungles of Panama, with their hundred-degree temperatures, 90-percent humidity, and torrential rains. The M-66 must be able to operate in this severe environment as well as in deserts, glaciers, swamps, water . . . you name it.

In short, an all-weather robot. This means there are likely to be as many different models as there are military operations. And not only humanoid, either: trees, rocks, and animals are all possible variants.


THE COMBAT CYBORG BIOROID (A CYBORG WITH GREATER OVER-ALL POWER THAN ITS NON-BIOROID PROTOTYPE) IS SIMILAR TO THE 66.
THEY DIFFER IN THAT THE CYBORG HAS THE SAME BRAIN AS A HUMAN, WHILE THE 66 HAS A LIMITED BRAIN COUPLED WITH PHOTOELECTRONIC DEVICES. EACH HAS ITS ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES.

The 66, considered more useful as a scout than as a combatant, can pass through booby-trapped areas, accurately and efficiently obtain information, fight if necessary, and return to base.

If capture appears imminent, the 66—cognizant of the potential loss to the enemy of important intelligence—will unhesitatingly self-destruct to maximum effect . . . Such booby-trapping brings to mind the Vietnam War, which established the reputation of booby traps as cheap, vicious weapons requiring no support. Booby traps have been employed in all shapes and sizes for wars, crimes, and acts of terrorism. There is no standard model.

Throughout history, regardless of place or time, the first battle has always been a cruel, grisly experience for untested recruits. If green troops served among the Ottoman soldiers who stormed the Transylvania castle of Vlad the Impaler or among the young warriors who entered the castle of Elizabeth I, they may as well have gone mad. M-66 attacks, on the other hand, are not delayed by fear: they do not waver in the face of the enemy.

The 66 can endure bamboo stakes and metal spikes, and in fact, by advancing through such obstacles, can clear the way for the rear guard. One advantage to the M-66's humanoid form is that it has the same bulk and moves in the same manner as a human. If it were designed with four legs or eight legs, it could not follow routes that require human footing.

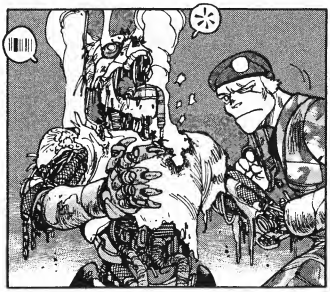
But might it not explode in an accident? If it's shot, what happens to its fuel? And what about malfunctions . . . ? One imagines warehouses, once full of mass-produced robots, now emptied; cities crawling with the same pale feminine faces—and every one a ticking time bomb (no, no, this isn't a put-down of women!). But, of course, its power plant determines how easily an M-66 can blow up.

The model presented here is female for two reasons: to provide a lower center of gravity and to make this manga more attractive. Besides, among humans, women have superior survival skills . . . not that this has anything to do with the 66. The female form also induces tension in enemy troops, making them slower to action (use of a rougher-looking character like the Hecatonchires would run the risk of intimidating even friendly troops). A male enemy meeting the 66 in the bush might be just a little less trigger-happy. And a real lecher could put his own life at risk. The rubber covering of the face and skin enhances this effect, while preventing bits of shrapnel or dust from penetrating the joints. Clothing serves the same purpose.

The skeleton comprises carbon fiber around a metal core. Adding strips of reinforced Kevlar may improve the skeleton's resistance to attack. A standard 66 weighs between 100 and 200 kilograms, I'd guess. This could pose difficulties in swamps and quagmires, so any 66 deployed in such terrain should be equipped with rocket-propelled hook and winch—reducing its weight is not advisable, as this would reduce its advantage in hand-to-hand combat. Even with new materials available to keep weight down, other factors must be considered: reactor heat, strength, center of gravity, weight distribution, the relationship of basal joint strength to peripheral weight during high-speed movement, and so on . . . As for dynamics—that's another complex issue we won't even try to address here.

Bullet-proof armor is yet another concern linked inseparably to weight. Armor should be impervious to the 10mm bullets common to infantry. The upper limit is probably +P+.45ACP, but even that would allow rifle bullets to inflict considerable damage. Maybe the best approach would be to dispense with bullet-proofing systems altogether and instead minimize weight for improved maneuverability. That would make it easier to transport, too . . .

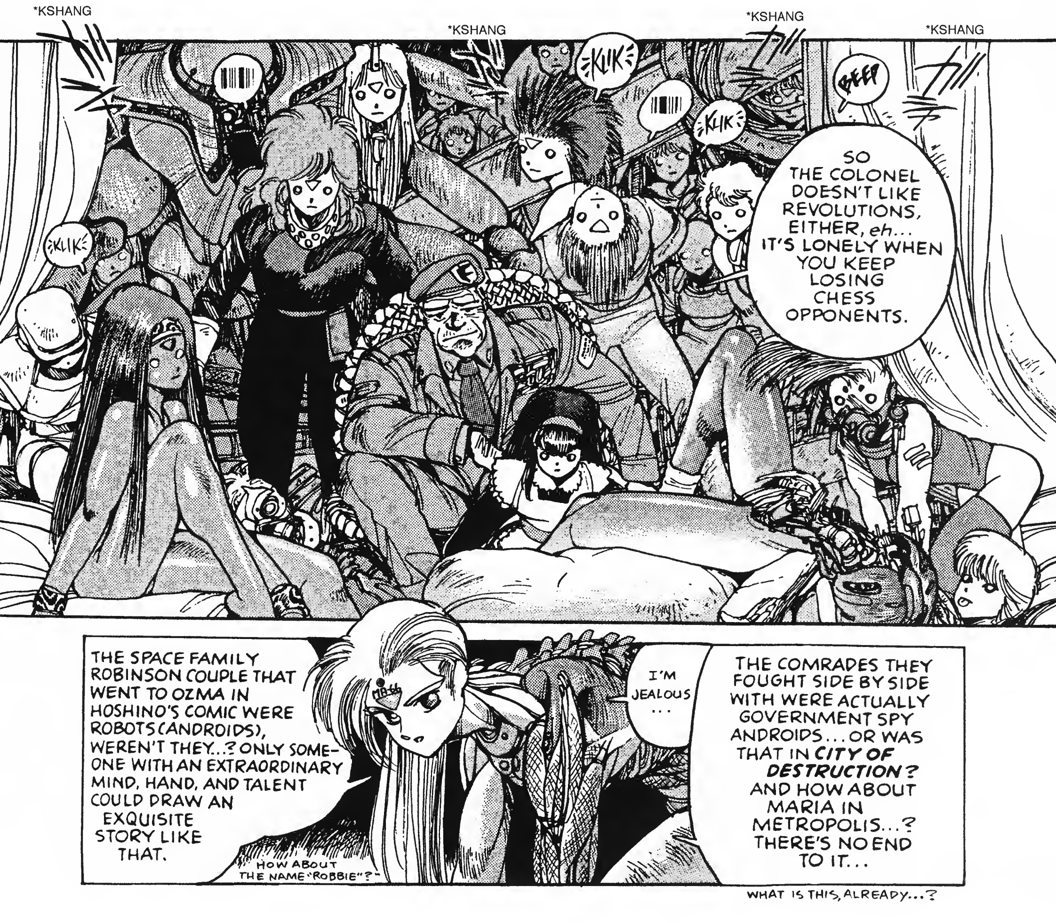
And then there's the problem of differential heating. Even with a built-in anti-condensation heater, dew may still form on lenses, filters, photoelectric parts, and the like. Thus, producing all-weather models of precision machines is no easy task. No doubt, such machines are susceptible to magnetism, not to mention vibration, shock, electromagnetic pulse, torsion-induced load, etc., etc. . . . An interesting characteristic the 66 shares with humans is that it stops moving when its intake and exhaust ports (i.e., nose and mouth) are closed.

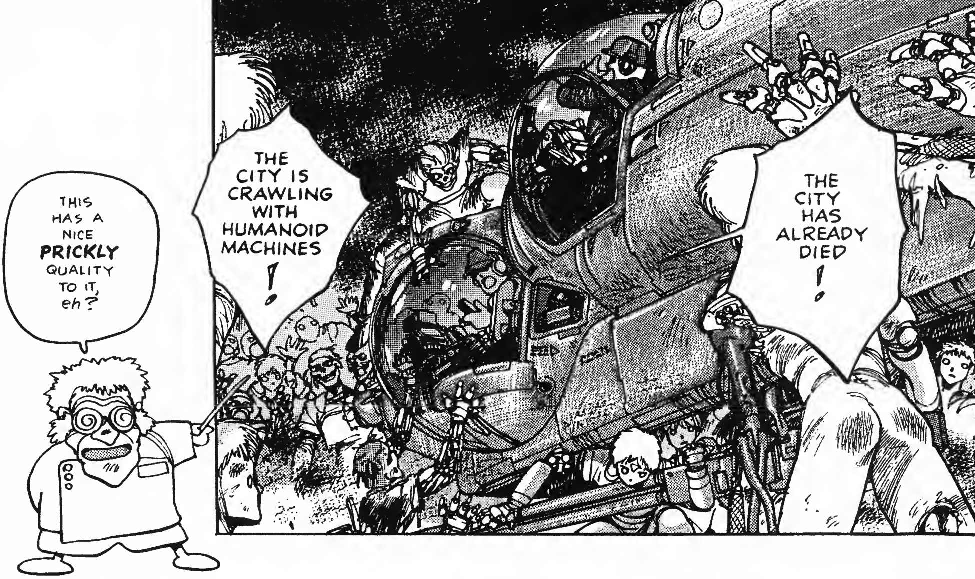


An expressionless killer (it might even be smiling) with superhuman fighting power—sounds like the stuff of horror stories! Many precedents come to mind: the artificial man in Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley's *Frankenstein*, or—pointing up the difference between magic and science—the more modern horror of the zombie, a walking corpse.

But a killer robot is just an extension of modern weaponry. Even if it moves on its own outside deliberate tests, it's not the work of the Devil, but simply a type of industrial accident. This is a technological (i.e., Western) sort of horror, arising precisely because living people are dragged off to their graves by a supposedly inanimate object—like a doll or a corpse—with no power or life of its own. If I had studied this type of horror story more thoroughly, I might have come up with a more interesting 66. It's something I'd like to pursue when my drawing ability has improved.

Treating the 66 as a type of weapon opens up possibilities for its use as a prop in an infinite number of scenarios; ultimately, however, the drama is a human one. In a medieval setting, the 66 could be knights pledged in fealty to a king (actually, it would more closely resemble a slave soldier, but we'll call it a knight since it's so high-priced).


*KSHANG
*KSHANG
*KSHANG
*KSHANG
BEEP
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
SO THE COLONEL DOESN'T LIKE REVOLUTIONS, EITHER, *eh*... IT'S LONELY WHEN YOU KEEP LOSING CHESS OPPONENTS.
THE COMRADES THEY FOUGHT SIDE BY SIDE WITH WERE ACTUALLY GOVERNMENT SPY ANDROIDS... OR WAS THAT IN ***CITY OF DESTRUCTION?*** AND HOW ABOUT MARIA IN METROPOLIS...? THERE'S NO END TO IT...
I'M JEALOUS...
THE SPACE FAMILY ROBINSON COUPLE THAT WENT TO OZMA IN HOSHINO'S COMIC WERE ROBOTS (ANDROIDS), WEREN'T THEY...? ONLY SOMEONE WITH AN EXTRAORDINARY MIND, HAND, AND TALENT COULD DRAW AN EXQUISITE STORY LIKE THAT.
HOW ABOUT THE NAME "ROBBIE"?
WHAT IS THIS, ALREADY...?


THE CITY HAS ALREADY DIED!
THE CITY IS CRAWLING WITH HUMANOID MACHINES!
THIS HAS A NICE **PRICKLY** QUALITY TO IT, eh?

This hardly bears repeating, but the artificial intelligence represented by bioroids or androids draws from the mechanical side of humanity. Nonetheless, it effuses the smell of death, which may be why some say technology is evil incarnate. If artificial intelligence is brought as close to human intelligence as possible, then perhaps the remaining difference is the fundamental essence of humanity. Thus, numerous aspects of humanity are revealed: life and death, mind and machine, the determinate and the indeterminate, etc., etc. . . . Sorcery and religious ritual manipulate as their technology mechanical systems within the human mind. What is left after that? How far can humans climb toward a higher order? Death in life, life in death—is that really all there is? Are we sealed up like the Eternal Golden Braid? Sleepless nights are not brought on by horror stories alone. The 66 is *The Beautiful Captive** or the last Gauguin: *Where do we come from? What are we? Where are we going . . . ?***

To broaden the vision of the System, to become one with the Universe . . . these are just dreams upon dreams, not to be comprehended by a simpleton of the TV generation like myself. I'm just a monkey, my Inner Universe is made of bones. That's why I like truly barbaric, bloody, messy, noisy tumult. I want to evolve quickly into a real human being. But to be urged on by the likes of Nemesis and evolve into some Substance X? That would lack class.

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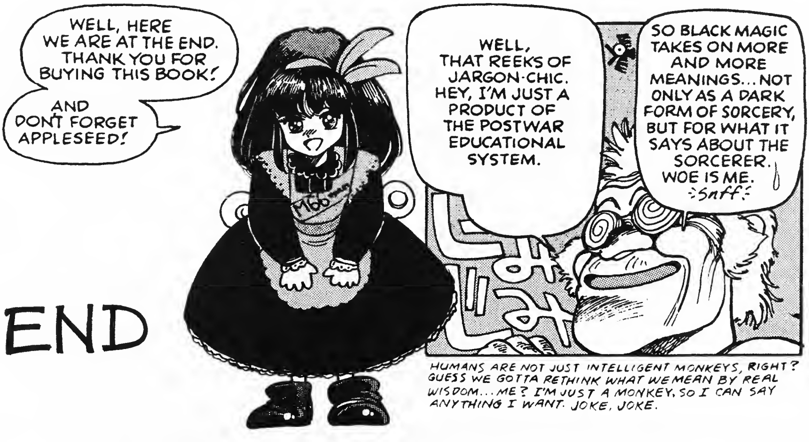
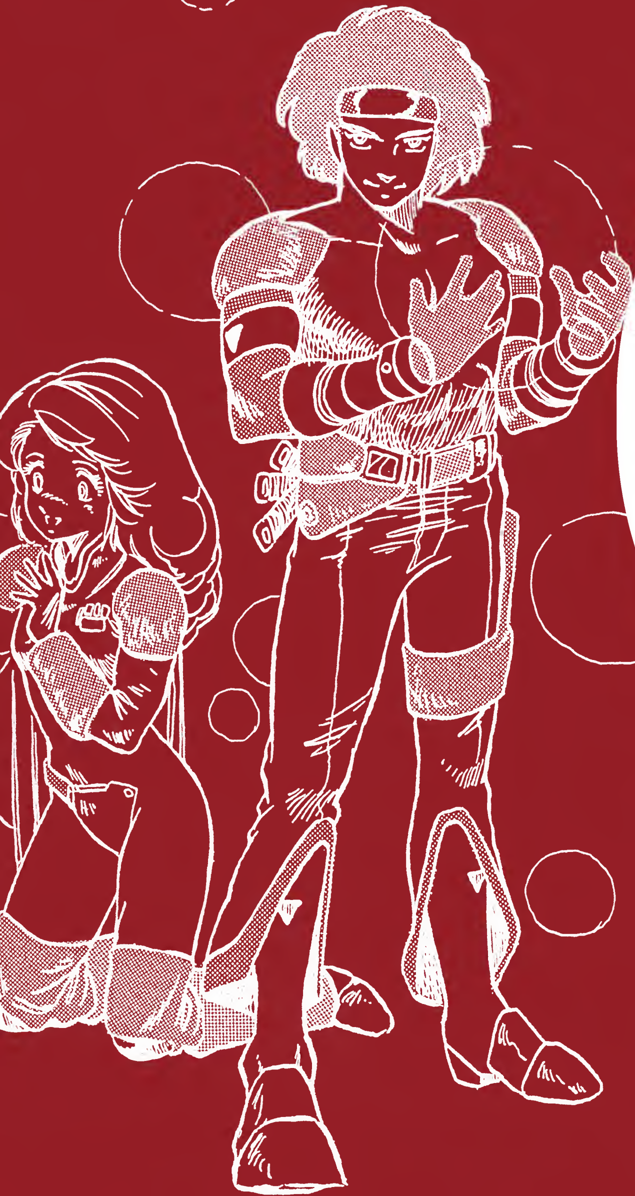
* Title of a painting by René Magritte

** Title of a painting by Paul Gauguin


WELL, HERE WE ARE AT THE END. THANK YOU FOR BUYING THIS BOOK!
AND DON'T FORGET APPLESEED!
WELL, THAT REEKS OF JARGON-CHIC. HEY, I'M JUST A PRODUCT OF THE POSTWAR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.
SO BLACK MAGIC TAKES ON MORE AND MORE MEANINGS... NOT ONLY AS A DARK FORM OF SORCERY, BUT FOR WHAT IT SAYS ABOUT THE SORCERER. WOE IS ME. Sniff
END
HUMANS ARE NOT JUST INTELLIGENT MONKEYS, RIGHT? GUESS WE GOTTA RETHINK WHAT WE MEAN BY REAL WISDOM... ME? I'M JUST A MONKEY, SO I CAN SAY ANYTHING I WANT. JOKE, JOKE.

LOVAG



E M P I R E

MANGA INFINITY